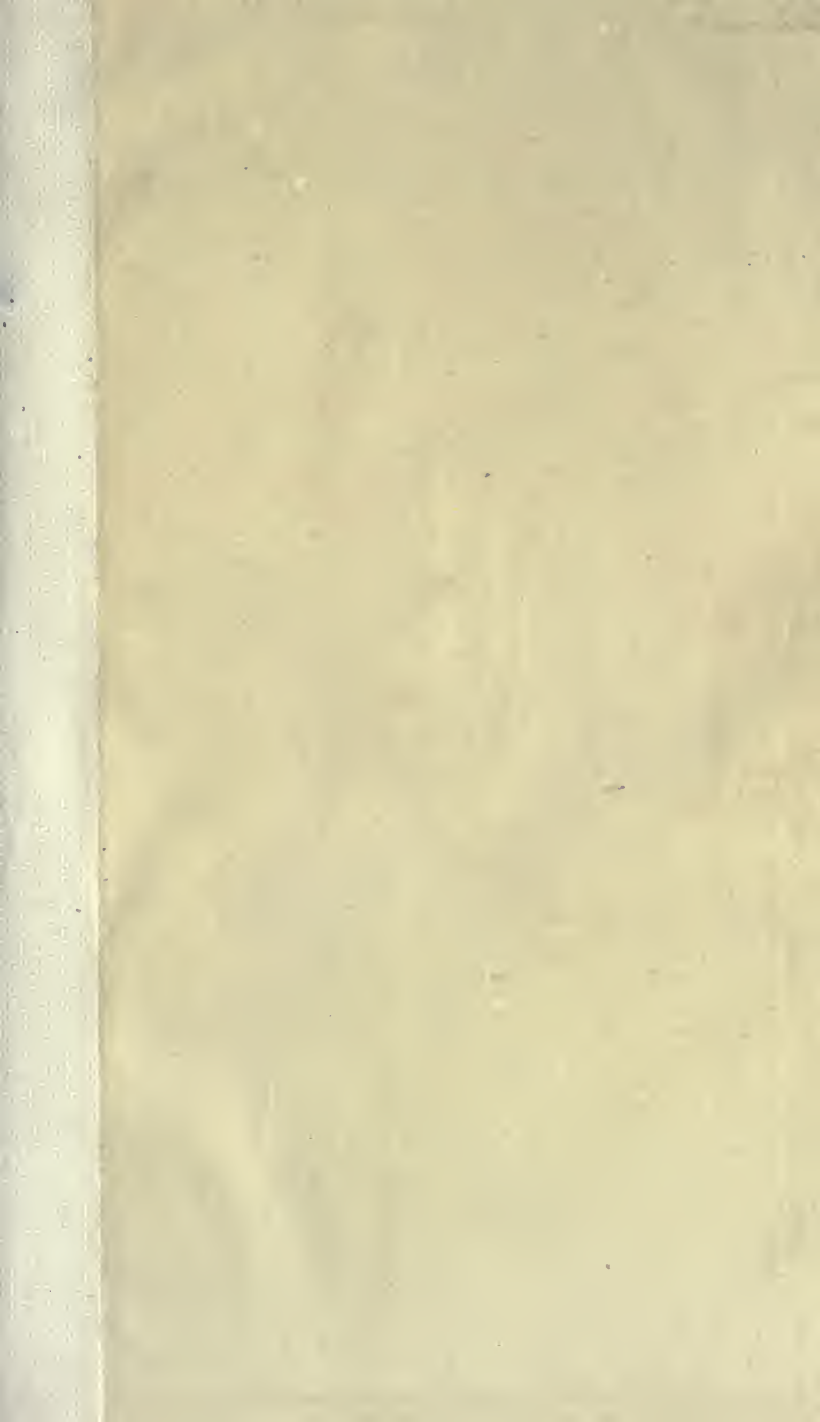


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# RECOLLECTIONS OF MY LIFE

BY

## MAXIMILIAN I.

EMPEROR OF MEXICO.

NEW EDITION, WITH A PREFACE.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. III.



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CONTENTS  
OF  
THE THIRD VOLUME.



|   | PAGE |
|---|------|
| ACROSS THE LINE— <i>continued</i> . . . . . | 1    |
| BAHIA . . . . .                             | 97   |
| MATO VIRGEM . . . . .                       | 295  |



# ACROSS THE LINE

CONTINUED.

VOL. III.

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## ACROSS THE LINE.

H.M.S. 'Elizabeth,' December 15.

At six o'clock we were under weigh, and had left Madeira behind us, veiled in rain. The sea was quiet throughout the day, the broad ocean was spread around us in a hue of leaden grey, light clouds covered the sun and sky. A fresh south-east wind filled the sails, and assisted the steam in carrying the old ship along. With the exception of a two-masted vessel, which was on the opposite tack, we beheld no sign of life on the whole wide plain. To-day, for the first time, I enter *in mare incognitum*; may Neptune be favourable to us, and may we speedily reach the long-desired tropics!

H.M.S. 'Elizabeth,' December 16.

To-day again the sea rolled in large billows, which swelled around the 'Elizabeth;' the clouds formed themselves into grey masses, and it was only beneath a dusky veil that, about eight o'clock, we could distinguish the lofty island of Palma, the most westerly of the seven Canary Isles, lying close to us. By the aid of our steam we hoped that a few days might take us through the east passage from this to S. Vincent, but all in vain,—quite the contrary occurred; a strong southerly wind, with a heavy sea, continued to freshen from hour to hour, and the number of knots made by our rolling and pitching ship diminished in proportion; so that we were obliged to relinquish the hope of reaching S. Vincent with our present supply of coal.



In the worst of tempers, and with that feeling of gloom which involuntarily creeps over the sailor from hope deceived, we altered our course and steamed back to the Canary Islands. The south wind also brought us an abundance of rain, throwing the sea-sick people into a most pitiable condition. They alone received the intelligence of the ominous return movement with true enthusiastic delight; whilst the belief in the bird of ill omen took deeper and deeper root among the seaman portion of our party. According to mediæval custom, a council, for the discovery of the real bird by ordeal of either fire or candle, was held by us at breakfast time. A burning candle is taken into the closing mouth: whoever can do this courageously is a child of good fortune; but he whose nature is averse to this operation is one of those who are persecuted by the storms of fate. The trial ended without a decision; but for all that, each one heard, in his innermost heart, a whisper which betrayed him as the unfortunate man.

Towards evening we ran past the northern heights of Palma. We could distinguish only the shadowy outline of this lofty island, and some fires on the mountains. The sky was dark; heavy clouds made the air oppressive, a more than summer sultriness lay on the foaming sea, lightning played around the clouds breaking through them with its bright rays, and illuming the raging ocean in a weird manner; squalls came down wailing and snorting from the lofty Pico de los Muchachos. The poor 'Elizabeth' laboured heavily, sighing and groaning amid the worse than unkind elements. As we entered the passage between Palma and Teneriffe, open to the south wind, the storm roared in the pitch-dark night, and shook and rattled the masts and cordage with dismal pertinacity, so that even in the cabins on the lower deck one could hear its howling and whistling.

The uproar summoned me again on deck during the night. The ship rolled so heavily that it was almost impossible to keep one's feet. The strong light on the foam, and the continuing heat, were very remarkable.

Puerto de Orotava : December 17.

This morning found us off the lofty, far-extending ridges of Teneriffe. Although the day was cloudy, the panorama that presented itself was very interesting, and new in its features. Picturesquely did the long serrated ridge of the volcanic mountain display itself, with its sharp angular summit, its pointed Needles which, springing as it were from an extraneous nature, gazed up towards heaven from among the dark clouds, sometimes like the menacing finger of a giant, sometimes like the tower of a lofty ruin. Various deep rifts of volcanic origin extend down the heights, casting their deep shadows over the picture, even to the boiling sea. Between these, and flowing gently down from the black peaks of rock to the ocean, are the layers of cold lava. Thousands of years ago they caused death ; now victorious nature (as on the ridges of Vesuvius) pursues her upward course over the vanquished lava.

That the volcano has long been silent one may see by the fresh turf which creeps over the red earth almost to the top of the highest summit ; by the pine woods, which force a way for themselves among the picturesque masses of rock ; and finally by the numerous houses and hamlets which, scattered among fields of well-ordered husbandry, enliven the sombre scene in a cheerful manner far up the height. The whole resembles the northern coast of Madeira : one finds the same red-coloured soil, the same turf growing on the mountains, the same dusky colouring in the masses of rock ; only, in addition to these, Madeira is deliciously fragrant—is enamelled, as it were,

by the fresh green of the sugar-cane and of the banana. It is the land of vines and of flowers, the rocks are merely the pedestal or picturesque bordering of the enchanting world of plants. Teneriffe, on the contrary, is large, grand, staring, and chilling with fog. Here the elements contended during a longer period; the triumph of peaceful nature came later, and the black jagged rocks still form the focus of the scene. Living nature is secondary; she is insipid; her poetic fragrance is wanting; and if Madeira be the botanic garden of heaven, one may term Teneriffe its mineralogical cabinet. He who possesses a real taste for the third kingdom might delight in this country: my taste is for fruit and flowers.

We endeavoured to sail round the eastern point, with its Needles standing out from the sea like those of the Isle of Wight; but the south wind blew too strongly. We saw a French steamer, and a brig with double-reefed topsails flying before it. Under these circumstances, Santa Cruz could not be reached on account of its open roadstead. Repeated disappointments! Fate must be grasped with a powerful hand. In short, I resolved to steer to Puerto de Orotava, and to get my little party and myself on shore there, *coûte qui coûte*. The ladies and the new hands of our party must either be conducted to Santa Cruz with the calm weather under the guidance of the commander, or must begin the voyage back to delightful Funchal. Yet once more did the grand coastline unfold itself before us on our way back beneath the rays of the sun now bursting through the clouds, whose thick heavy masses were lifting, so that the greater portion of the snow-capped giant Peak, the father of the seven islands, appeared in view; but under the prosaic form of a gigantic sugar-loaf covered with coal-dust—a cold vision of the North, which gave one a freezing reminiscence of December, without

being able to boast the grandeur of our snowy mountains, as the peak lacks the glaciers.

In front of the little town of Puerto de Orotava, containing 3,000 inhabitants, lay the harbour. This town extends from the scorched basalt rocks of the coast around it, on which its lower buildings rest, up the gentle acclivity of the peopled mountain-slope. High above it on the mountain stands Villa de Orotava, a pretty town numbering 4,000 inhabitants; around and between both towns lie useful but uninteresting fields which are wanting in the fantastic impress of the South, and in the enlivening adornment of trees. Some few boulders of rock, with cacti and euphorbias, have forced their way into the cultivated ground, and break the monotony in a pleasing manner. Some palms, and the peculiar, irregular style of building of the houses, together with their trellised balconies and carving, and the perishable nature of the material, gave to Puerto de Orotava, at first sight, the look of an oriental seaport town. One was conscious of the proximity of Africa. A mouldering battery in the midst of the foaming sea, mounted by a cannon and a half that looked weary of life, together with strange groups of wild street boys, who romped around the rocks on the shore, screaming and making a great noise, completed the Mahomedan-like picture.

We hastily collected our little baggage, arranged our passports and bill of health, and got into the tossing boat, in which, now mounted on the crests of the waves, now sunk in their depths, we with toil and difficulty made our way to the small town. The farewell to the 'Elizabeth' was painful to me, since it was impossible to calculate for how long a time the parting might continue. The ocean is not a lake on which one can almost reckon upon the very hour for meeting again: it is ruled by other powers, to which man must submit, however unwillingly; and



measured by a different standard, to which one only becomes accustomed slowly and with difficulty. The islands on the ocean are, for the most part, without harbours or safe means of communication, and therefore appear like isolated sentinels. High mountain billows and deep valleys of water in countless throng must separate me for an indefinite time from those who are dearest to me upon earth. How, then, should my heart, once so cheerful, be otherwise than heavy and filled with anxiety, whilst even the warm tears could almost rise from it to my eyes?

On our way we were stopped by a boat in which the eye of the law was keeping watch, and we were obliged to show our bill of health. We could with difficulty repress our smiles when the foreign man of office declared, with an important air, that he saw plainly that our certificate (which was written in Italian) was German; we probably had this mistake to thank for our being enabled to reach the shore of the Canary Isles unmolested either by law or caprice. In the meantime the island official went on to the 'Elizabeth.'

Through black rifted rocks, which stood forth above the troubled waves like hollow teeth, our boat landed us on the sand at the foot of an old decayed battery, in the midst of the screaming and chattering people, who stared at us with amazement as the Mexicans once did at Cortez. Inquisitive señoritas appeared on the balconies, and some of the astonished islanders had even mounted on the roofs. Figures of hideous beggars pressed around us, and an especial abundance of withered old women thrust themselves forward, who wore a handkerchief like a mantle upon their heads; and, placed over that, an old grey straw hat. We were conducted across the customary Almeida (which here is covered with black lava sand, and is surrounded by dismal, broom-like plane-trees, together with grand canopies of basalt, naturally suggesting the

name 'Plaça de la Constitucion') to the fonda, which again reminded one of the East and of its caravansaries. It was a rickety dirty building, with a few cold rooms, and some sulky idle servants.

This was no Spanish fonda, with its airy courtyard, with its fountain, its little balcony, and cheerful apartments. Yet all this might have been overcome, but not the repulsive face of the mother of the family—mother is truly an improper expression, for nothing human ever could have been nourished by her withered breast: we might more appropriately term her the house-dragon. A small, parched-up, high-shouldered body supported a head, with a peaked nose which would have done honour to the beak of a bittern, and from this nose depended worn-out looking spectacles, whose frame, bound round by a string, a large white handkerchief held upon her head, which was thinly covered with hair. But the perfection of this vision of dark dreams, this bundle of horrors, lay in the squinting looks cast over the spectacles, which contributed decidedly to her advantage in housekeeping: for whosoever looked at these differing eyes, his appetite sank to nothing; he paid forthwith, and fled the table. In this personage, fate showed herself provokingly insulting; for she was the owner of the solitary fonda, and no stranger could escape from her dominions. The painter had the misfortune to meet her at night in the dark passage; he believed himself not yet freed from the burden of an evil dream, and mistook the approaching form for a snorting steamer; for one eye was of poisonous green, the other glowed fiery red like the lanterns on the paddleboxes of a steamer. The whole host of old women around her declared war against our unfortunate cook.

The only bright thing in the house was the most charming, silky Lima poodle, with its fine snow-white curly hair, its coal-black eyes, and its nose, which in grace and

dignity resembled that of a bewitched princess. In a so-called casino, which belonged to the building, and whose halls formed the place of union of the grandees of Orotava, we found some Spanish newspapers of a tolerably late date; they, however, fortunately brought us very little worthy of note.

After we had, at breakfast, tasted the noted 'Canarie sec,' which we found rather inferior and physic-like in its taste, like the Greek wines, we undertook a pilgrimage, surrounded by a troop of inquisitive street boys, who came round us in swarms, and were a great annoyance to us. We first went through the town, which, like Pompeii—or Herrnhut—bears a stamp of melancholy: one meets not a single soul; the grass grows in the streets and squares as in the meadows; and, which is the most remarkable thing of all (especially in this climate), all the windows are hermetically sealed; while, to complete the mournful aspect, they are furnished with strangely carved but rather pretty wooden slides, instead of panes of glass, which are only opened sideways in haste and mysteriously, and then quickly shut again. In the superior houses one for the most part finds glass in the windows: but the doors, which are carved in the same way as the slides, are no less firmly closed. The rooms seem to be lighted only from the courtyard.

Throughout the whole island one finds this Oriental mode of shutting up everything: it is only on Sundays and on feast-days that the wainscot slides are opened, and that the señoritas permit themselves to be admired as in a box at the theatre. Almost every house that is one storey high boasts a prettily-carved closely-trellised balcony, similar to those which I admired in the streets of Cairo. The larger houses have the front very smooth, generally tinted yellow, and resembling those in Southern Italy, with the flat Neapolitan roof; many, as if to compensate for the



want of windows, have, on the garden side, large long verandahed galleries; of what use these can be is incomprehensible to me, unless to be turned into baking ovens.

Another sombre peculiarity of Teneriffe is the number of crosses on the fronts of the houses, and the number of small crosses on the entrance and garden doors. In this, the houses remind one of hospitals, the gardens of churchyards. The crosses are without the figure of our Saviour: the custom must have originated in ancient times. Also many spots are named Santa Cruz. We now mounted the hill towards Villa de Orotava; the road, paved with round basalt stones, wound up to the Upper Town between monotonous fields of potatoes and cochineal fields, and was bordered with byony and weeds, which flourished as in summer. A strong hot wind whistled and raised the dust with the force of a Bora changed into a warm wind: the ocean was covered with white foam, and dashed its spray around us as beneath the loved winds of Trieste.

In the distance we still saw the 'Elizabeth,' on her course back to Madeira. The diminishing forms on board filled me with melancholy and confirmed my heart's gloom, which, in the hot oppressive wind, increased to a complete fit of spleen. Everything wore a dismal hue; nature was veiled in her grey garb, as though she were sympathising with the grief of my soul. We felt ourselves forsaken, forgotten, without means of communication, in the midst of the broad ocean, on an island which seemed to have but little to offer.

We halted halfway at a once noted botanic garden, now neglected and quickly falling more and more into ruin—a possession of the Government, established with a benevolent and scientific intent. It covers a large space, and still presents beautiful objects and very interesting specimens of plants, relics of former times; but everything in it is now in wild disorder, in confused disarrangement: rank weeds

from all known countries are growing in a chaos ; the grass forces itself through the sandy paths ; gnarled roots break the stone steps ; damp weed presses itself out of the mouldering walls ; and only some few venerable trees remain mournful evidences of past greatness ; while even in their summits the storms have ruthlessly made themselves a home. Cypresses, weary of life, extend their meagre arms disconsolately towards heaven ; the fantastic dragon-tree gazes down sorrowfully on all the waste growth which twines around its roots ; the oranges mournfully drop their fruit ; and even the stately palms from divers zones, the graceful *Ficus elastica*, the beautiful blossoming *Pandanus sylvestris*, must be content to stand in the midst of useful potatoes. The superb fountains are sealed ; and over the waters of the ponds, which were formerly alive with gay gold fish, heavy green coverings of weeds now spread themselves.

The old deserted garden, especially under the sad gloomy sky of this day, resembled a churchyard ; the gardener, an aged Frenchman, who has already spun out thirty years of weary life in Orotava, glided among the lifeless paths and fields like the gravedigger, and pointed out to us some plants of former times, as one points out the tombs of remarkable personages. He complained bitterly of the rough wind which only, under peculiar circumstances, blows down from the Peak over the mountain-slopes of Orotava. The worthy man was delighted to be able to hear French spoken once more, and paid me the compliment of taking me for a Frenchman ; it is true that he had been far from his country for full thirty years. He reconciled me in some degree to the gloomy day and to the melancholy churchyard of flowers ; for he brought me splendid blossoms of *Plumiera*, that fabulously lovely flower, which gleams like the morning dawn, and whose perfume breathed upon us like a dream from the shores of the Ganges. Last

autumn, my last sight of it, I—one of a happy merry company—had carried off some from a cool rippling brook in the beautiful, Paradise-like garden of the Princess Butera in Palermo. With the fragrant scent, the full tide of remembrance of that time of peaceful happiness, of unfettered gaiety, returned upon me.

The old Frenchman lived alone in the deserted garden: his wife, whom he had brought from France, had long been dead; and when, in order myself to shed a gleam of cheering consolation over the dull mournful picture, I asked him whether he had not some children with him, he answered me, smiling sadly, ‘Oh, non; mes enfants sont des cavaliers.’ There lay something of bitterness and yet of pride in these words.

With hasty steps we now ascended the second, and rather fatiguing, half of the road. A beautiful group of old broad-stemmed palms, which bent in the wind, excited our attention. Villa de Orotava is a cheerful little town, with clean white houses, whose windows and doors are bordered with basalt; with proud palaces of bygone centuries, having beautifully carved stonework, ancient sculptured coats of arms, and similar devices; and with the Oriental trellised balconies already mentioned.

Orotava is the seat of the old nobility, some of whom date back to the time of the Conquest. The more antique buildings belong to the exquisite, pure Renaissance style, which the grave-coloured basalt suits admirably. Here also the houses were almost universally closed, in the Herrnhut fashion; and the streets, in which the grass was growing, were lifeless and empty. The Church of the Dominicans is a severe, interesting edifice, replete with dark memories. The large spacious Cathedral also belongs to the Renaissance period; the pillars of basalt and the ribbed arches give it a rather imposing appearance; high altars, with richly gilded carving, bore evidence

that the powerful Spanish Church knew how to provide for her colonists. The façade displays the heavy style of the Rococo period.

We first rode to the garden of the Marquis Bernado Cologal y Tanzal (sprung from an ancient Irish stock), who possesses the great wonder of the island already described by Humboldt. We were conducted through a court, with a very striking and beautiful avenue of oranges, into the garden, enriched with flowers, which stands on a terrace on the oblique declivity, with an extensive view over land and ocean; on the left of the large house, encircled with cypresses and bright green shrubs, stands the marvel of many thousand years, the most ancient monument known of the botanic world, the venerable dragon-tree, which the Guanches, in the grandeur of their day, honoured as sacred, and in whose hollow the first Christian conquerors must have celebrated Mass. Humboldt, who measured the tree in the year 1799, attributed to it an age of about four thousand years; others even speak of the fabulous tale of six thousand years. In what manner its age is calculated is not known to me; but it is historically certain that in the fifteenth century it had the same dimensions as in Humboldt's time. Unfortunately, a violent storm on the 21st of July in the year 1819 broke off half the head; the opposite side is supported by props.

The appearance of the much-lauded tree is irregular, and offends the eye, the circumference of the gnarled snake-skinned stem in its lower portion almost equals the extreme altitude of the tree itself: from the base upwards the trunk diminishes like an irregular ninepin, and terminates in a crest which appears merely like some few small plants tied together. The various portions of this crest—boughs one cannot call them—look like large untied Bologna sausages, at whose extremity are clustered meagre tufts of



leaves. These leafy posies one must suppose to be parasites upon a dead tree ; for, according to the laws of nature, one can hardly convince oneself that they flourish upon this stem and obtain life from its antediluvian growth.

As in the animal kingdom the camel is found in deviation from nature's laws of beauty, so is it in the botanic kingdom with the dragon-tree. One can class it with nothing seen before, and its appearance has only a disturbing effect ; if the dragon-tree were to commit the crime of uniting with its fellows in a forest, only the hippopotamus, Hungarian swine, and the corpulent old negro could shamble beneath its shades ; one dreams of such trees when in hot weather one has been partaking in the evening of too much meat and beer. That the Guanches should have worshipped such an object does not say much for them ; among the naked, brown, ill-odoured South Sea Islanders such a tree might perhaps have served as a deity in whose honour even fatted human flesh might be eaten. The large decayed hollow in the trunk is now filled with stones and brickwork, which the beautiful creepers in vain try to cover. The unwieldy hoary monster cannot stand much longer ; one violent storm, and the patriarch of the botanic world, who is the prophet of his own end, will be self-swallowed.\* The height of the tree amounts to sixty feet (Vienna) ; the circumference at the base we measured at forty-eight feet ; Humboldt must have measured it somewhat higher up, for he gives forty-five feet.

We peeled off some bark, and found beneath it a white mark, to which the red blood was sticking. This blood-red thick sap also oozes from many rents in the tree ; and becomes, in the air, firm as old rosin. In former days the dragon's-blood, for medicinal purposes, was taken from the *Dracæna draco* ; at the present time it is the *Calamus*

\* The Emperor's prediction was verified ; the remaining portion of this tree fell in the heavy storm of the autumn of 1867.

draco which is used. In ancient times this rosin was an important article of export from the island.

To my eye, a much more beautiful, and indeed more interesting, object in the same garden was a gigantic date-palm, perhaps the highest in the world : the stem bowed gracefully, bending to the wind, whilst the large bright summit, rearing high in the air, pointed clearly and distinctly towards the golden evening sky. This palm standing alone in the foreground of the extensive panorama, with the cloud-covered peak, with the broad green and cultivated mountain declivity, with the houses and villages strewn hither and thither, and finally, with the wide blue ocean tinted by parting day—all these formed an embodiment of poesy, whilst the vast dragon-tree belonged to the most commonplace prose. The inhabitants of Orotava, accustomed to large calculations, munificently bestowed on the palm-tree two thousand years of life : in any case, it is the highest that I ever beheld ; in Egypt, the land of palms, there are none that can compare with it.

Great was our surprise to find in the garden a Swiss, with the peculiar name of Wildbrett : he was pleased to see German fellow-countrymen ; and, in his unconcealed joy, he loaded us with a multitude of civilities ; for he not only gave us the most ready information about everything, but also presented us with some seeds of exotic plants. The good man, with true German tenderness of heart, had, on his arrival in the island, fallen in love with a lovely damsel of the country : but had been near not being able to marry her, as no clergyman could be found who would venture to bring the dignity of religion into jeopardy by publishing the name of Wildbrett.

In a bower in the garden we saw a beautiful creeper, *Legendera molissima*, whose spiral stem has the colour, shape, and strength of a ship's cable : it had completely taken up within it the supports of a balustrade around

which it was twining; the rich leaves, which afford a pleasant shade, are always green; the blossom is like that of our convolvulus; the plant bears seed only on the southern half of the island, in the more genial climate of Santa Cruz.

With approaching night we went back, rather tired and hungry, by way of the unused road, to our fonda in Puerto de Orotava. Hunger was necessary to give a seasoning to our meal, which was in no way attractive. Laughing and joking, we smoked our cigars in the grand casino, and were speedily surrounded by the inquisitive nobles of Orotava and by the flower of its youth. At their head was seated the puffing officer of health, who boasted of his acquaintance with us; he turned up his nose more than ever, and did the honours of the splendid place to us with all the delight of a *roué*. No one knew who we were; for which reason our position, especially amid the numerous questions of the young people, presented many comical aspects. But these people were in truth very kindly disposed; we mangled Italian words by adding Spanish terminations, and the bloom of Orotava tried their skill by interlarding French in their sentences. Guitars were brought, and our genial painter sang to the astonished inhabitants of the Canary Isles the wildest and liveliest of ballads in the gayest of moods; the Spaniards responded with charming national songs; indeed, even the officer of health, who was every moment becoming more youthful, blinked his little eyes merrily, and, in a very nasal tone, sang some broad strophes which were received by the islanders with shouts of laughter. Thus the evening passed in gay jokes, and it was only at a late hour that we sought our uncomfortable couches.

December 18.

The strong excitement of yesterday had thrown us all into a sound sleep, which was the more fortunate on



account of the peculiarities of the fonda. About eight o'clock we heard Mass in the Cathedral, a large edifice in an open square, which is built of the dark basalt stone, in the Renaissance style. As in Spain, the people sat and knelt on the ground in earnest devotion.

Throughout the island the women wear very ugly mantillas of white cachmire, with white satin ribbons, which give them the appearance of nuns, and contrast very unfavourably with their dusky complexions. The peasants wear the Spanish gaiters, short black breeches slashed high up at the side, an ordinary shirt, and round their shoulders a long, wide, white flannel cloak, with a canary-coloured falling cape, also a black hat, like that of our Austrian peasants. After the rather long Mass we took a walk (which was almost dangerous) over the precipitously shelving lava rocks of the coast, the romantic and strangely shaped masses of which, of a black or dark-red colour, sometimes overhung us like a canopy, sometimes formed ravines and caves, and sometimes rose in bold peaks, which were picturesquely reflected in the deep billowy sea. Both the specimens of *Euphorbia canariensis* grew wild among the rifts and clefts of the volcanic rock. One of these is so full of poisonous milk that the burning white fluid streams forth upon the slightest incision. The plant looks like the cactus, and reminds one of a colossal chandelier bearing gigantic candles. The stiff, grey, faded, crystallised plant, in its cheerless form and colour, accords admirably with this scene of volcanic ruin. The other species is shrublike, with perfectly shaped leaves, but it is also of scanty foliage, similar to that of its sister in colour.

We made this our chamois-like promenade among the rocks with the intention of seeking for the caves in which, according to the statement of the Spaniards, the Guanches must have dwelt. We found volcanic caverns, which we

searched thoroughly with a dark lantern ; but I can hardly believe that the aborigines could have used them as dwellings ; now they evidently serve as places of retreat for the peaceful race of goats.

With a tolerably well-filled botanical box, we returned to the fonda, and were greeted cordially by a lawyer, who had already yesterday evening imparted to us some very interesting particulars respecting the island : and who now, with unusual willingness, gave us two letters of recommendation to owners of scientific collections. He breakfasted with us, and was lively and easy in manner, with that becoming grace which is peculiar to the bearing of Spaniards towards strangers ; to my gastronomic horror, he exceedingly enjoyed, as an addition to his fowl and rice, eggs beaten up with milk and sugar. Incited by his information, we resolved to depart from Puerto de Orotava with bag and baggage, and to go to Villa de Orotava, and try our fortune there. Hack-horses and pack-asses were procured, which occupied an eternal——Spanish time.

Whilst we were occupied in the balcony and in the dirty courtyard in arranging our boxes and bags, and whilst they were being packed with difficulty upon the few animals that had arrived, amid cries and brawls of the drivers, honour came unexpectedly to our house : the wide door of the fonda creaked, the bells pealed, the drivers of the beasts of burden became respectfully mute, Orotava's nobility saluted from the balcony ; for behold the ruler of their destiny approaching, the glorious source of power, the Governor of Puerto de Orotava, in the plenitude of his dazzling splendour, was coming, with unusual condescension, to return T——'s visit of yesterday !

He was the most extraordinary specimen of the colonial race to be found over all the wide ocean : evidently born in the Canary Isles, nurtured and brought up to man's estate upon the ideas of the Canary Isles ; but yet the

epithet 'extraordinary' is incorrectly chosen: for though the Governor might, perhaps, have possessed the greatest amount of intellect, he was, at all events, the smallest man in the seven islands: his hump alone was disgustingly large, and beneath it, his Highness bowed low, as if perpetually returning salutes. At home, one only sees such figures during the exceptional days of jesting; for instance, during the last days of the carnival, when the jokes of the mummers are at their zenith, and a company of strolling players act a comedy by Kotzebue in some small town, and the best paid actor, the grandfather of the company, in his faded uniform (which formerly served for Ferdinand in 'Cabale und Liebe'), plays the part of the commandant of a town, moving superior to the rest of the players. Orotava's highest state functionary wore a dark blue overcoat like a dressing gown; a scarlet garment, richly trimmed with gold, over his breast; large epaulettes, a bright sword, a saucy little hat, like that of the great Fritz, and an absurd Spanish cane as tall as himself, the token of despotic power which made many shoulders to shake. In days when the governor, wearied with the weight of business, follows out his system of taking care of himself, and enjoys his season of recreation in the private apartments of his palace, and in the society of those most dear to him, he does but plant his Spanish cane in the ground, set up the three caps, and Orotava trembles, whilst its Gessler is taking his repose. This was the second figure in Orotava which might have belonged to the 'Fliegenden Blätter.' I thanked fortune that he turned his attention to T——, for my risible muscles were working in so dangerous a manner that I was compelled to take to a hasty flight. Happy land of innocence, in which authority in such a form can meet with obedience!

Stared at by the crowd, cordially greeted once more by our companions of yesterday as we passed through the

little town (in which, this being Sunday, the balconies and windows were opened), we departed, amid the clatter of hoofs, cries, and songs of the donkey-drivers, for Villa de Orotava. The view of the country repaid us; the peak showed itself unclouded for a moment in the course of the day, looking like a gigantic sugar-loaf; the verdant slopes, covered with dwellings, presented a smiling aspect; the palm-trees glittered in the clear light; the strange forms of the dark-tinted rocks were outlined more sharply, the ocean disclosed its azure glow; whilst the chain of mountains stretching around Villa de Orotava with their clear tracery, their sombre pine-forests, and snow-flakes scattered here and there (reminding me of home), recalled the dear, beautiful Alps.

To-day a different spirit pervaded our company. It was the conviction that the evil spell which had followed us until now, had departed. We stayed at the only fonda which Villa de Orotava has to offer; a small, confined building, perhaps even more dirty than its sister in Puerto; the inevitable Casino also shone resplendent here; and within its walls, the nobility of the Canary Isles. To our luck, good or bad, the few rooms in the house were full; we were forced to come to the resolution of going on farther towards Santa Cruz. A crowd of Sunday holiday-makers had, in the meantime, posted themselves around our caravan, and never ceased gaping and staring. One lawyer had assured us that in this little town we should find relics of the Guanches, and also ancient coins; we were especially eager about the latter; hoping that, by their means, we might possibly arrive at some discoveries respecting the mysterious origin of this people. We did indeed, at the outset, find, in the house of the landlord of the fonda, three skulls of Guancho mummies, one of which had long dark-brown hair, and displayed its beautiful teeth. This hair, as also the form of the head,



afforded a proof that the Guanches could not have been a negro race. In addition, we found here a lance similar in shape to those which I have in my ethnographical collections from Africa; together with skilfully worked goat-skins in which the Guanches arrayed themselves, and clad in which their mummies are still found in the caves of the Peak; likewise clay vessels exactly similar to those used in Africa. I purchased the prettiest of the heads, which are daily becoming more rare, and the clay vessels for thirty gulden.

Our letters of introduction now conducted us to one of the most important nobles of the island, Don Diego Benitez y Benitez, the most perfect cavalier, and the most cordial man whom I have seen for a long time. This polished gentleman, with his noble Spanish cast of countenance, received us, although unacquainted with us, with a tact and affability that would have done honour to the first diplomatist in Europe. He made us take seats, offered us cigars, and himself escorted us, as our cicerone, through his native town. He merely enquired to what nation we belonged, and then showed us the portrait of the Emperor which he had in a collection of coloured lithographs. We had received an introduction to this interesting, amiable, and polished man that we might see the old coins at his house; he produced them most willingly; they had been washed down from the cliffs of the mountains by floods of rain; but they were all of the period of the conquest by the Christians, and were either Spanish or Portuguese; the Guanches, as we learned, had no knowledge of metals. Benitez, who spoke French very well, compelled us by his friendly entreaties to accept the coins, and also the jaw-bone of a Guancho. He then accompanied us to the owner of another collection, who also received us very kindly and cordially.

In the last apartment we beheld, as with Doctor Faust,

the most refreshing ethnographical confusion with samples of everything, but nothing perfect in any one compartment; at the same time the room was dark and vault-like: the thick dust of years lay upon every object, and the tropical spiders had spun their webs, and thick nets over everything without remorse; the appearance of the whole was almost spectral. Here also the coins belonged to the Christian era. Amongst the hundreds and hundreds of objects, the only one new to me was an Indian hat made of ivory. At length, about four o'clock, we took our departure; our goal was Sanzal, a small place on the road to Santa Cruz; at the extreme end of Orotava we came to a real Almeida, boldly situated on a terrace at a dizzy height from which, as from the edge of a bastion, there is a beautiful view over the whole of the back of the island, and also of the many villages from Icod eastward to Santa Ursula: the extensive and interesting panorama is bounded in the background by lofty chains of mountains, in the foreground by the ocean.

Our road conducted us along the mountain side at a considerable elevation above the shore, and lay for the most part among bramble bushes, and other wild shrubs. Trees Teneriffe had none, except some palms, some few Dragon-trees, and the still more rare, but beautiful *Pinus canariensis*; a want which gives an appearance of insipid uniformity to the open, cultivated ground. Farther on, towards Santa Ursula, the palms multiply till they almost form an extensive grove; the isolated specimens are handsome, full of sap, lofty, and with tall stems, and rich, bright green crowns. This tree is much more beautiful in this island than in Egypt, where the stem of the palm winds up from the arid sand like a snake, while the scorching sun, before which no cloud is ever spread, sucks the sap from its fading crown. The unusual thickness of the strong stem was particularly striking.

Santa Ursula is a small, cheerful place of little importance. The women and young girls looked on with astonishment at the passing of our caravan, but the men, who were celebrating Sunday evening in joyous troops, walked through the village singing and playing on their guitars. Night began to spread her dusky shades more and more thickly and chillingly over the earth, and we were soon riding up and down hill, right and left, in deep darkness, leaving our course to the discretion of our weary old horses. Often we rushed forward up some ascent amid the confusing, impenetrable darkness as in an evil dream. Foremost rode the painter on his shambling brown horse, singing lays of home, like a troubadour of ancient days. His songs guided us on the track, and imparted to us a homelike feeling of security. It is strange that whenever men are swimming in dangerous waters, or travelling in the dark, they have an inclination to become noisy, to shout and sing; they would, by these means, drive away the feeling of danger.

After long groping in the darkness we at length arrived, tired and hungry, at the Fonda Sanzal, a small isolated, but, thank Heaven! clean building; we were received by a handsome civil host and hostess, who endeavoured to do all they could to make our quarters for the night comfortable. The landlord was a tall, athletic young man with regular features and a pleasing countenance, fine black hair, and sparkling eyes; his whole form bore the impress of grace; he was the picture of a true Spaniard. His wife was slight in form, with the lissomeness of figure and elastic walk which are so peculiarly the characteristics of Spanish women: her eyes gleamed like black diamonds, and her delicately curved lips, on which coquettishly sat a *soupeçon* of moustache, parted with a winning smile and displayed a row of glistening pearls; she looked like a young girl of sixteen; nevertheless



these worthy people already owned a handsome boy of between two and three years of age, with a fearless, genuine Murillo-like face.

We partook of an invigorating, but primitive meal, served by a smart maid-servant, Barbarita by name, with naïve country coquetry. The numerous drivers of our animals squatted in picturesque groups on the ground in the entrance hall (which was lighted by the fire) around a large linen cloth on which lay a complete mountain of dried figs and bread which were greedily devoured. In the evening the guitars were again played upon, and songs were sung; and the master of the house with his pretty wife, the coy Barbarita and a muleteer, danced a national dance, a sort of hopping quadrille to which the click of the finger adapted the castanets. Fatigue gave us an excellent sleep.

December 19.

Early in the morning we took some chocolate, the principal beverage in all countries wherein Spanish blood flows, and which is only palatable when prepared by Spaniards: next, a pyramid of figs with the usual beverage of canary wine, was brought to the drivers: and it was only after a protracted ceremony of packing that we were able to proceed, in the unpleasantly chilly morning air. Even here on the mountain-slopes of the northern side of the island, we travelled among well-cultivated fields and amid palms to Tacoronte, a large village, in which we had been directed by our friendly patron Benitez to the house of Don Sebastiano Cassilde.

Here also we were received most politely by the old gentleman, who has been unweariedly making additions to his collection for the last forty years. He conducted us to his house, which shows the owner to be in easy circumstances; in its lower portion, a well-arranged collection containing much worth notice was displayed on all sides.

The room in which were the antiquities of the time of the Guanches was especially interesting to us. He had four mummies of kings, three of which stood leaning in a chest; the brown, withered, well-preserved bodies were wrapped in goats' skins, and reminded me forcibly of the horrible, grinning figures of the *Frati secchi* in Palermo; they had brown wavy hair, and well-set, dazzlingly white teeth. The fourth mummy, concealed in skins and bandages, according to Egyptian custom, was placed in a glass case in the same position in which it had been found in its cavern grave. At its feet lay the royal seals, plain stones on which some confused and sloping staves were engraven; the Guanches, as it appears, could not write, and employed the impression of these seals as the token of authority.

The Virtuoso had preserved in a phial the substance with which the regal mummies were embalmed; it appeared to be composed of dragon's blood and salt water mixed; and, according to Cassilde's statement, would naturally become liquid under the influence of great heat or of great cold. This latter seems to me to be hardly credible. Don Sebastiano gave us a good-sized piece of the hard substance, which we accepted with many thanks. The liquid resembled coffee in appearance.

His collection of the weapons of the conquerors, and of those of the poor vanquished people, was also very interesting; the former naturally belonged to the Spaniards of the middle ages and consisted of immense swords and halberds; the latter were lances with stone points, staves, and wooden swords. In looking at the opposing weapons one cannot but admire the courage of the Guanches, who defended themselves like lions against the Spaniards. A collection of the writings of the first conquerors is not devoid of interest, especially to Spaniards.

Among the house furniture of the ancient inhabitants we saw hand-grindstones, and vessels for washing made of basalt and clay, similar to those which I had purchased in Villa de Orotava; but the most curious object indisputably was an amphora, quite in the Roman form, with a Roman XXI graven upon it. It was found in the tomb of a king, and must probably have been brought hither from Africa by the first inhabitants. Remarkable also was the delineation on basalt of an inscription found in a mountain-cutting in the island of Palma, which had been sent to the worthy Virtuoso. Our artist, a very accomplished orientalist, discovered in it clear traces of Arabic writing. He was indeed nearer the truth than the Bishop of Palma who took it for Babylonian writing wrought by Chinese workmen, an opinion which was subjoined. As to the rest, Cassilde's museum contained something of everything, mineralogical, zoological, from the embryos floating in spirits of wine up to ill-represented art.

We lingered with most pleasure before the ethnographical objects, in which even the colonies of the Philippine Isles and of America had a place. The kindly old gentleman showed me an interesting work on Mexico, in which, side by side with weapons and carriages, was drawn a Zodiac of the ancient Mexicans.

To return to the Guanches. All the remains of them which have been discovered, seem to prove that they sprang from the neighbouring continent of Africa, and belonged to a Semitic race, with traditions received from the ancient Egyptians. That they were Semitic, and probably came from Barbary, is proved by their long, straight hair: their furniture and weapons remind one, in shape and material, of those of Abyssinia and the interior of Barbary. The art of embalming mummies, and the form of the caves, suggest Egyptian ideas. The stone of which I spoke before would also furnish proof in favour

of Eastern origin, and would tend to upset the theory hazarded, that the inhabitants of the Canary Isles sprang from those five thousand Carthaginians who, at the time of the taking of Carthage, saved themselves from the citadel in ships. Unfortunately, the period at which the islands became peopled is not known. The Amphora mentioned above would speak of a time in which the Romans extended their rule over the principal portion of Africa. That the immigration must have taken place from Africa is proved by the facts already narrated, as well as by the position of the islands, which, indeed, are so near the continent that from Fuerta Ventura one may see the coast of Africa; and, in return, the fires and the snow of the Peak of Teneriffe must have been seen in Africa.

The various islands seem to have been peopled at different periods, even if indisputably by the same race; for, although it is true that the conquerors found a similarity between them of language and customs, yet they also found great differences. In some of the islands polygamy prevailed; in Lanzerota, on the contrary, each wife was allowed to have three husbands, who took turns monthly to rule, whilst in the meantime the two others were servants. Most wives had, it would seem, sufficient care with one husband. The historian Viera endeavours to show two distinct races and two languages. As by their known habits, the Guanches had not the slightest knowledge of navigation, all communication between the islands was impossible. This ignorance, and the entire absence of Mohammedan customs, speak in favour of the great antiquity of this people. Even Pliny in his works indisputably speaks of these islands at the time of the Carthago-Phœnician expedition, and of the ruins of an ancient temple in one of them, but of the inhabitants he says nothing at all



The Guanches have disappeared as a race, and, unfortunately, their language with them. Concerning their manners and customs at the time of the bloody and annihilating conquest, we have Spanish narrations of the most accurate description recorded by the historians Viera and Bergeron. Particulars from these are not devoid of interest. In the island of Teneriffe, the Guanches worshipped Achernan as the supreme God. The representative of the Prince of Evil, their devil, was named Kuaiota; popular belief fixed his residence in a crater belonging to Vulcan. According to Viera, a crater (now extinguished) played a part in Gran Canaria, where, as in Palma, idols were embossed. To one of the rocks, which threatened to fall, the Canary islanders used continually to bring offerings of beasts with the cry, 'Art thou intending to fall soon?' They had also a spot appropriated to pilgrimages, sought by them at times of approaching famine, which visited them so frequently that each wife durst only allow her first-born child to live. At these times they took their herds of goats with them, separated the old from the young, and believed, by the cry of the innocent kids and by their own laments, to mollify the avenging deity.

The Guanches had a special god for men, called Eraoranham, and one for the women, called Maraiba. Upon the introduction of Christianity, the Virgin and her Son stepped into their places. The two deities sat on two very high rocks, called Pandaiga, but now named Santillos de cos Antiguos. The Aranfai, too, was kept in a cave; it was a species of little pig, which in times of adversity was brought with loud cries from the Grotto, and was allowed to run about at liberty until the calamity was exorcised, when it was taken back to its domicile in triumph. Young girls shared the sacred grotto with the pig; they wore clothes made of white skins, and much longer than



those generally worn by the women. They possessed great privileges in the councils, as also precedence at all ceremonies. It was incumbent upon them to bring hither daily offerings of milk.

The Guanches also revered a prophet, Guanamare by name, and a priestess, Tibabina, with her daughter, Tamaronte : both of them were related to the deity, and therefore possessed great power.

A special class of priests was maintained for embalming the dead. After repeated washings with salt water, they anointed the bodies with aromatic herbs and goats' milk butter. Like the Egyptians, they opened the corpses in the side, with obsidian stones called Tabaros ; then, during a period of fourteen days, filled them with aromatic herbs and sawdust, and left them to dry in the sun. During this time, joy-feasts were held, and eulogists descanted on the virtues of the deceased. By means of the process of drying, the body became as light as charcoal, it was then sewn up with fish-bones in goats' skins and characteristic signs were added. People of high rank were encased in particularly fine skins, and were borne in coffins of pine-wood to the caves situated in the highest parts of the island. Milk was placed before the bodies that at their rising again they might find food. Beautifully ornamented cases were allotted to the kings and nobles ; the rest of the people were laid in caverns in numbers, and without embalmment. Viera speaks of such that he has himself seen, and the largest of which he names Arrico and Gamar ; in these he discovered about two thousand dead.

At the beginning of this century many similar tombs were found in the rocks of Tacoronti and Sanzal which have furnished the museums of Europe with mummies. But the people, and especially the conquering Spaniards, kept these tombs secret : so that even now only a solitary

one is occasionally discovered. The male mummies are distinguished by their outstretched hands, whilst those of the women are crossed in front of them; the feet are bound firmly to the hips, the knees being bent. It is said that among the mummies a giant of twenty-two feet in height, of the name of Mafrai, was found in Fuerta Ventura; it is also said that the descendants of King Uimar were often fourteen feet high and had eighty teeth; but all the bodies which have been discovered are of ordinary height; although characteristically different on the various islands. When the Guanches felt the approach of death they called their relations to them and said, 'Vaco quare' (I shall die); they were then carried to a cave, and laid upon soft skins; milk and butter were placed beside them, and the entrance was closed that they might await death undisturbed.

The form of government of the Guanches was monarchical, and a powerful band of nobles was assembled round the king. The last free sovereign of the Guanches was Bencomo. After a long and glorious resistance, he yielded in the fifteenth century to the superior force of the Spaniards: and, together with the last of his offspring, Dacila (famed for her beauty), allowed himself to be baptised. Of the island of Teneriffe we know, that for many years it formed an undivided empire. The last sole ruler who governed it with despotic authority about one hundred years before its conquest, was Tenerfe the Great. He left nine legitimate sons and one illegitimate, Acaimo by name; these ten men divided the island among them. Disunion soon arose between those in power, the prince of Tahoro obtained the ascendancy; and, being victorious, assumed the title of Onehilu or Supreme Majesty.

As has been already observed, the Guanches possessed a nobility; the remainder of the population were either common people or slaves. The following tradition explains

the separation of rank: In the beginning God created men and women, land and water, and provided fruits and fish. But when men increased in number, He said to the later-born, 'Serve them, and they will give you sustenance;' thus the classes of society became divided.

Installation into the ranks of the nobility was the right of the Tagean or high-priest, who took the second place in the kingdom. It was necessary that the candidate should be born of noble parents, should be rich and accustomed to the use of arms; and should wear his hair long flowing when presenting himself before the Faikan (the council-chamber of the high-priest). The high-priest then cried with a loud voice, 'I conjure you all in the name of Acorak (God) to declare whether ye have ever seen It, the son of It, enter a farm; whether ye have seen him milk or kill a goat, whether ye have seen him prepare his dinner with his own hands, whether in time of peace he has ever committed a robbery, whether he is notorious among persons of bad repute.' If the reply were favourable, he was invested with the spear and his hair was cut short behind his ears. If the reply were unfavourable, all his hair was cut off; and he, having been declared to be a person of low character, could never attain the rank of nobility.

Kings and nobles had in front of their dwellings large square courts with stone seats round them, called Tagoror; in these they held their councils and conferences. They also made use of these places of honour on all occasions of grand festivities and at coronations; and adorned them with palms, bays, and sweet-scented plants. On the highest seat sat the king in a garment of choice material, called Tomarek; the throne was covered with beautiful skins of animals.

The ceremony of coronation of the king of the Guanches took place in the following manner. The oldest of the

relations or neighbours of the king brought with reverence a bone of the old king Tenerfe, and presented it to the new king, who kissed it, touched his own head with it, and said in an audible voice: 'I swear, by the bones of my predecessor, the great Tenerfe, to imitate his deeds and to watch over the welfare of my people.' The vassals then raised the new sovereign on their shoulders, and cried: 'We swear by the memory of this day of sacred coronation, to unite as defenders of his kingdom and of that of his successors.' Thereupon the people proclaimed the new king. On the royal journeys a spear with a banner upon it was carried in front of the sovereign. The Guanches were a very cheerful people, and fond of amusements. Even in time of war hostilities were suspended during their festivals, a proof of true light-heartedness and of cool courage. During the dance they accompanied themselves with little drums and flutes and clapped to the sounds of these with their hands. In the present day the dance of the inhabitants of this island resembles in an extraordinary manner that of the Jews in Tangiers.

All historians represent the aborigines of Gran Canaria as the handsomest. The men were strong, slight, agile, brave, and true-hearted; the women pretty and gentle, their almond-shaped eyes are described (like those of the people of northern Africa) as especially fascinating, their hair was long and fine. As is even still the custom in Morocco, the Guancho bride remained for thirty days in a cave and was fed with Gofio, the Cascussu of the present natives of Barbary, until she had attained a certain degree of fat.

The ornamented stone caves, warm in winter and cool in summer, were appropriated as dwellings and also as tombs only for the kings and nobles. These caves, most of which are now inaccessible, are almost universally square, with seats running round them and with niches in



the walls. The handsomest and most ornamented are those of the sovereigns of the Guimar district. The poor lived in stone huts. The islanders used only a small amount of furniture; the hand-mills already described for the preparation of the Gofio, and the clay vessels (Ganigo) mentioned before, which (as in the present day among the people of Barbary) served chiefly for receptacles for milk. Dried stems of thistles were used then, as now, in this island, for the purpose of generating fire by friction. The instruments for cutting, called Taboras, were entirely of obsidian, the spoons of sea-shells, the needles of fish-bones or palm-prickles. Twine was obtained from the sinews of animals; the spears were hardened in the fire, as also the swords; both, as has been remarked before, were made of wood; and the shields were of the bark of the dragon-tree. The beds were composed of fern covered with skins; baskets and boxes were beautifully and skilfully made of twisted rushes. The basalt-stone of the cave served as a seat. Torches were prepared (as is even now the case with us in the Alps) from splints of fir, of which nets for catching fish were likewise formed.

The clothing of the Guanches consisted of a shirt of goats' skin (coloured yellow or red by means of herbs), without sleeves; fastened at the side, and girdled around the waist. The women wore the same dress, only hanging down lower. Stockings, called Nirmas, were the privilege of the nobility. The shoes of the Guanches were called Necros.

These remarkable people were just in their code of law; but subscribed to the maxim of the Old Testament, eye for eye, limb for limb. The manner in which sentence of death was carried into execution was peculiarly cruel. The delinquent was usually extended on the ground on the occasion of one of their festivals of games, his head was placed on one stone and crushed to pieces with another.



We took our leave of the friendly old Virtuoso, thanking him sincerely for his kindness. At the extremity of Tacoronte we saw a mountain, which to a poetic imagination resembled Mount Calvary, covered with purely southern plants, and overshadowed by large palms. Our road from hence, quitting the ocean, proceeded through the interior of the island to the high table-land of Laguna. The character of the hilly country (which continued in one unchanging green and brown, without any trees) was fruitful but uninteresting, and reminded me vividly of the Heaven-blessed but monotonous districts of Moravia and Bohemia.

Amid this wearying, unvarying landscape, I hailed with joy a symbol of the East, a loaded camel, toiling slowly and wearily along, yet treading surely. Egypt and Syria came forcibly to my memory, and the broad, endless deserts, with their sunny glow, with their indescribably beautiful moonlight nights, floated before my mind. I beheld proud Cairo, with her gleaming mosques, with her minarets rising towards heaven, with her bazaars in which all the nations of the East moved to and fro; I beheld steaming Suez, with her coffee ships on the burning golden waters of the Red Sea; I heard the sighing of the Sakyas on the vast, sacred Nile, as they pour forth their lament under the purple glow of the setting sun sinking behind the desert; I beheld the Holy City in the land of Judah. It is incredible how this ugly beast has power to call up such beautiful images; but the camel is associated with all the charms of the East, and is interwoven with all Arabian poetry, which gratefully lauds it as the most useful of animals. The palm and the camel seem to have wandered to the Canary Isles from Africa.

In the centre of the high table-land the towers of Laguna became visible—the ancient capital of the group of islands. A broad, excellent road, *Strada real*, leads to the

town. At a villa in its vicinity we found two high Eretrinas, with lovely, dark-green foliage and splendid blossoms, red as coral. The town of Laguna is large; it has a spacious cathedral, with a façade similar to that of Santa Maria Maggiore in Rome, but already bearing marks of neglect and decay. The capital has been transferred to Santa Cruz; for although Laguna lies in a rich beautiful plain, yet it lacks the neighbourhood to the sea, and thus the open road for trade.

Rather fatigued by our long and very tedious ride, we halted at a fonda in the principal street, and partook of a miserable lunch. After resting for a time, we proceeded to Santa Cruz. At the extremity of Laguna we found a number of most beautiful and varied fowls, confined in baskets; a collection such as I had never before seen for gigantic size and for beauty of colour. There were among them birds which glittered like macaws and were more than three feet in height. The Canary Isles are localities much to be recommended to the poultry fanciers whom one now meets so frequently.

A little beyond Laguna, the country again slopes in a southerly direction to the ocean. We met numerous peasants, and trains of camels, which were returning with fruits and goods from Santa Cruz. After several windings of the road we hailed with delight the goal of our journey, extensive, friendly Santa Cruz. Within a crescent of jagged, volcanic mountains, a slope of fertile fields runs gently down to the gleaming bank of sand on the wide sea-coast. The gleaming, white-washed town, with its gigantic, old, grey tower as a protector, is bordered by a rapid stream, and rests on the spur of the mountain to the left; on the mountain side it is surrounded by smiling meadows, while on the other side its extreme line of houses fringes the blue ocean.

In front of the town is the roadstead, which is gaily

enlivened by a due proportion of vessels. A small harbour, with an artificial embankment, serves for lading and unlading, and also as a refuge for boats. Beyond it, the clear, blue, boundless sea gleamed beneath the golden sunlight of this brilliant day, mingling on the horizon with the sky, and melting into silvery mist. Single breakers now and again made their foam to glitter on the vast plain; large, lost waves, wandering without plan over the broad expanse. The scene which presented itself to our rejoicing eyes possessed no longer the characteristics of Europe; it bore an impress of its own; it appeared a forerunner of distant America—the first glimpse of a new world. There were no longer the tints, shapes, dimensions of our continent; this was no sea such as dashes over our coasts, no sun such as shines upon our valleys; and even the town and its environs had a new, and not European aspect. Only once before, in Suez, had I viewed scenery so entirely novel in character; the bare town extending to the sea, the two grand lines of mountain, the clear, transparent hue of the waves, the dazzling sky, the unusual form of the vessels, the half-clad, giant natives; but there, the whole picture partook more of the Oriental character; it was the first step towards India, as this of Santa Cruz was the entrance into the New World.

That the appearance of the town was so respectable, was very agreeable to us poor pilgrims: for we were already very tired and downcast, and were longing in our hearts for food and shelter. We spurred our sleepy horses and were quickly in the streets of the hospitable town, all having the most pompous names, as *de la Gloria*, *del Castillo*. Traversing a long street filled with cheerful shops, we crossed a large and magnificent square to the Riva, on which, and behind the Almeida, stands the Hôtel Richardson, conducted by an Englishman. At it we joyfully alighted, and with it we, later on, had every reason to be satisfied.

We carefully maintained the strictest incognito. The doctor continued to play the part of uncle; and I, that of his dutiful nephew. We arrived exactly at the hour for the table d'hôte, and shared the table with a party of amiable Spaniards who did the honours to the new guests with much grace. An officer of rank, who carved in the English fashion, and took care of the company, acted as president. He was a travelled and polished man who spoke French well, and also some German; and who now, as a genuine epicure, remains quiescent in Paris and Brussels during the summer, and passes the winter in his house in genial Santa Cruz. We often had opportunities afterwards of meeting him and of conversing with him. He perceived readily enough with whom he was talking; but with tact, always respected our incognito, so convenient and so necessary on such a journey.

The Almeida in front of the house was enclosed with imposing railings and gates, and contained a miserable little avenue of melancholy plane-trees. Oh! that man should ever long for that which is out of place! Instead of selecting palms, they must needs here plant European trees with endless labour. In the evening we strolled through a portion of the town, visited a raree showman who, amid real janissary music, promised marvels; yet offered nothing but the most wretched trash, which had chiefly been cut from the 'Illustrated News.' At length we sought our much desired and well-earned repose.

Santa Cruz, December 20.

The day was foggy and grey: from my large window I could see the leaden-coloured ocean rolling wearily against the embankment. The vessels in the roads pitched heavily back and forwards; and even the atmosphere wore an aspect of languor and tedium. I employed the forenoon in writing some letters and my journal, that true torment



on distant travel, which can only be endured from a feeling of duty. We had intended to set out this morning on a grand excursion of two days into the interior of the island: but the gloomy weather and a secret feeling of weariness prevented us. It was not until afternoon that we ordered our horses to be brought; wretched beasts, that could hardly drag themselves along; but that nevertheless took us to the Villa de Buona Vista standing on the eminence over which we passed yesterday in coming from Laguna. From the unimportant building on the terrace which is surrounded by a garden, laid out for use and not for pleasure, the panorama of the town, the coast, and the ocean was on this day gloomy to behold. Magnificent palms and fruit-laden orange trees were standing in plantations for cochineal, now a chief product of the island. We here found the cherry-trees all in bloom. In this garden I saw one of the greatest absurdities that I ever beheld in horticulture: namely, an avenue of young trees with their stems completely built into a low enclosure of wall, which must be as injurious to the plants as to the wall-work. This was no favourable token of the intelligence of the owner.

Near by, we saw the pretty villa of an Englishman in whose garden, among some beautiful orange trees laden with dark-red fruit, we found several plants worthy of notice: a very beautiful acacia, an algerobia, with scarlet flowers and golden-yellow stamina; another species of the same family with a pale, yellow, globe-like blossom; and a lovely, yellow plumiera large as a tree. At the lower end of the garden the dreadful ravages of an inundation which had taken place some days ago, were visible. This, as the owner told us, had been the consequence of a water-spout, confined within a small space, which had only lasted for half-an-hour. During that time the water had risen to more than four feet in height, and had carried away



with it whatever it found in its path. Five men had been drowned by it in the town. Had the deluge lasted for an hour, probably a large portion of Santa Cruz would have fallen to the ground.

We next visited the garden of a rich Spanish merchant, Juan Manuel de Foronda. Its arrangement is formal, like that of a fruit garden in our own country; but among its interesting treasures, it contains the greater number of American tropical fruit-trees with their delicious produce, which we did not omit to taste: other very remarkable plants of the tropical world are also to be found here. Whilst we were occupied in pilfering fruit and flowers to the best advantage, and just as we were plundering the *Agendera molissima* which was ripening here, the owner appeared. He knew how to dispel our embarrassment immediately by giving us the most cordial invitation to taste and take whatever we wished. Indeed he himself conducted us to all the trees and flowers and plucked for us the most aromatic fruits. One could see that he was a lover of nature and was proud of his garden; and he had a right to be so: for, as a whole, this extensive bower was scientifically arranged, and displayed a purpose in the manner in which it was disposed. His father laid out this garden many years ago with much trouble and perseverance; he could not have had a more worthy successor than the present owner.

When, richly-laden, we were quitting the garden in the highest state of botanic content and with quiet satisfaction, the amiable Spaniard gathered for us yet one more magnificent anone, adding that this was the queen of fruits, of which fact he could judge impartially, since he had tasted all the fruits of both Europe and America. It was indeed the most delicious that I had ever eaten; for it was bitter, yet sweet; melting but firm; and its taste reminded

me more nearly of that of well-made punch à la romaine than of anything else.

We came home with the approach of twilight, proud of our treasures, and arranged them coquettishly to show to our botanist who had been spending the day climbing about the mountains. He also brought home a rich cargo; but envious astonishment took possession of him when he beheld our wealth. He had, in his expedition, chiefly occupied himself with the Euphorbia, the characteristic plant of the volcanic Canary Isles; he had also brought a wondrously beautiful dragon-fly of a scarlet colour as if made of sealing wax, a gigantic scolopendra, a large scorpion, and a black salamander, like velvet to the touch. When he was going to exhibit this last to us in the large dining-hall, the beast sprang like lightning to the ground, and, alas! vanished with the speed of a mouse, leaving not a trace behind.

In the Canary Isles, and even in Madeira, we observed a curious and immense spider; it was marked with bright stripes of white and black; wove a web strong as a thread of silk, and worked a funnel-shaped bag in the centre of this web, which formed its dwelling.

Santa Cruz, December 21.

The rain fell in torrents, with tropical pertinacity: notwithstanding which it was pleasant, even quite early in the morning, to sit in a dressing-gown at the widely-opened window. The world outside was gloomy and distressing, and the sky grey. The mountains were steaming in the damp fog, the ocean heaved and sank; and only the view of it and of the vessels in the roads marked the difference between our present prospect and that on a summer's day in our own Ischl. There were even standing before our inn the stereotyped ornaments of the Ischl landscape, the oxen coupled under the yoke, finding the true philosophy

of life in ruminating; rain trickling from them, but they unmoved like the mysterious sphinxes of ancient Egypt. I almost had an attack of home sickness, as, reflecting thus, I watched them long and thoughtfully. The stoical repose, the fixed gazing eye, the lifeless-looking form, the stillness only broken by the sleepy chewing of the animal, it was the genuine, perfect prototype of the plains of my fatherland.

Though India have the handsomely-striped tiger as her emblem; though Africa select the swift-running, richly-plumaged ostrich, Ceylon the sagacious elephant, Arabia her fiery courser, the natives of the Andes the broad-winged condor soaring high as heaven, Australia the strong-tailed, bounding kangaroo, New Zealand the strange, outlandish cassowary, and Algiers the proud regal lion, yet who would rob our calm, peaceful, unexcitable, contemplative fatherland of the useful ox? The two are closely associated in my heart: hence the melancholy with which I gazed on these rain-bedewed animals.

The rain would not stop: one must needs take courage; and therefore in the afternoon we sallied forth boldly, fortified with all possible means of defence against wet weather. We first examined the large Square more closely. It is oblong in form; and is surrounded on its three inland sides by houses several stories in height, regularly built, with flat roofs. On the fourth side, which faces the sea, it is shut in by a rather low, strangely-shaped old fort with broad ramparts. In the row of houses on the right, stands the smaller, but handsome residence of the Capitan-General of the seven islands; two houses screened by something like the canvas of a tent, and having a flagstaff, gave evidence of the importance of the building, where, however, all must go on in a very sleepy manner, for the windows were fast closed with *jalousies*, and the large clock pointed invariably to a

quarter to five, an hour of the twenty-four at which people are always either eating or sleeping.

The high road runs round the Square, the centre of which is raised, and is kept level and in good order, almost like a drawing-room, reminding one of St. Mark's. At the two extremities of the Square stand two monuments of white marble. That on the side towards the sea is a lofty column on which are the Virgin and Child, both of whom are crowned. On the handsome pedestal one sees the figures of four Guancho kings, wreathed, according to ancient custom, with garlands of flowers, and holding in their hands, for a sceptre, a bone of their great ancestor, the renowned King Tenerfe. The four inscriptions inform us that a pious Capitan-General of olden time caused this piece of statuary to be erected in honour of the picture of the Mother of God, which is to be found in the Church of the Conception, and is said, in some incredible way, to have been worshipped by the heathen princes and their people one hundred and four years before the conquest of the island. The other monument is a simple cross erected by the same pious Capitan-General, with reference to the name of his capital.

To-day, amid tropical rain, we went again with our botanist to the merchant's fruit garden, and there dabbled about merrily in the mud, among the dripping bushes. The owner was not there, and we were able to make our collection systematically. Once only were we disturbed by the rough, shrill tones of the gardener. At first we feared mischief, but quickly perceived that the unfortunate man merely had a horrible voice, and that he was addressing us in most encouraging words in these discordant sounds.

The trees most worthy of notice that we found, and the fruits of which we collected, were as follows: the Iambro with its red or light-yellow sour fruit, in shape like the forbidden fruit, and leaves and blossoms like those of the



myrtle ; nogales de la India, a tree with ivy-shaped leaves dirty-white blossoms, and nuts that grow in clusters and have the delicate flavour of a hazel nut ; three kinds of anones, the choicest of which is the Chirimoya, another species bears its large wartlike fruit close to the stem, which is as hard as stone ; a tree with leaves like those of the cocolaba, the name of which we should not discover, its fruit looks, and tastes like the dark-red cherry ; the mango (*Psidium pomiferum*) ; the Poma rosa, called by the Portuguese Iambro, of which I have already spoken in Madeira ; a Perseia, a tree with leaves like those of the magnolia and having a brown, leather-coloured, heavy spherical fruit, with a sour pulp as yellow as an egg ; the pimento (*Myrtus pineta*) ; the rarest species of orange-trees ; several kinds of banana, called in Spanish platanos, bearing a fruit which I disliked at first, but which has now become quite a necessary of life to me ; beside various other trees, and plants, the names of which we either did not hear, or they have escaped my memory.

Our botanist was in ecstasies ; his love of plunder increased from minute to minute ; he shook the trees, climbed up to the highest bough like a monkey, crammed the famous botanic box, almost as large as himself, to the brim and over it ; filled all his own pockets, and some of ours ; and, in his praiseworthy eagerness, lamented the want of space for more. Once again, the voice of the gardener resounded dismally, shaking our nerves ; in order to permit us to make our raid in peace, our painter went into the house with the proud old islander, who was wrapped up closely in his flannel cloak, to keep him occupied, and indeed, if need be, even to dance a polka with him.

Santa Cruz, December 22.

Tropical nature claims her rights. Thus to-day it rained unceasingly. During the day, some large screw-



propelled transports, packed full of troops under orders for China, brought signs of life into the otherwise monotonous roadstead. I made all sorts of purchases, and ordered some native canary birds to be bought, which here, in their own country, are much dearer than in our respectable bird-shops. I also purchased some very beautiful, and immensely large, cocks of the richest colours. The breed of fowls in the Canary Isles is larger, and handsomer in point of colour, than I have ever seen elsewhere. But it is remarkable that, in general, almost all animals here are of various colours; thus one often sees tri-coloured goats, and even tri-coloured dogs.

In my apartment there was a wonderful, vaulted ceiling, ribbed in dark brown and black wood; the doors were of cedar wood and ornamented in various mathematical figures; presenting a happy medium between the most gorgeous *Renaissance* style and the Moorish. I wished to purchase one of these doors to send to Europe as a pattern; and applied to Mr. Richardson, the master of the hotel, on the subject: but learned that many other travellers had already made similar applications to him in vain, inasmuch as the house does not belong to him, but to several different owners living scattered about in the island, to whom it has passed by inheritance from the hands of the Inquisition which occupied this building as its head-quarters in the island. Probably, then, the cruel sentences of those benighted times had been pronounced in my chamber. In this same room, before which the nobles and people of the seven islands once trembled, defenceless, unfettered travellers now dwell whilst in pursuit either of scientific objects or of pleasure. Thus everything in this world changes. Yet assuredly no century has a right to throw a stone at another. We call our age that of enlightenment; but its shadowy side will also be commented upon. In very

many cities of Europe posterity will regard with amazement and horror the chambers in which without any question of law, mere force has, under the influence of hateful revenge, condemned people to death at the notice of a few short hours; perhaps because they desired something different from that desired by the power that stands above law.

In the centre of civilisation, in free Paris; in the seat of intelligence, in enlightened Berlin; in the cheerful city of Fâaken, indeed even down to Sicily, in the Indies belonging to free England, such inquisitions have rule; on their hands lie the same stains of warm blood as those of the days of Philip and Alba.

In the afternoon we visited the two churches of Santa Cruz, San Francisco and the Conception; both are ancient but are possessed of little merit, they are exactly similar in style, with the same richly-gilded altars. In San Francisco one sees on all sides, instead of pictures, red damask curtains, arranged so as to be drawn back; behind these are seated gorgeously clad, wooden figures painted according to Spanish custom. In the church of the Conception is a side chapel well worthy of notice. It is in the heavy, Rococo style, composed entirely of wood richly carved, and then either painted or gilded.

To-day there was some fearful music in the vicinity of our fonda; the show and the noise, both of which seemed as if they would never come to an end, originated in a coffee-house among some Italian emigrants who were on their way to South America, voyaging in a Piedmontese bark. Amongst them was a handsome young man with classical features; he wore the Lombardy spencer and the Barabba hat. The sight of him pierced me to the heart. What could have befallen him, that he should leave Lombardy, lovely, glorious Brianza with its chain of rich green mountains by the Lake of Como, with its

deep-blue Alps, on whose highest summits the eternal snow glows in rosy tints, its populous plains with their fields of emerald green, its joyous, ever unclouded, and smiling sky, that land with which none in the whole wide world may compare, in which the fresh vigour of the North is united amid festive joy with the melting softness of the South? What a dream must have been ruthlessly dispelled that he could give up such realities!

Santa Cruz, December 23.

Glorious spring weather, the air balmy and genial, filled with fragrance; the sky clear, and the ocean of a deep sapphire blue. Everything invited us to undertake a grand exploring expedition that might aid us to struggle against the impatience with which we had already during two days been expecting the 'Elizabeth.' We selected for our excursion the left side of the extensive panorama of Santa Cruz, the shore at the foot of the black mountain jagged like the teeth of a saw, and to-day outlined in fantastic forms against the unclouded sky; on which nothing but the hardy Euphorbia can find nutrition. Past a picturesque fort, the old age of which is being strengthened by repairs, we travelled during the first part of our way between extraordinary cliffs of basalt and a shingly shore, on which the surf was dashing gaily.

At a little bay called Insaltero the gnawing sea has hollowed out a subterranean passage, and now breaks forth into view hissing and foaming from a wide fissure which presents a very picturesque appearance, as does every scene in nature in which the sea bears a part. We crept and slid about the rocks; and in the caves in which the sea-water remained, we collected all kinds of marine animals, which afforded us many interesting discoveries and also much joking. To my taste, there is in the whole kingdom of nature nothing more interesting

than from the sunny coast, quietly and in calm repose, to watch the mysterious sea with its strange bringings and leavings, its life and its works. One is continually learning something new and finding fresh treasures ; and thus is doubly rewarded.

On the coast road we met numerous trains of lively and even pretty girls with short aprons, who, with their proud, elastic walk, either carried baskets of oranges on their heads, or drove asses laden with a similar burden. They all bent their way to the coast from a valley, and thus induced us to proceed to this valley notwithstanding the considerable distance and the increasing heat. We refreshed ourselves with some excellent oranges, and then advanced gaily and merrily on our way to the valley opening picturesquely before us, which, formed by volcanic mountains, afforded a bed for the rapid river in its small verdant plain. In isolated spots, cheerful houses stood almost buried amid the golden loads of orange trees. The sides of the mountains were rent by torrents of lava, blocks of basalt and volcanic caverns ; all around were dark, gloomy masses of colour, stiff unnatural forms, over which the two species of *Euphorbia* were scattered in amazing quantities.

In the interior of the island, in the land-locked landscape, this winding valley presents quite a novel character ; hues dull and gloomy, bare forms of ruin, not a tree, not a variety of shrub, not a flower. The black mountain sides looked like the walls and remains of a large building that had been burnt down, the grey dried-up *Euphorbias* like the scorched plants of the garden. And thus it went on and on ; always grand, always unique, but melancholy and monotonous even to despair, a region for the dry geologist. The only consolation amid this scene of destruction was to be found (so long as by turning round



we were still able to see it) in the dark blue and kindly eye of Ocean.

We had scarcely begun our journey into the valley when, revivingly and full of perfume, a shower of silvery drops fell upon us in the midst of the unbroken sunshine as if in fairy jest, and at last it drove us into a cavern. A cheerful herd of goats climbed about the rocks like chamois. Milk was freshly drawn for us; it was white as the jasmine-blossoms, foamed like champagne, and had a deliciously primitive and refreshing taste. The goat-herd, hideous as an ourang-outang, grumbled when a piece of silver was given to him, and with half-imploring, half-threatening words, tried to compel us to give him double the amount. This I thought insolent. I proposed to annihilate the man by a vigorous ‘Schnaderhipf!’ *in choro et unisono*. With grave faces we poured forth a volume of sound resembling that of a mountain torrent, singing with all our might. The effect was magical. The victim to German song crouched at our feet, gentle as a lamb.

Whilst we were sitting in the cave, a magnificent rainbow of unusual beauty of hue was to be seen spanning the narrow valley. The rain favoured us frequently during the day, but in the warm sunshine it was not more unpleasant than the sprinkling of a fountain. We were obliged to cross the river at least ten times, hopping from stone to stone; which (what with the botanic box and tools, and the various differences in the length of our legs) brought us into many comical situations. The brave-hearted girls who were going or returning between distant Tagalana and the town held their short dresses up rather high; and strode laughing, with bare calves, through the foaming flood. It was not till afternoon that we returned home along the coast in the scorching heat. The healthful walk had done us good, both in body and mind; and

our good spirits rose to their height when, near the fort on the eastern side of Teneriffe, I descried a cloud of smoke, and joyfully recognised the long-looked-for 'Elizabeth.'

Evening reunited us happily with our warm-hearted commander, at our repast in the fonda. He brought the best intelligence of those who had remained behind in Madeira; but as the bird of ill omen was among their number, so just before their arrival on the north side of Madeira, they had encountered a fearful storm. It was a great comfort to me to know that they were now in safety in the peaceful paradise of that island.

Santa Cruz, December 24.

We spent half of this day in our fonda, half on board the 'Elizabeth.' Our national feeling bade us pass part of it in Santa Cruz, and devote it to the benefit of an Austrian merchantman. This unfortunate Austrian brig had arrived fifteen months ago at Santa Cruz, her destination being Monte Video. A Piedmontese, who had been indiscreetly brought with him by the captain, had secretly excited a mutiny, so that the entire crew, excepting a clerk and one sailor, had absconded on reaching land. The captain solicited an armed force from the Spanish magistrate, that with its help he might bring back the mutineers on board. The Spaniard, certainly to all appearance, sent some soldiers; but they allowed the sailors under their escort to escape on the quay; and the captain-general immediately, on his own authority, sent them away to other trading-vessels; among them, to one in which typhus fever had carried off part of the crew. The poor captain, deserted and helpless, not having the support of an Austrian consul, applied in vain to the magistrates to give him a Spanish crew.

Thus a year passed away, the vessel became damaged in

the bad roadstead, and the unhappy man was obliged to sell the cargo in order to live. At last he resolved to go to Madrid, when again he was tossed from post to pillar, and months passed over. The Prussian consul, who ought to transact our business, is now absent on a pleasure excursion, and thus not even the documents bearing reference to Madrid can be found. Throwing off my hitherto strictly preserved incognito, I sent our discreet commander to the captain-general in the course of the forenoon; and with all possible diplomatic energy made a requisition for a Spanish crew, in order to restore the honour of our flag in the eyes of the Spaniards.. Pressed by every kind of urgent argument, the captain-general yielded, sailors were procured, an honest boatswain from the 'Elizabeth' was sent on board, and in a few days the brig, rescued from durance, sailed for Cadiz. There still remained to the captain the further duty and anxiety of obtaining a suitable sum, as compensation, from the Spanish Government.

Late in the evening we once more went on shore, to hear the *misa del niño*, as the Spaniards term the midnight service, in the cathedral. We drank tea at the Hôtel Richardson, and then, in the warm lovely night, crossed the square and passed through the streets which branch from it to the church of the Conception. All was life in the town; everywhere merry groups were standing or walking, and singing lively songs to the guitar, castanets, or tambourines. It was a joyous celebration of Christmas in the genial atmosphere of a summer night.

This favoured clime knows nothing of the painfully rapid hurry belonging to a freezing northern congregation, as, enveloped in furs, they press into church, over the crisp snow, by the flickering light of their lanterns. Cheerful fires were burning near the church, and women were offering oranges and other southern fruits for sale.

The cathedral was brilliantly lighted; and when we entered, the service had already commenced to the sound of the organ. We found room among the fathers of the church, who wore medals suspended by red or blue ribbons. When the singing was finished, a procession, with numerous torches and censers of incense, advanced through the nave of the church. The clergy struck up a chant, whilst a rich canopy worked with gold and silver was carried over those clergymen who were officiating, and who were arrayed in ancient and really beautiful vestments. At first, I did not rightly know what was signified by this procession as introduced into the ritual of Christendom. The people who pressed around it seemed to be astonished, and testified their satisfaction in tones that were becoming loud.

I was shocked. I perceived that the Déchant in a heavy gold pluvial (the picture of true hierarchical dignity, tall and aged, with grave, handsome features resembling the portrait of Gregory XVI.) was with composed, thoughtful, anxious mien, carrying the naked image of a child carved in wood of the size of life, with arms and legs extended in the air. There was something heathenish in this show and parade, which offended my religious feelings. Evidently it was to be understood that the birth had taken place behind the altar, and that the aged Déchant, as a sort of St. Joseph, was exhibiting the child to us, the shepherds. The children, who had assembled in numbers in the church, seemed to be specially delighted with this procession. Such appeals to the senses in a church, do more harm than they can possibly do good. The procession aroused me for the moment from an oppressive drowsiness which had overpowered me within this heated church. High mass was celebrated with much devotion; the music was wonderful; and the behaviour of the people, as also their devout appearance, served to elevate the soul, and



to obliterate the painful impression of that unnecessary appeal to the senses which the clergy, with good intent undoubtedly, but with very limited discretion, had presented in this holy place.

As we returned to the harbour, a band of troubadours on a balcony pealed forth their wondrous lays beneath the glittering, starry vault of heaven.

The 'Elizabeth' weighed anchor, and we steamed away towards Gran Canaria.

Ciudad de las Palmas in Gran Canaria, December 25.

By daybreak we had reached the northern side of this island, which in shape, colouring, and general features resembles its sister isle Teneriffe; but its forms are less rugged, and less fantastic. The mountains present softer outlines, are not so high, and are covered with the products of earth, and with cultivation. Towards eight o'clock we sailed round the eastern point Isletta, a detached, insular cape, which, like Gibraltar, is united to the land merely by a sandbank. This passed, the extensive roadstead of Ciudad de las Palmas, or Palmas as it is more shortly called, lay spread before our view, forming, together with the hills and mountain country, an amphitheatre. On the right, are the massive heights of Isletta, with their tints of bluish grey and green; next gleams the golden glow of the spit of sand, broken only by an old black fort.

The range of hills (the principal cultivation of which consists of dull, green, cochineal plantations) rises gently up to the mountain heights, which again elevate themselves in a pyramidal form up to the distant peak, the lofty summit of which is mysteriously shrouded in cloud. The first range of hills runs parallel with the undulating coast, in retreating forms. As in an amphitheatre so here, recesses of considerable size (like the boxes at a theatre) have been made. These are the dwellings of the ancient

Guanches, and still serve as the abodes of the Troglodytes, like the *cuevas del sacro monte* in Granada.

At the foot of this city of caves, on the yellow sandy coast, stands Ciudad de las Palmas, with its brightly-coloured, flat-roofed houses; and reminding one vividly of Malaga by its large mediæval cathedral. Some lofty palms which wave over the town explain its name. On the left, of the town the coast rises into extensive, precipitously ascending, dark ramparts of basalt, against which the ocean foam dashes, and behind which the mountains rear themselves in layers of various strata.

The 'Elizabeth' anchored in the roads among some merchant vessels. We landed at a quay for boats, formed by a dam and some heaps of stones. Groups of the inhabitants, in broad-brimmed Panamá hats, stared at us in astonishment. An amiable young man was so good-natured as to offer his services as guide. We went through the streets to the Fonda Inglesa. The houses are of the same description as those in Teneriffe; the same mysterious windows, the same ornamental balconies. The women also wear the white mantilla, the men the flannel cloak, but the whole town displays more of the character of a civilised, prosperous metropolis. One feels that one is really in a capital; and indeed, until lately, this town held precedence above Santa Cruz. The entire scene tells of wealth and prosperity.

On our entrance into the courtyard of the Fonda Inglesa, a frightful old lady, the noted Peppa, made her appearance in the act of washing her hands. She addressed us as roughly as though we had been intruders into a private house, and sent us off with the assurance that she had neither room nor breakfast prepared; and when we went away laughing, she made faces after us. It was quite a novel spectacle, such as I had never before witnessed to a similar extent in all my wanderings.

We visited the beautifully situated Almeida, which raised according to true Spanish taste, stands in the centre of the town surrounded by terraces with balustrades. Notwithstanding the numbers of exotic plants, it has, owing to the regularity of their arrangement, rather the appearance of a drawing-room than that of a garden. Close to it are the Casino and the theatre, both contained in one large edifice. Beyond the Plaza del Principe Alfonso, named after the little prince of Asturias, we came to a stone bridge leading over a wide river that divides this large town into two parts, and flows from the mountains to the ocean. Some rather artistic marble statues representing the Seasons (almost unknown to the Canary Islanders), adorn the bridge: from its centre there is a striking view of the two portions of the town, and of the receding heights. On the left, one sees the towers standing far apart, the flat, richly-ornamented roof of the cathedral, the extensive and imposing palace of the Ajutamente, the dome of the college, and the bishop's residence. On the right, the terraces of houses mount up one above another, until they are lost in the hollows of the amphitheatre.

From out a narrow valley in the centre of the panorama the river pours down its waters, fringed by terraced gardens, in which giant palms, centuries old, raise their gently waving crowns to the clear sky from amid the bright green of bananas and Arums. Behind us were murmuring the broad blue waves of the sapphire sea. I had not beheld so perfect and romantic a picture for a long time. I began to be reconciled to the Canary Isles, with which, until now, I had not been much prepossessed.

A second surprise, and also a great one in its way, was afforded us by the cathedral, a spacious, handsome edifice of the latter part of the fifteenth century. The large ancient façades, begun, like the interior, in the later Gothic style, have unfortunately received the addition of a modern

screen after the style of S. Peter's; this is still in progress. The interior of the church is spacious and lofty; the columns of basalt rise tall and slender, uniting themselves with the beautifully traced groined work; and, like palms with broad crowns, gracefully and lightly supporting the high, and rather flattened, but not heavy, vaulted roof. The exquisitely twined basalt branches, clearly outlined in their dark hues on the white ground, present a simple, solemn, and yet cheering effect; whilst the entire building suggests one pervading thought of harmony, infusing a spirit of genuine and vigorous faith.

Beyond the high altar, with its wealth of silver and of relics, a handsome crucifix, placed beneath a large velvet canopy, stands exalted within view of every part of the spacious church. The arrangements in the interior of the cathedral are made in accordance with Spanish custom, therefore there is a space of considerable size in the centre of the nave enclosed for the choir: before the high altar hangs an immense silver lamp, a present from the celebrated Cardinal Ximenes. A colossal St. Christopher, painted in fresco on the wall, reminded me of our village churches in Upper Austria, and recalled home.

We climbed the heights and visited that portion of the town which stands in their hollows. The latter are simple incisions in the calcareous rock and contain rooms which, when white-washed and provided with rush mats, appear very habitable. Beds, with high pillows and white hangings, testified to the cleanliness of the Troglodytes who could not have been aware of our coming, and who, laughing, expressed their surprise that anyone should visit such humble abodes. These people possess two treasures for which many European kingdoms might well envy them; their lovely climate of perpetual spring, and their extensive, magnificent prospect over the lofty city of palms and the ocean.



Our amiable companion, with whom we were able to make ourselves very well understood, called our attention to the numerous cochineal plantations which (though only introduced within the last ten or twelve years) have given considerable importance to the island, and have proved a remunerative speculation much to be valued. The cactus *opuntia* flourishes everywhere in this genial climate without culture; on it thrives the insect which, simply collected in bottles, yields its rich produce almost without labour or trouble. The only thing that must not be neglected is, to cover the old insects so completely with linen rags that the eggs may rest on them, and in this way, may be carried to fresh plants.

The introduction of these insects into southern Dalmatia would, I believe, be of great service to that needy country; all the more so, because the people smoke long pipes, and no people who smoke long pipes can do much work. One yoke of land in the Canary Isles brings in a net return of 1,500 thalers a year, by feeding these remunerative insects.

Our guide, who belonged to the fashionable world of Palma, took us to the Casino and theatre. We were surprised to see a very fine dancing saloon, and another large and spacious apartment, as well as a select library. On our way we met, in the town, men with a sort of cap of blue and red cloth, looking in front, like the prow of a ship; behind, having a long point like a pigtail which hung far down the back, and from the extreme end of which depended a red tassel. This national article of dress is worthy to stand side by side with the lightning-conductor caps of Madeira; for if the latter be a protection against the rays of the sun, the former may serve as weather-cocks.

We were conducted to a new fonda, a dirty, wretched house, with a landlord who gave us as rough a reception as Peppa had done, and who looked as though he would fain

annihilate us with his round, piercing eyes ; but who condescended to promise us some refreshment. I never in my life met with such a race of innkeepers as those in this city of palms. In their eyes, travellers come under the category of slaves who are first to be ill-treated, and must then yield to the demand for tribute. That they themselves are the servants of the public appears never yet to have been brought home to them, and they need to go through a regular course of English discipline.

We waited an endless time in a place abounding in dirt, and when we modestly enquired for our refreshments, and for the horses which had been ordered, we were snubbed. The master of the house, the mistress, the children, the servants, all walked about in the balcony and courtyard before our eyes, looking good-humoured, but not troubling themselves in the least about anything. Mother and daughter ogled at the fashionable young gentlemen who came to pay them visits in the court ; the father seemed, dressed in his speckled pantaloons, to be doing honour to the holiday ; immense cats and fat dogs jumped around us ; turtle doves cooed their melancholy lays ; a lawyer near us carried on a disputation respecting the *code pénal* with a gentleman in a rich dressing-gown who looked like an old roué ; and we, poor neglected beings, sat like lepers or beggars, forgotten and unnoticed, in our humble corner.

But patience overcomes difficulties ; and thus at length our modest meal appeared, and sounds of the hoofs of horses and asses were heard as they clattered on the pavement in front of the fonda. Our silent, mysterious, protector, who wrought in our behalf like the Armenian of the ghost-seer, and whose powers only failed before the unconquerable tyranny of the landlord, had reserved for me a *bestia particolare*, as he termed it ; in plain German, a very special animal, a racer, belonging to a private gen-

tleman. It was an excellent grey mare, which went at a swift and easy pace, and on which one sat as comfortably as though on a couch, borne along by a twelve-mile propeller.

Our road to-day lay towards Atalaja, a valley distant three leagues from Palma; at first it led us along the course of the river that intersects the town, past beautiful mansions, an immense hospital for foundlings, and then again to that end of the town which extends to the hollows. On our right we saw the river (which turns some mills), bordered by splendid palms, we then ascended to a barren, volcanic ridge of hill, along which we rode for a long time, enjoying the extensive view on both sides; over the ocean with the blue gleaming islands of Lancerota, Delizias, and Fuerta Ventura, and over the deep valleys, in whose depths were twinkling lovely villas and groves of palms.

The form of the hills (skirted by bright green fields destitute of trees), the colour of the sky, and the cool sea breeze, were all northern; and it was only deep down in the valleys, among the palms and orange trees, that the charms of the south were to be found.

Our party rode quickly through the frosty air, a powerful influence urging us continually to press forwards; none other than that of the vehement, fiery, uncontrollable ass which rushed on in a wild career, hurrying along with it our unwilling botanist. Fate so willed it, that this scientific man should take with him on the donkey his enormous botanical box, which he carried on his shoulders, and into which he had put an orange in case of feeling thirsty. The more this rattled against the tin, the more madly did the ass rush on. The despairing botanist flew, like Mazepa, over stock and stone; our wild troop dashed on behind him; till at last, fortunately without any injury, he kissed his mother earth, and thus regained his wonted stability.

As we continued to ride along the ridge of hill, fresh and picturesque valleys opened unceasingly before our gaze. The vegetation became more luxuriant, and even groups of trees of different kinds were visible, mixed with blossoming shrubs at the farms, and by the side of the tolerably well-kept roads. Everywhere the people were in their Sunday attire, and were enjoying their time of rest, greeting each other in a friendly manner, and nodding to the passers-by.

On our way we visited a small villa, completely covered with myrtles in bloom, and in the little garden of which we found some splendid araucarias. We had still one more hill to mount; and then, opening towards the ocean, there lay before us the clearly-defined, deep, rocky valley of Alataja, and at its extremity (rising in a semi-circle like an amphitheatre, large and commanding as the gigantic ruin of an ancient theatre), the imposing Troglydyte city of the Guanches of olden time, which even at the present day conceals within its stony mysteries, its rocky caverns, 2,000 inhabitants with their possessions and goods.

This picture is one of the most astounding and most impressive that rude nature and primitive human industry combined could present to the gaze of the astonished traveller. At the sight of this rocky territory thus hollowed out, and animated by human life, memory recalls the monuments of the vigorous days of remote antiquity, when man, chained down to the rough earth, worked its materials with talent, and with an unflagging arm. We admire the Necropolis at Thebes, the rocky halls of Petra, the pierced mountains of India, the giant theatre of ancient Rome; and if the Canary Isles possessed nothing but the rocky town of Atalaja, it would be well worth all the trouble of crossing the ocean to visit them.



An additional attraction is imparted to these rocks with their numerous dark openings, their burnished façades, their terraces, their narrow paths of communication and steps, by the fact that they are still the haunts and abodes of men. Each of these countless hollows has its own history, its own tale of throbbing emotions, of joy and sorrow, of birth and death. The eye rests on one immense, impressive monument; imagination pictures a gay, merry beehive with innumerable cells, and the buzzing, humming activity of the inhabitants passing to and fro.

We had left our horses in a stable of tuffstone at the first hollow, and were ourselves reclining on a jutting rock, from which we had a view of the whole town, together with the valley beneath. Scarcely had some few of the inhabitants become aware of our presence, than all was excitement in the bee-like life of the city. People, dressed in gay colours, bustled forth from every dusky opening; the children, filled with curiosity, came down laughing and shouting from ledge to ledge, from story to story, to the place in which we were; with graver steps, the men emerged from their stone houses, along their accustomed path, anxious to see what had thrown the town into such commotion; the women and young girls dressed in their gay Sunday clothes, screaming, chattering, and enjoying the merry tattle, assembled on the narrow terraces in front of their hollows, or on the rocky roofs of the dwellings on the lower stories. It was like a play when all the bedecked puppets come out gaily from rocks made of cork and pasteboard; and was quite in harmony with the festivities of the day.

Immense mirth and applause were excited among the people by our nimble little botanist, who, in his search for plants, ran around the rocks and leaped here and there with his large box, just like a weasel. The primitive people evidently took him for a lunatic, who had escaped

from our care; one could read this in their laughing and astonished countenances. They who believe that the Troglodytes are all thieves, are quite wrong. We went into their caves, and found in them a certain degree of comfort. Clean white curtains surrounded the recesses where they slept; nice, clean linen was on the beds; some articles of furniture, and prettily arranged earthenware, adorned the walls, which were well whitened, and frequently covered with plaited rushes; the people were well clad and well fed: that they all called out for a Pezzelto was unfortunately only characteristic of all southern countries.

The chief means of support of this large population is potter's work, which they execute with great skill, and even on a gigantic scale. Unceasingly surrounded by the inquisitive crowd, we went from story to story, over the dangerous paths of these rocky terraces, up which even the youngest children clamber like goats. My *bestia particolare*, notwithstanding the advancing night, brought me back to Palma, as if she were flying; and we were already merrily seated at the dinner-table of the 'Elizabeth,' when after a long, long time, the poor doctor and botanist returned, exhausted with fatigue.

H. M. S. 'Elizabeth,' December 26.

Early in the morning we again went on shore; but on this occasion only the younger members of our party, who were prepared for a fast ride. The doctor nursed his wearied limbs at home.

Our first visit was to the cathedral, where we found that no mass would be celebrated, and we were directed to the college chapel. There, the whole of the clerical students, with pointed, Chinese-looking, priests' caps, were seated in rows in the middle of the chapel, executing prescribed intonations according to the matutinal chant. The poor young boys in their surplices had more inclination to laugh than to drawl through the solemn psalm, like machines.

Such institutions, in which the clergy are made according to rule, are contrary to my feelings; and, in my opinion, are very prejudicial to religion. Children who are much too young and too unformed in intellect to have an idea respecting the sacred calling which awaits them, receive a false bias even in their infancy, they never learn to know the world by experience, and are imbued with an unjust, bitter, repulsive spirit of bigotry which does not at all tend to increase their influence or superiority in the eyes of their flock. The greatest saints and most persuasive teachers of Christianity, all selected their office from the conviction that it was their vocation, after mature reflection on their future position; and from St. Paul down to St. Augustine and Ignatius Loyola, these mighty spirits never could have done such grand deeds in the battle-field of Christianity, had they not first become acquainted with the world and with its darker side. Modern zealots maintain that these seminaries for boys are necessary, because that otherwise no clergy could be provided. It seems to me that, by this very assertion, sentence is passed against a compulsory preparation. Free choice must be the guide to everything that is good in this world; the heart must impart light, and its first glimmer ought not to be shut up in imprisonment. All these human institutions for military, scientific, and religious training are alike productive of miserable results. The stiff military academies of Eastern Europe have no other use than to enable the troops to go through some parade manœuvres; and, as in the ass's comedy, to teach them how to wheel and deploy. And have our modern scientific plans of education ever produced any great men? They have taught the rudiments of science, it is true, but genius has ever been born beyond the walls of the academy; and the great spirits in the Church have not grown up within seminaries. He who has seen

nothing of the world, cannot understand; much less instruct, the world.

After we had been enduring this practising for nearly an hour, a priest came up to us, and said that they were waiting for the arrival of the prince, before beginning mass. I assured him of the presence of the prince; and, to our rather disagreeable surprise, instead of a quiet service, High Mass was begun. But our season of trial was not over at its conclusion; the two directors of the seminary, in their misguided zeal, want of tact, and mistaken politeness, insisted on accompanying me through the town, like a criminal who is being led to execution. I deprecated, I protested, I assured them that I must hurry, for that people were waiting for me; they, in return, assured me that they also would hurry on; I said that I was going to the inn where my horses were standing; they replied that the inn lay also in their road. In short, nothing would induce them to retire, and, indeed, it appeared to be their intention to accompany us on our excursion. At last, on reaching the cathedral I dismissed them in very plain words; but, when I returned from the country in the afternoon, I found them again posted in the street ready to greet me anew.

The remainder of our party were already waiting at the fonda; we mounted our horses, among which there were to-day some excellent pacers, and dashed forwards along a broad and very good road. At first, our course lay along the green coast, covered with palms; then upwards, ascending to the dark ramparts of basalt, from the curves in which we obtained magnificent views of the picturesque city of palms, and of the bright, gay, blue waters of the roadstead. Like the grave monarch of the sea of houses the grand cathedral, with its dusky towers, was clearly outlined against the sunny sky, whilst giant palms waved poetically around it. But the effect was even more mag-



nificent when, looking down from the lofty, perpendicular ramparts, one beheld the sparkling waves of ocean dashing their foam on the golden sand of the lovely and irregular shore. The charm of these picturesque and soul-satisfying scenes was increased a hundredfold by the truly glorious weather. To-day, for the first time, the breath of the trade wind stirred the air, and our glad hearts revelled in sweet anticipations of spring. The whole of the warm, bright atmosphere was redolent of the fragrance of violets. My *bestia particolare* flew along like Mahomet's mare, and after her came the rest of the party, who were pouring forth joyous, gleesome songs to the azure sky. The turns in the road were sharp; the horses spirited, the riders bad; and thus it was, that one of our little band was twice hurled suddenly from the high regions down to the hard realities of earth; fortunately he managed his falls with peculiar skill, and rose from them unhurt.

When we quitted the shore, we advanced into the volcanic hill-country, which, however, we found richly cultivated; except that in one valley there was still the barren bed of a stream of lava, as at Naples, in which some solitary Euphorbias stood like phantoms with outstretched arms. On our way, we saw in a valley on one side an enormous pump, which, worked by oxen and camels, feeds the entire of the fertile district. Beautiful cinerarias in the fullest and richest bloom, white tipped with violet and deep purple, grew on the wall of rock near the spring. The camels, which by reason of the feast day were making holiday and were ruminating near the pump, were, of all their hideous race, the most hideous specimens that I ever beheld, and one could not but marvel that such monsters should exist in the kingdom of nature. We had yet one more chain of hills to cross, and then we reached the goal of our enjoyable journey. In

an extensive valley, on the peaceful banks of a mountain stream, amid lovely gardens and well-cultivated fields, were grouped the flat-roofed, brightly-tinted houses of the little town of Telde ; scattered amid them stood numerous large palms rich in foliage and with luxuriant crowns, which spread themselves like a canopy over the whole of the oriental-like town, and cast a beneficent shade : between the hills one could catch the twinkling smiles of the blue ocean. This panoramic view reminded me vividly of Ramleh in the plains of Sharon on the road from Jaffa to Jerusalem.

Festive mirth reigned in the town ; and in the square in front of the church, men were singing gaily to the music of the guitar and tambourine. On the Almeida in the centre of the town, beneath the shade of an oleander tree, seated on a stony bank, and surrounded by the astonished crowd, our German party partook of a cheerful repast, at which our thirst proved itself specially of German origin. Rendered doubly mirthful by this rest, we galloped back at full speed to Ciudad de las Palmas. The citizens who were sunning themselves in their Sunday attire in front of their houses, stared at us with astonishment, as they saw us clattering over the resounding pavement.

At the Fonda, we were present at one of the cockfights, so popular here ; the plumage of the cocks was brilliant, as it has universally been with all those that I have seen in the Canary Isles ; but the contest was not nearly so exciting as at a fight at which I was present some years ago in Valencia. The cocks attacked each other fiercely, but did not gain much thereby, and the struggle ended by one of them breaking his beak.

All was life and excitement to-day in the streets of Palma, and the loveliest of lovely women, with Andalusian features, raven hair, and sparkling black eyes, gazed down

from the mysterious windows, or strolled about the streets in picturesque mantillas and with their graceful fans.

On quitting the town, we offered a considerable douceur to our amiable volunteer guide; he, however, declined it, with cordial thanks; and simply made the request that, in recognition of his services, he might be allowed to see the 'Elizabeth.' We took him on board, and I presented him with a ring, which gave him sincere pleasure.

At five o'clock we weighed anchor and steered for the Cape de Verd islands.

H.M.S. 'Elizabeth,' December 27.

The morning was brilliant; the sun shone on the deep blue rippling ocean; the trade-wind had set in, and filled the broad, swelling sails. The barometer stood unusually high, performing its office in the regions of the trade-winds. The air was warm and mild as on our summer days, the colouring likewise. A feeling of gladness pervaded the whole ship. After storm and rough weather, we were approaching the safer tract of the tropics. Towards evening the wind fell, the sea became rougher, clouds overspread the sky, and a soft, mild rain fell. Not a sail, not a living object broke in upon the grand yet not wearisome monotony of the ocean.

H.M.S. 'Elizabeth,' December 28.

The 28th of December stands forth as a red-letter day in my reminiscences of travel, for to-day at a quarter before ten o'clock in the morning, with a bright sun, a calm blue sea, and fresh trade-wind we entered the Tropic of Cancer, and with proud bearing and feelings joyfully excited, I found myself for the first time within the equinoctial zone. This is an important event in the life of a sailor, as in that of a traveller; some will say, that this is a mere fanciful idea, but similar ideas govern the world. We were entering that portion of the earth in which there is no winter, in which cold has no power, the golden path of the sun

enthroned in the zenith above us. To me, who am the bitterest of foes to cold, an entrance into the tropics was a special cause for rejoicing, and more particularly so in the usually dismal month of December. Now no frost can touch me, making my poor bones shake with cold; this happy truth, this great gain, was ever present in my mind. Man's life is short and even one winter is long, so that the annihilation of one solitary winter season is a great gain that cannot be over-estimated.

The sun shone with powerful warmth; and therefore, for the worthy celebration of the day, we all, with amusing unanimity, appeared in white caps and trowsers, and complete midsummer dress. As the day advanced, the light clouds gradually vanished, until, at last, the sky glowed in the perfection of its clear brilliance.

The sunset was very beautiful; the tints in the west had, immediately over the sea, a green hue; above them, the sky was of the most wondrous rosy red. In the late evening, the scene was magnificent; the sky was completely changed: in the deep blue of the mighty firmament the stars were gleaming with redoubled splendour, like glittering jewels; but owing to the speed of our voyage, their position was already quite altered. The Great Bear, which I have gazed at so long as I can remember anything, and which only once (in Cairo) had lost two stars, had now disappeared, and the polar star stood low down in the horizon, almost dethroned. The small crescent moon shone with vivid light, and cast shadows deep as that of our full moon. The scene afforded me inexpressible delight, and elevated my mind; I had arrived at a new point in the history of my life. These innocent triumphs are more in harmony with my struggles and aspirations than all of splendour that my native country can offer.

I was the first of my house who ever wandered to the tropics, and even now did so with the feeling that I had not yet arrived at my ultimate destination.



H.M.S. 'Elizabeth,' December 29.

The earliest hours of morning found me already on deck, that I might see the much lauded, oft-described Southern Cross: the starry image was there, just over the horizon, the five brilliant specks distorted into a cross as crooked as those that at dinner one makes in play of crumbs of bread.

Although the lowest star is said to be the largest, yet we could not perceive that it was especially bright or sparkling. No enthusiasm was awakened in my heart at the sight of this constellation, and I am unable to sympathise in the delight of the many travellers who describe this wonder in rapturous terms. My friend Ida Pfeiffer—that energetic lady whom I esteem so highly, and who has accomplished more, as a traveller, than the strongest men—was the first person who, possessed of praiseworthy courage, ventured by plain, sober truth to destroy the artificial halo surrounding this simple constellation. But I am pleased to have seen this wonder in the gallery of nature, only visible in these regions. We also could see the constellation of the ship in its full extent. But, triumphant over all, the Great Bear stood once more high in the heavens, more beautiful, more perfect than any other starry image. Jupiter was so bright that one could see his disc.

In these tropical nights, the light on the sea is also wonderful; it is not merely that one sees the usual glitter in a thousand twinkling sparkles; not that; some of the waves actually break in a flood of light, and, darting phosphoric rays, play on the foam like lightning among the summer clouds.

The day was hot and cloudless—a pavilion for the sun; but the trade wind, with a high barometer, afforded a soft gentle air, delicious to inhale. The sky gleamed brightly, like a vast canopy bright with diamonds, without the

slightest tint of blue, and the sun at the time of its setting was of a light, pale gold colour, such as is never seen in our country. The sea also was on the whole calm, yet towards evening, broad masses of wave, like large, soft hills, with shell-shaped valleys, heaved up and down, in dimensions such as I had never beheld : whilst our vessel rose and sank with them so gently that her motion was imperceptible, I might indeed say she was undisturbed.

During the day four sea swallows, with brown wings and backs and white breasts, faithfully followed our wake, together with shoals of flying fish ; these pretty creatures, with their winged fins of sapphire blue, sped from wave to wave often over a space many feet in extent. I saw this graceful fish for the first time off Cape Matapan when on my voyage to Greece. In August of this year, it had again appeared before me in an extraordinary manner at lovely, sunny Abbazia on the shores of the gulf of Fiume.

St. Vincent, December 30.

I again came on deck with early dawn ; and to-day indeed that I might see a sunrise in the tropics. Twilight lasts a very short time, and is quite unlike our twilight. The sky is of a clear transparent colour before the sun has risen, whilst its approach and the direction from which it is rising are unmarked by any red hues, any glowing clouds : the magnificent and varying tints which are so enchanting in our latitudes and which have such an effect on the heart, are all wanting here ; in vain does one seek for those changing tones of colour gradually passing from purple into molten gold. Suddenly, one sees a light on the horizon, a portion of the sun is visible ; the appearance is as if the sun rose by jerks, and as if it were much larger than our sun ; an illusion which is caused by the large broad waves and by the nature of the atmosphere. The sun pours forth its golden rays over the whole of

the white gleaming sky, and illumines it unchangingly throughout the whole day.

It was still early when we sighted the Cape de Verd Islands; we could distinguish St. Antonio, St. Vincent, and Santa Lucia. The first was nearest to us: a mighty fortress of rock, the bold forms of which were beautifully traced; quite without vegetation, nature's architecture, grand as the heights of Greece or the noble, ancient mountains of Arabia. Their outlines were displayed clearly, sharply, and boldly against the gaily gleaming sky; a bright light played on the loftiest peaks and on the projecting masses of rock, whilst deep red and violet tinted shadows lay mysteriously in the refts, rents, and ravines: and all around, as the foreground to this foreign picture of enchantment was spread the cerulean sea, whose white foam laved the rocky coast.

We were now approaching St. Vincent, at present the object of our voyage. It displayed similar characteristics; but the mountains towered aloft even more boldly, the jagged peaks rose to a greater height, the pyramidal rocks were more sharply pointed, the obelisks more angular, the refts wider, the ravines broader and darker. We were advancing into a new realm, a new kingdom of nature, in which are gigantic forms such as the wildest fancy cannot conceive, hues of a brightness and transparency such as our sunlight may not paint, whilst over all is cast a perfumed haze which imparts the character of a fairy dream.

Sailing round a black conical rock of basalt, which rose like a giant's finger from the blue waters, a true monolith we entered the large and fine harbour of St. Vincent; which, enclosed by the island whose name it bears, and by the neighbouring island St. Antonio, has the appearance of an island sea.

A few houses and a magazine lie on the level sand like

shells thrown up by the waves; in the two valleys which open upon the harbour one sees the sombre green of some shrubs which glisten like freshly cast-up seaweed. On an eminence stands a small and ancient fort, with a dirty, faded, Portuguese flag; with these exceptions, there is not a sign of life on the whole broad expanse of coast, not a stalk of vegetation, and yet it is one of the grandest, most impressive scenes I have ever beheld; it resembles a picture which has been painted by a great imaginative genius with limited means at command; and the charm of which lies in the outlines full of character, and in the warm tints compounded of but few colours, in which vegetation, strewn with a sparing hand, can only find a place as it were by force. In harmony with these gigantic forms were the dreamy shimmer over the brilliant sky, and the blue-green sea lying in the gleaming page like a sapphire among unpolished stones, and here assuming a hue such as I have never seen except in mysterious blue grottoes; and similar to that which in the north one sees on the sun-lit chasms of the glaciers.

To visit St. Vincent is one of the most interesting pleasures in the world of nature; to live here would be to endure purgatory on earth. We were very much surprised to see two large French steam-transports with troops on board, amid a fleet of dirty colliers. Boats, rowed by negroes, swarmed around our steamer; some brought English coal-merchants, another the *libera pratica*. The coal-merchants are the princes of the place, for the excellent harbour of St. Vincent is nothing but an immense coal depôt for the transatlantic steamers; the greater part of the little wooden houses on shore serve exclusively as dwellings for the merchants and their work-people. Beyond the coal trade there is nothing worth seeing in St. Vincent: the sole representative of European civilisation is a billiard-table in a wretched hut. Not a



bush, not a flower, grows near the houses, which reminded me vividly of the stations between Cairo and Suez. The heat was as great as it is with us in an overpowering July. Towards noon we went on shore in the lightest clothes that we could find, with umbrellas, and hats covered in the Indian fashion. Our boat lay to at the wooden quay, on which are laid iron rails leading to the coal stores. Our first impression on landing on the white fine sand which consists merely of the remains of very small shells, was strange and thoroughly foreign; we were transported, as it were at a blow, into the midst of the uncontrolled proceedings of a black population, and found ourselves in the midst of negroes who are the aborigines of the island; white people are rare, and even the Portuguese guard, who here seem to be compelled, from some absurd notion, to adopt the buttoned-up cloth uniform of the European, consist of large, tall, and slender-limbed blacks. On the strand, and around the boats which were coming and going, these unbridled people in their primitive condition nearly approaching to that of nature, moved about and danced with cries of delight. Men with woolly hair, broad noses, and cunning, squinting eyes, were advancing to the shore with sacks of coal as though their colour had been given them expressly for this office. Women, with tall, slight figures, leather-like, wrinkled skin, their loose calico dress enveloping their slender forms, the blue cloak picturesquely thrown over their shoulders, glass beads of various colours round their slender throats, long gold earrings in their ears, and the saucy kerchief twisted around their heads, were either standing in noisy groups haggling over fruit with the sailors, or else were moving about singly, like mutes, on the plains of sand, holding their pitchers on their heads with their bare arms. Most of them were quite young mothers who were carrying their merry little chocolate-coloured children in a cotton sling,

which either rested on their hips or hung far down their backs, and from which the little animals sprawled out their legs as if they were riding. It was most amusing to stand in front of the dusky mother when one could only see two little feet peeping out on the right and left of her waist. Round and among these groups, sometimes in the water, sometimes on dry land, thronged a host of children, running, crawling, swimming, all quite naked, with an unconcern that would have done honour to the most unsophisticated nature. Here, one of these black beetles disported itself pleasantly on the hot sand; there, a troop of independent youngsters rushed round a boat where an unskilful negro had let the golden oranges fall out of his sack into the briny flood. On the right, a little child of two years old, having taken a bath, was walking back with proud, measured steps to his father's mansion; on the left, a very pretty little black girl, whose only clothing consisted of her sparkling beads, from which hung a little cross, performed the most graceful gymnastics on the rails of the coal tramway. Untrained nature, joyous, unrestrained mirth, prevailed everywhere.

We looked for a long time at these black people with astonishment; then we turned along the coast to the right of the village, hoping to find some botanical and geological specimens on a red-coloured eminence in a wide plain, whither the pale-green vegetation attracted us. On the sea-coast, at the opening of the plain, we found an obelisk consecrated to the memory of an unfortunate English lady who had died on her voyage, and had been buried here. The monument has only been standing for five years, and already the sea-wind has quite corroded the iron railing. In its vicinity we met a troop of negroes, who, with hurried steps, were carrying on two poles a dead body, quite concealed, like a mummy, in linen cloths. The monument and this spectacle accorded well with the silent, desert,

flowerless country, with the giant rocks gazing in still loneliness towards heaven, with the atmosphere steaming with burning heat, through which only some few ospreys noiselessly dragged their wearied wings.

From the shore inland, the dry hot plain was scantily covered with tamarisk bushes, which were just unfolding their insignificant blossoms. Beneath parching heat we pursued our way along the plain to a miserable little house lying at the foot of a mountain-slope—the ruinous cottage of the governor. In front of this cottage, surrounded by a wall made of stones laid one upon another without mortar, were some unhappy-looking foreign shrubs, some small trees, and one larger one, slender in circumference, which afforded some shade, the only one we found in the whole island; beneath it were three Frenchmen in fantastic hunting-dress. Under the shrubs and small trees we discovered a species of *cytiscus*, covered with fragrant, canary-coloured blossoms; the poisonous *jatropha* with its bright yellow fruit and fig-like leaves: also various kinds of *acacia*, the seeds of which we collected. The solitary shade-giving tree had large green leaves, beautifully glossy; a stem like that of a *Magnolia*, and fruit resembling the figs on a wild fig-tree; but of its name we are still in ignorance. We found an interesting species of gourd creeping along the arid earth, the *Cucurbita prophetarum*; it is of the size of an orange, and is very inviting in this thirsty land; but, according to the report of our botanist who tasted one, its bitterness made him irremediably uncomfortable for the whole day. On the mountain slope bloomed a handsome *ipomea* with large flowers, the white of which was slightly tinged with a shade of lilac.

So far as the animal kingdom was concerned our sportsmen shot one solitary specimen of the bright brown sparrows that hopped about confidently on the shrubs, twittering gaily, and flew, as one might say, into the

muzzle of the gun. Of insects, we only saw a swarm of common grasshoppers, and a large sort of wasp with yellow head, dark blue wings, and bright blue back, which we caught. A negro boy who had voluntarily accompanied us from the village was loaded with these treasures from the various kingdoms of nature.

At the suggestion of our artist, and notwithstanding the heat and total absence of any path, we climbed up a steep mountain, from the summit of which, as a reward for our labour, we had a magnificent view over the grand panorama formed by the harbour and the chains of mountains in the distance. Only in the exquisitely beautiful bay of Suez had I ever seen anything resembling this. All lay extended before us like a wondrous vision, purposeless, devoid of life, and yet most bright, most exhilarating. It seemed like the fantastic scenery of a pantomime. I thought to myself that possibly it might look like such from the gleaming worlds above. On our return, we collected shells on the soft, white shore, and one of our party took his first sea-bath in the blue merrily-dancing waves. In one's astonishment one can scarcely credit the delight of a soft, genial summer air in the middle of the winter months: one rather suspects the calendar and the seasons to be quite in the wrong; one cannot trust oneself to yield with full enjoyment to unexpected warmth such as that of our summer; the change of seasons is wanting and all ordinary reckonings cease. More than once I spoke of the approaching time of year at home as of winter, and on this supposition made plans for my return. Man has to become accustomed even to that which is pleasurable.

St. Vincent, December 31.

In a veritable simoon of coal-dust, occasioned by the shipment of an immense quantity of coal necessary for our transatlantic voyage, we spent an uncomfortable morning



on board: followed everywhere, even down to the lowest cabins, by the black powder, which rested on everything and penetrated through every crevice. The laborious duty of writing detained me on board; and it was only towards evening, when the heights were kissed by the last rays of the setting sun, that the whole of our floating colony, bag and baggage, preceded by lively music, went on shore to pass New Year's Eve on the sands of the principal square. Some handy seamen had formed an excellent saloon with sails; flags of various colours, unfolding themselves in the light evening breeze, adorned the walls; signal lanterns were substitutes for blazing chandeliers; carpets from Persia and Tetuan were spread on the soft ground; downy cushions of purple velvet were picturesquely disposed to form a divan, the active cook set up his caboose, batteries of bottles were brought to rejoice our hearts; whilst trooping in numbers round and about this lively scene of camp life, the dusky inhabitants of St. Vincent were hovering in excited groups. Every one brought to our feast that which was most needed, good humour and merriment; and notwithstanding our foreign ground of operations, these speedily reigned uncontrolled. In the course of the day we discovered that Governor Geral, the governor of the island, was at present living on these sands, and indeed was our neighbour in the adjoining hut. We therefore, being monarchical in our principles, began our proceedings on the approach of night by stationing our musicians in front of the governor's mansion, and by ordering the Portuguese hymn to be played (which rather reminds one of a circus tune than of a national air); and then by shouting a thundering 'Hurrah for all Portuguese authorities!' up towards the balcony on which Governor Geral had made his appearance, with other persons of rank: the chorus reached its loudest pitch in honour of the illustrious presence of Governor Geral. All parties

were gratified; the governor was both pleased and touched by this ebullition of Austrian feeling of goodwill; whilst we, in the vanity of our mock modesty, thought we should burst out laughing on the sands below, and were in hopes that the delighted governor would growl forth some expressive words from the balcony in Portuguese. However, the statesman did not accord us this satisfaction, but, as will be seen hereafter, adopted a better mode of returning his thanks: even in St. Vincent it will be seen that people know how to strike the right nail on the head.

Rockets whizzed, crackling and sparkling in the air, overpowering for a moment even the bright moonlight. The ear of authority was next greeted by the lively music of two dances; during which the negroes began to execute some saltatory movements. Their gratification was complete; for the band played before our pavilion during all the night; and behold! the lissom, full-bosomed negresses moved their limbs in exact time, and performed most gracefully in the polka, waltz, polka-mazurka, and schottisch.

There was something striking in the scene, as, on the moonlit banks of sand these black people, scarcely distinguishable from night herself, yet skilled in European art, flew swiftly past each other to enchanting strains of music with a precision which left nothing to be desired. Many of the negresses danced with their children on their backs; others with meerscham pipes stuck saucily in their mouths; others, again, cut capers in fun as if they had been in the school of the noted Milanese Vegliione. Our whole party looked on at these proceedings with amusement. At length a sailor ventured shyly to begin a dance with one of the swarthy daughters of Eve, others followed the example; then Cadet J—— joined the dancers, next our bridegroom, forgetful of his little bride languishing for love of him; the officers followed, and even the *Paterfamilias*, the digni-

fied doctor, dashed into the wild dance ; the Tarantula had stung them all ; at last—my pen struggles ere it can record the fact—the entire party, casting aside all etiquette, oblivious of the sacred laws of colour, with wild, tumultuous mirth demanded a quadrille ! Each of the dignitaries of our band seized a negress ; the crowd were pushed back ; Strauss's all-conquering strains swelled through the warm moonlight night, a delicious summer breeze fanned the mild New Year's Eve with its breath ; and the pranked *quadrille d'honneur*, half white, half black, was gone through on the sea-shore with the same propriety as though in the marble halls of the Tuileries ; and, whatever the ladies may say, these black beetles danced with an accuracy and a grace that excited both our mirth and our admiration.

The contrasts of this day were overpowering ; a ball on these sandbanks, the moon the only torch for these people black as pitch, the gentlemen in their graceful travelling dresses, the ladies in cotton rags with beads round their throats ; the night December 31, and yet the air such as even one of our July nights can hardly afford. To have witnessed such a dance at such a season and under such circumstances, I look upon as one of the most interesting occurrences of my travels. At its conclusion we again established ourselves in our tent, surrounded by the inquisitive crowd, among whom the pretty, friendly children were not lacking. An aide-de-camp of the governor appeared in uniform, and enquired whether we were Austrians ; vanished, and reappeared, requesting us in the Governor's name, to play our national hymn, with which request we willingly complied. Portugal then burst forth with her 'Hurrah !' and a complete storm of rockets rose crackling to the clear sky ; this was the graceful reply of the Lusitanian statesman.

A supper with champagne and sherry formed a mirth-

ful point of reunion for us all; wit sparkled like the rockets, brilliant ideas were interchanged, and flashed in their encounter like flames of fire; cheerful reminiscences arose; in short, our little party were merry and happy, although a shade of melancholy clouded the evening when I rose, together with the commandant and the doctor, to drink a health to the welfare of our wives; something of sadness stole into our hearts, the tears and the champagne were near each other, and we each thought silently of the family circle whose head was so far distant.

Midnight drew near, activity increased in the tent and on the square, the cook hastily prepared the punch in his improvised kitchen, the required lead was heated over a coal fire, sailors went down to the shore with blue lights, numbers of rockets were in readiness, the musicians held themselves prepared to chime in instantaneously with their clang; every one was watching for the hour; the venerable ship-bell was brought as a *sacro sanctum*, and it struck one, two, three, till at length the anxiously looked-for twelfth stroke resounded in the warm tropical air, and for us the

1st of January, 1860,

was born. Musket shots rattled through the air, rockets whizzed to the sky, announcing far and wide the birth of the new year, a fairy-like sea of blue lights shed a radiance like that of day over the elevated land and the gently rippling ocean; the sublime and inspiring strains of the national hymn swelled forth in full, majestic tones, and, united in sentiment, we stood with uncovered heads to empty our foaming glasses to the welfare of the Emperor and of dear old Austria, and also of those whom we cherished most. It was an overpowering moment, never to be forgotten, from the extraordinary scenery, the peculiarity of the climate, our very foreign surroundings, the ardour and unanimity of our feelings.



With the punch, special healths were proposed, the nuggets of lead, according to the custom of our Fatherland, were taken up and, amid many jests, dropped again. We then formed ourselves in rank; the musicians in front, the exultant crowd in our rear, and thus we marched through the astonished village to the beautifully-marked time of the Radetzky March. The negroes derived so much enjoyment from this triumphal procession that, as the road was unfamiliar to us in the dark, they took us round and round for a long time, and St. Vincent seemed to us to be as large as immense Paris itself. We passed a hut where the black people were at that moment engaged in a dance to the sound of tambourines. The small space, most uncomfortable, owing to the heat, was thickly crowded: and black syrens with golden beads around their pliant throats were, with sparkling eyes, performing a sort of quadrille. In the midst of this dusky company we beheld, to our no small astonishment, the governor's aide-de-camp in full uniform, with his bright epaulettes; and also several other officials of rank. I hastened back as quickly as possible into the fresh air, and at length peremptorily ordered the natives to conduct us back to our tent. The order was obeyed; we disposed of ourselves as well as we could, retired to rest one by one, the last strains of music ceased, and night spread her broad shadows over us.

In the morning we went on board, where we passed the entire day in repose. A delicious sea bath in the lovely blue water, clear and warm as the air, refreshed me much in the afternoon. It is not very likely to happen soon again in the course of my life to take a sea bath on the first day of January.

H.M.S. 'Elizabeth,' January 2.

The day was spent in making the last preparations for our transatlantic voyage, and in arranging the mail and

my journal, which, when travelling, I regard as a painful duty, often more wearisome than the most fatiguing expedition. At length, towards evening, we steamed out to sea in good spirits, pleasantly greeted by the cool trade-wind. I admire persistency, and even to a certain degree of obstinacy on all occasions; and therefore I may be forgiven if I were secretly glad, that notwithstanding all difficulties, notwithstanding all apparent insurmountable obstacles, notwithstanding all the ill fortune which had attended us as seafarers at the outset, we were nevertheless proceeding on the track which I, as a thorough sailor, had for years been longing to pursue. A seaman who has never made his way across the line is but a novice, as he who has never landed on American soil is but a tyro.

Before our departure, to the great amusement of the whole vessel, I threw our poor botanist into a state of terrible alarm; for I told him that in order to make an offering to science, he would be obliged to relinquish the voyage to America, so long looked for; and to remain during our absence on the Cape de Verd Islands to botanise and to search on the sunburnt rocks for some new weed. The good innocent man, looked as though he were struck by lightning, and his little sharp eyes blinked piteously; but he was obedient; he packed his knapsack, took his '*Genera Plantarum*' on his back, and came on deck like a quondam Staberl ready for his journey of adventure. He looked as though he had received a new life when he became aware that it was a joke, and blessed the moment of our safe departure.

H.M.S. 'Elizabeth,' January 3.

The day was fine and cloudless. It passed quickly for us in the work of writing accounts of the delay in our voyage, and in the numerous preparations already beginning for our life and doings in the New World. The freshly blowing trade-wind enabled us to make nearly

twelve knots an hour; and revived by it, we found the heat endurable. The sea was rather rough, and we felt it so all the more because the 'Elizabeth' has a habit of dancing unnecessarily. The only living objects were the faithful sea-swallows which followed unweariedly in our wake; these birds must possess a peculiar organisation, for apparently their unceasing flight leaves them no time for sleep.

H.M.S. 'Elizabeth,' January 4.

The horizon was slightly overcast; the air in consequence heavier; and the heat oppressive, especially towards evening. We were approaching the regions of calms in which the beneficent trade-wind would forsake us. To-day the sea was animated by numerous shoals of flying fish. We could clearly distinguish two classes; the older fish, flying singly and often rising two hundred yards above the mirror of the ocean, had dark, almost black wings, and allowed their bodies to droop: the young ones always moved in dense shoals, did not rise so high above the water, and had clear, glistening wings. They were often frightened by the rudder of our vessel, and this showed them to advantage. A pretty Swedish barque in full sail was the first vessel we had met since leaving St. Vincent. In the evening the clouds were of a golden colour and shed a warm glimmer over the lightly-stirred waves.

H.M.S. 'Elizabeth,' January 5.

With morning, a flying fish came on deck, so that we were able to examine the pretty animal at our leisure. I was astonished to see how small its winged floats were, and cannot understand how the fish can keep itself so long above water by these means. We preserved the curiosity carefully in spirits of wine. In the course of the day the trade-wind sprang up from the south-east and the heat increased in intensity. In the evening a tropical

shower fell, of which the crew, taking advantage of the opportunity, made use to obtain a cooling, purifying, and very necessary bath.

H.M.S. 'Elizabeth,' January 6.

It was evident to-day that we were advancing into equatorial regions; the heat was at intervals really intolerable, although it did not amount to that of our dog-days. At noon the thermometer showed a temperature of  $35^{\circ}$  (Reaumur) in the sun; and in the shade  $22^{\circ} 4'$ , which is certainly moderate in comparison with Mirarmar, where during the summer of last year it stood at rather above  $29^{\circ}$  in the shade.

During the day preparations were already begun for the grand historical festival of the morrow: some scraps of uniform peeped out, and some tools of martyrdom for the work of torture were to be seen. Apprehension and conscious qualms might already be read in various faces expressive of anxiety about the morrow. The evening was lovely, and the moon shone brightly in the deep blue sky.

With the exception of a multitude of flying-fish that flitted back and forwards, we were the only living beings on the whole vast expanse. The larger fish that one so frequently sees on a voyage were, I imagine, scared out of sight by the rushing of our paddle wheels.

H.M.S. 'Elizabeth,' January 7.

The whole forenoon was spent in making preparations, the lively activity, characteristic of a joyous festival, reigned everywhere, together with that eagerness of combination with which everyone, no matter what his age or rank, finds pleasure in working when a common object is in view. The crew had already had their dinner about eleven o'clock, that they might be in readiness at the right moment. Towards noon everyone put on an appropriate costume;



the principal actors in the coming ceremony vanished behind a linen screen stretched before the forecastle, that they might put on their showy garments at leisure. Although jocularly pervaded the whole of the enlivened vessel, and the festival almost exclusively monopolised every thought, yet my heart was chiefly absorbed by a sort of consciousness of victory, tempered with real gratitude that, notwithstanding all obstacles and difficulties, I had attained this position, and could now graduate as a sailor on the line that divides the two hemispheres. At the same time I heartily enjoyed the celebration of the day, and as a sailor, honestly complied with all the old sea customs.

It was half-past eleven o'clock when suddenly the mighty voice of Neptune thundered from the forecastle. The sea-god enquired of the first lieutenant whether he could visit the vessel. His wish, thus haughtily and terrifically roared forth, was answered in the affirmative, and we hove to on the plain of waters. The curtain fell, and the grand train of the water-god moved aft with majestic, measured steps. In advance, and first in the glittering procession, came the grand master of the ceremonies, a tall, strong, broad-shouldered sailor of Herculean build; on his head an immense cocked hat of black pasteboard with gilt ornaments, and a monstrous wig made of horsehair, yellow bathing trowsers, and his whole body painted so skilfully with lampblack and vinegar, that he might have vied with the handsomest negro of Darfur. In his hand he carried a large porter's staff. The musicians, dressed fantastically, followed him, playing lively airs: then came the god in his triumphal car, drawn by eight demons with gilded horns, also attired in bathing trowsers—they likewise shone in perfect ebony: a gun-carriage, bedecked with flags and gewgaws, formed the triumphal car. But in the family of the god was found the centre

of attraction, composed of his majesty Neptune, the queenly Amphitrite, and their first-born, nurtured in heaven. The point of the joke consisted in this, that the monarch of the ocean and his wife were two stokers from the engine-room, and therefore rather belonging to Pluto. The sea-god was a sturdy fellow with a gilt crown and flowing white beard; his athletic form clad in a sailor's dress; holding a harpoon in his strong right hand, to represent the ocean-ruling trident; in his left, the thundering-speaking trumpet. But gigantic beyond measure, large beyond description, the paragon of the non-existent, the superlative of colossal charmers, the pearl of the ocean, the image of a sea-enchantedress, was foam-bedewed, wave-rocked Amphitrite; an old lean being, six feet in height, from Southern Dalmatia, with flowing wefts of horsehair encircling the bald, crowned head, throat and breast bare as those of a goddess, enveloped in a crinoline thirty yards in circumference, carrying the child of ocean-love, our youngest cabin-boy wrapped in swaddling clothes, a coronet on his head, and a prince's mantle thrown round his shoulders, a charming little creature who was made to utter dismal baby-cries by a series of continual pinches. But whoever fancies that the brown leather-skinned Amphitrite was not altogether feminine is quite in the wrong. She was a languid princess grown old in ambition and evil passions, a mother of many children; yet the characteristic of woman, undying coquetry, still to be seen in these haggard features, this tottering frame. In my experience of the court and the world I have met such women, and well recollect a princess who exactly resembled this Amphitrite from Southern Dalmatia. Neptune's retinue were gaily and showily dressed, and presented more or less a witty parody on my own household. There was a physician with his prescriptions; an apothecary, wearing a pair of large spectacles to aid his penetration; a secretary

with Neptune's orders; a treasurer imitating the original in dress and demeanour; an artist, with an enormous palette and brush, who roguishly offered a picture of the 'Elizabeth' in a storm, caricatured from its prototype; a master of the horse in a rich uniform, on a stalking horse, with bells hung on it; and a private cook, in clothes borrowed from Clerc, with a gigantic punch-bowl; besides some admirable masks represented with much humour.

When Neptune approached us, he made us poor creatures, who were in an agony of apprehension, a speech that had been prepared for him, and this also was not deficient in wit and point. He enquired for the commandant, and presented his followers with piquant remarks, in which a little poetical satire was not wanting, and which were received with peals of laughter. For instance, when the boatswain, dressed in fantastic uniform, was presented as 'colonello dei morti' (colonel of the dead men), the water-god added, 'che scampa subito quando la guerra incomincia' (who runs away directly a fight begins). Next came our turn; we were, to the agreeable surprise of Neptune, presented to him as neophytes by our commandant, who had himself already crossed the line, and were invited to receive baptism. We approached in the appropriate white dress. I bowed my head; the commandant took a sessula of salt water and bestowed on me a seaman's baptism, accompanied by the following words: 'Al primo arciduca che traversa i regni del Nettuno, il battesimo del marinaio! (To the first archduke who has sailed into the kingdom of Neptune, a sailor's baptism!) The whole proceeding was so kindly, the words were responded to by such a thundering 'hurrah!' that I felt this a thousandfold dearer to my heart than many other ovations. We all understood each other's feelings at this moment; it was a bond of sailorhood twining around all alike. The commandant then turned towards Neptune



and addressed him in the following words: 'O re dei profondi abissi, ordina ai tuoi venti, ordina ai tuoi mari abbian ad essere propizj al Principe marinaro! (O king of the fathomless abyss, command thy winds, command thy waves, to be propitious to the sailor Prince!) The old boatswain of the 'Elizabeth,' with whom I had for years made so many voyages, was selected to be my godfather. Dressed in an enormous white cravat and long blue coat, and carrying a cylinder hat, he laid his sinewy right hand upon my shoulder during the ceremony of baptism. I then resigned him as godfather to T—— and to the doctor, who were likewise clad in the robe of innocence. As I did not desire to subject myself to the process of shaving, I ordered my tribute in liquidation to be handed to the water-god. The treasurer in a white robe, its long train borne by a page, and with an enormous pasteboard shirt-collar, approached for the purpose of taking it, with all the gravity suitable to his exalted office, and received the gold and silver for the crew in a large bowl. Behind him came a gaily ornamented wine-cask, drawn along on barrels, and on the cask, to complete the joke, sat the short, broad-shouldered, large-headed, flat-nosed professor of botany in red bathing trowsers, a garland of vine leaves twined around his head and shoulders, the smoking bowl of a pipe at his sweetly smiling lips, a well-filled flagon in his right hand—the representative of Bacchus. I have never seen so perfect and so successfully depicted a character at any masquerade. The treasurer said a few feeling words to the god Neptune, and then knelt for baptism; but scarce had he bent his head, when all at once the hose poured forth a pitiless flood of salt water over him till, like the Leda at Versailles, he was utterly lost in foam and clouds of water. This was evidently the signal for the real jokes of the sailors to begin, and now the mad, wild, watery war commenced with full energy and with reckless,



even-handed justice and disregard of rank. A confused assemblage rushed to and fro, struggling against the torrents; from the admiral to the lowest ship-boy, no one had a dry thread upon him. The barber's shop presented the most pitiable scene. The smallest of the ship's boats had been turned into a lavatory, and Neptune's barber, a non-commissioned officer who had taken the voyage round the world in the 'Novara,' covered the various victims with a lather of lampblack or tar; and then, holding a tin plate, shaved them with an enormous knife for a razor. The first persons on whom the operation was performed were the three innocent cadets. All three sat, objects of compassion, immersed in salt water, blackened with tar, in the amply-filled boat; their clothes clinging to them like those of the ancient statues, their once well-curled and well-oiled locks hanging dishevelled and looking like skewers; these three youths formed a companion picture to that of the three Jewish youths in the fiery furnace. With the exception of those who had purchased their freedom at the right time, almost everyone was shaved; but for those who had the imprudence to hide, special search was made. They were dragged from their lurking-places with joyous triumph; and, if possible, increased torments were inflicted on them. When the external man of every one on board was thoroughly drenched, the crew began to think of refreshing the inner man, and punch and wine were called for with energy. Although towards evening some of the sailors were considerably elated, yet one cannot but say in terms of praise, that during this period of authorised lawlessness, no one drank too much; the men invariably confined themselves within their self-imposed bounds, and evinced a general feeling of gaiety and good-humour. With Englishmen such a day is always dangerous, and seldom closes without some rough and unpleasant scene. The northern is an admirable seaman, but he is also a

man of vigorous nature, as one might perceive on this day among our excellent German sailors, who indisputably approach most nearly to English hardiness. The Germans are also mighty in their powers of drinking, and can take a good long draught.

I invited the whole staff to dinner, and to spend the evening of this interesting day in sociable mirth. The 'Elizabeth' is the first Austrian steamer that has crossed the line since steam has ruled the world; and though a lady of my country has shown us the road to the New World, I can rejoice in being the first man of my house to enter the southern hemisphere.

H.M.S. 'Elizabeth,' January 8.

Our first night south of the equator was so oppressively hot, that all peaceful sleep was disturbed. The day was bright and clear, the glistening blue sea rather rough. In the course of the morning we noticed a large flock of stormy petrels flying with rapidity around one spot on the ocean. In the afternoon the first sea-gull made its appearance, that true citizen of the world, that, as *civis orbis*, may take, in its fullest sense, the motto, *Ubi mare, ibi patria*.

About four o'clock we again met with an object of interest. We beheld, for the first time, land geographically considered to be a part of America, and belonging to the Emperor of Brazil, the island S. Fernando di Noronha. This large island seemed to be distant about twenty miles, and presented a very picturesque appearance; the conformations of the blue mountains possessed no longer the characteristics of the Old World; we already saw sharp pyramids and sugar-loaf hills, from the centre of which the celebrated pillar-like cone ascended to the sky like a fantastic monument. Never before had I seen so strange, so unusual a form of rock; and I regretted very much that I was unable to examine this marvel of nature more

closely. The island of S. Fernando (which possesses its own governor, much to be pitied) serves the Brazilian empire for a convict colony. The men employed in the whale fisheries assemble in this bad roadstead to take in water and fresh provisions. In the evening, a most resplendent, beautiful full-moon reigned supreme in the firmament, shedding her silvery rays over air and ocean.

H.M.S. 'Elizabeth,' January 9.

After a shower of rain had, in the morning, brought with it a cool freshness, we rejoiced in a lovely day bright as summer. The air was mild and balmy, the billowy sea of a heavenly blue. By the large vessels which during the day cut merrily and swiftly through the azure waters with their full-spread sails, we perceived that we were approaching the continent and its ever animated and extensive track of commerce. These meetings on the high seas always excite pleasing emotions; one feels that one is not alone and deserted, and delights in conjuring up a whole chain of adventures with the appearance of each sail. That which is unknown and far-off interests man, and when he views life from a distant point, he is immediately attracted thither. It was a grief to me not to greet one Austrian vessel among all those of various other nations.

H.M.S. 'Elizabeth,' January 10.

Land! land! resounded like a song of triumph from the freely, deeply drawn breathings of my heart, when, with early morning, I came on deck, and beheld the sunlit, wave-washed shore of the new continent, of that quarter of the globe discovered by the power of science, extended in the distance before me. It is nearly four hundred years since the same rapturous cry, 'Land! land!' burst for the first time from the mast of a small, fragile vessel, on which moved one noble, ardent spirit; since after the

lapse of thousands of years the iron persistency of one man gave to three united sisters, a fourth, and she the greatest, the most important of them all; since, by the struggles of one mighty genius, the cradle of the future was presented to the human race. It seems now like a fable that Europe should already have made such advances in the arts and sciences, that the invention of printing should already have diffused light, that the first thunder of guns should have resounded, that so many of the greatest men should have passed away, whilst one-half of the globe still remained undiscovered. It seems to me to be a legend that I should be the first lineal descendant of Ferdinand and Isabella, to whom from childhood upwards it has been a daydream to visit this Continent, now holding so important a place in the history of mankind.

The coast appeared to be extensive and flat: some few pyramidal mountain forms alone were visible in grey tints in the far distance: dark foliage gave evidence of rich vegetation, and with the glass one could distinguish the straight bare stems of the palm forest as they stood closely together. This forest extended down to the sea, consisting apparently of the cocoa-nut palm which strikes its roots even through the salt water. Gigantic specimens were to be seen rearing themselves above the rest; and the crowns of these palms were clearly outlined against the sky.

At about half-past nine o'clock we passed the town of Maccio. We had already seen its large, dazzlingly white churches with their lofty towers gleaming in the distance; next, the houses below became visible—neat, pretty buildings, between which palm trees were waving. In front of the little town, in the harbour surrounded by cocoa-nut trees, lay some fine merchant vessels and two steamers; immediately on the coast we saw long rows of huts, which must have been either the dwellings of slaves or warehouses for goods. On the blue waters near the town, the noted



Sangada were cutting through the waves. These little craft made of bark, with lateen sails and a primitive rudder, and managed by one man who sits on a sort of stool, are the sole means of communication on the coast of Brazil. The Sangada rather lies in the waves than floats on them, and is said to be very dangerous: passengers use these boats for short transits. Navigation is rendered difficult, even for small craft, by reason that around the entire shore there is a girdle of coral rocks, called by the Brazilians Recife.

Amid the verdure of the monotonous, continuous shore we could see frequent levels of a glowing red or of a yellow hue; these must have formed the termination of plains of stone or sand. Here and there columns of smoke ascended from the primeval forest, giving evidence either of settlements or of districts brought under cultivation. We could also distinguish the place at which the river San Francisco runs into the sea by the extensive sandbanks, and by the colour of the water which suddenly becomes green. The long banks of golden yellow reminded me vividly of the wastes extending to the sea round Alexandria. Towards evening the first American island gradually faded from our view. The brilliance of the stars on this genial night was more beautiful than I had ever beheld before: they sparkled like diamonds in the dark blue heavens, in countless multitudes; and for the first time I admired the clouds, which, against the glittering sky, appeared like a ghostly vapour or a fog of starry exhalation.

Bahia, January 11.

At sunrise, the long, streaked coast and its banks covered with vegetation, were quite close. With the telescope, and, indeed, even with the naked eye, we could clearly distinguish the regularly-trained cocoa-nut trees, which grew side by side as if in artistically-planted avenues.



ВАНІА.





## BAHIA.

Bahia, January 11, 1860.

BENEATH a rich blaze of golden sunlight, and a blue and gleaming sky, we entered the large, extensive Bahia de todos os Santos at about ten o'clock in the morning, in high and cheerful spirits.

This was one of those happy moments in which a new world, in the fullest sense of the word, opens before one; when one would wish to have a hundred eyes to take in the unknown wonders which are continually unfolding themselves on all sides, when in the midst of delight a feeling of sorrow arises that one cannot grasp everything, cannot preserve everything in remembrance. The mind, alas! can only transiently enjoy the beautiful picture; thus its reflection in written words is but as a faint photograph, founded indeed on truth, but weak and colourless compared with the original. This is especially true in a new quarter of the globe where nature in her wild luxuriance reigns supreme, where nothing created by the hand of man, nothing trained by him, attracts attention to itself. Architectural beauties, works of art, imprint themselves on the memory, and admit of being described with some accuracy; but wherever nature wields her sceptre in solitude, there she permits herself to be hailed with rapture at the moment at which the eye rests upon her beauties, but does not permit them to be repeated either by memory or description. The exact sciences can indeed dissect them anatomically, and can describe or model a dead body as well as a dried flower; but the living wealth of nature, as

it lavishes its profusion of beauty on the soil of Brazil, is indescribable. Therefore no one has yet been able to depict its marvels; even the brush of the painter is at a loss when attempting to paint pictures from these latitudes. Brazil stands yet fresh from the hands of the Creator; on the day of creation, the primeval forest was the same as it now is, even in the vicinity of the capital. Man has not yet vanquished this land: true, he has begun the conflict, but he has not yet conquered nor formed the estimate for this great undertaking. Rome, with all her marvels of art, with her monuments of human intellect, is more easy to describe intelligibly than is a glimpse into a real primeval forest. I write these words that they may obtain pardon for me if I fail fully to attain my object; for this first day on the soil of America has already impressed me with her grandeur.

But to return to the 'Elizabeth.' We sailed round the lighthouse with its battery; vegetation was to be seen in masses; from the bright verdant ground rose columns of palm, rich forms of giant-leaved trees, together with all the wondrous plants with which we had until now only been acquainted in the pining, languishing specimens of our vaunted hot-houses; at the sight of each new plant, here a picture of unrestrained luxuriance and vigour, we joyfully shouted its name, with a feeling of triumph at having made a new conquest. There were two moments in which my expectations were surpassed, even at my first glance. One, when I beheld the fresh green like that of May, so grateful to the eye, which prevailed everywhere; and which, notwithstanding the high temperature of the hottest months of the year, shone in unprecedented brilliance beneath the burning rays of the sun: the other, when I beheld the profuse vegetation which poured down like the waves of a giant waterfall to the deep blue briny flood. As the steamer proceeded, the walls of hill parallel to the

sea displayed themselves; on their heights and slopes the large, gleaming buildings of this commercial town lay extended like a panorama. At the extreme point, behind the lighthouse, surrounded by palms and by an immense pine, that looked like a large umbrella, and bordered by a terrace in good architectural taste, we saw one of the most ancient churches of Bahia, with two ornamental towers, the walls of which were of dazzling whiteness, whilst the walls of the edifice were of dark granite. Next, upon the elevated plain, we saw the handsomest portion of the town, called Vittoria. The roofs peeped cheerily from among the shady gardens, whilst a number of flagstuffs, amounting to the ludicrous, gave evidence that in this spot exclusively, as though united in one settlement, dwelled the Consulate body. On every part of the steep declivity, from Vittoria down to the bay, luxuriant vegetation was to be seen in all the wild profusion of its pristine growth. Crests of palm reared their graceful forms above the dark sea of foliage; and groups of bamboos, with their deep shadows and bright lights, compact, yet of feathery lightness, fringed the shore like clouds: whilst detached houses, together with boats and small coasting vessels, gave a very animated character to the scene at this point. The air was bright, pure, and clear, as though one looked through crystal; so that, to us Europeans, every object was presented in outlines of peculiar sharpness, and in unusually clear perspective, while the colouring in its extreme brilliance glowed, and indeed one might say reflected dazzlingly the beams of the equatorial sun. The whiteness of the houses glittered from amid the foliage of the leafy crowns, whilst again the turf contrasted like a bed of sparkling emeralds with the red and yellow tints of the soil, and the sky glistened like an enormous diamond tinged with azure, but the waters of the bay were blue as the sapphire.

Between Vittoria and the houses in the actual town, on a high terrace which looks as though supported by the crowns of the trees beneath it, stands the celebrated *Paseo publico*, with its obelisk and its statues of pure white marble, beneath groups of gigantic trees. The town itself is wide-spread and presents an imposing appearance; one perceives its great age, its solidity, its prosperity; the numerous houses are of a bright, cheerful colour, so that all looks smiling and gay; there are also some buildings of considerable importance, but they lack architectural beauty: however, various towers and domes give character to the scene. The town is divided into upper and lower. The lower fringes the sea-shore; the upper crowns the ridge of hill that runs parallel to the sea; at different points the steep hill-terrace communicates with the mass of houses below. The gardens and fields which are mingled with these, present, with their proud groups of trees and graceful palms, all the foreign attractions of the tropics. In the lower town, the eye is caught by the works of the Marine Arsenal, and also by an ancient church with rich, dark, granite ornaments; as in the upper town by the Theatre Square. The theatre, a very lofty, spacious edifice, overlooks an immense terrace adorned with trees, around which rise large buildings; a broad steep street, like a Jacob's ladder, leads up the precipitous hill. Amid the blue waters in front of the town stands a semicircular fort, bristling with numerous guns: around and far out towards the west into the bay was grouped a forest of masts.

The town on this side terminates gradually amid the bright green of the tropical forest, with the exception of one strip of houses extending along the curve of the shore, until at length that portion of territory peculiarly belonging to Bahia finishes with the luxuriantly overgrown spit of Bomfin, and with the loftily situated and resplendently



white church of Nossa Senhora di Bomfin. From this point to the entrance to the bay, the panorama is very extensive; the immense bay reminds one of the expanse of the Bodensee; only in the far distance can one discern the blue hilly coast and confused outlines of detached islands. Nearer to the shore lies the island of Itaparica, forming the opposite coast at the entrance to the bay.

The panorama of the town reminds one vividly of Lisbon, as does also the character of the buildings, especially that of the numerous churches and monastic edifices. One clearly recognises the endeavour of the architect to impress a stamp of home on the colony. In its full official title, the town is properly called, 'A Cidado de San Salvador na Bahia de todos os Santos.' The tendency to lengthen names endlessly is a genuine characteristic of Brazil, and extends to both persons and places. I know people who have four or five surnames, and at least twenty Christian names; in my opinion it is the true sign of a small mind; bombastic names are meant to put meagre intellect out of remembrance. The town is now shortly called Bahia, and certainly the least appropriate among its many names has been selected.

Bahia was founded about the year 1549, by King John III. of Portugal. A short time previously, the same King had enfeoffed Don Francisco Pereira Cutinho with the whole of the country from Cape San Antonio to the river San Francisco. The custom of bestowing boundless territories on the nobles and favourites of the court was certainly both generous and cheap, but the development of the soil of Brazil is even yet suffering in consequence. The owners, who in olden times had whole kingdoms at command, have only energy and inclination to cultivate a portion for themselves; yet are too proud to divide and sell the remainder of the land inherited from father to son. This serves in part to explain why the primeval forest is still so extensive

and reaches as far as the very gates of Rio. Cutinho, the first owner, crossed the ocean to take possession of his new country with its uncertain limits. In the Bay of Todos os Santos (which probably derived its name from this, that the saints of all countries and centuries might find space to swim in it at the same time) our hero found, to his no small surprise, a Portuguese, Alvares Correa by name, who had remained on shore there after a shipwreck and had married the daughter of a chief of the powerful tribe of the Tubinambas. Correa had, through his wife, the lovely Paraguasù, great influence over the Indians of the district, and resisted the claims of his Christian countryman; the dispute was decided in favour of the transatlantic claim by the arbitrators, and Correa was captured. The youthful Paraguasù, mindful of her duty and of her warlike descent, summoned her red-skinned people and attacked Cutinho so valiantly that he was compelled to retire to Itheos with his Portuguese followers. But he carried the captive with him. The Tubinambas now took refuge in diplomacy, and invited Cutinho to quit his strong position in Itheos and to return to the bay. Cutinho accepted the invitation, was wrecked on the island of Itaparica and was, with his companions, destroyed by the lovely Paraguasù and her friends the Tubinambas. Correa was free. As to the source by which intelligence of these events reached King John III, history and her authorities are silent; but it is an historical fact that upon hearing of them, John resolved to establish the capital of all Brazil in the Bay of Todos os Santos. He sent five large vessels with 500 volunteers and 1,500 criminals to the colony, under the command of the Viceroy Tomé de Souza. Correa was still alive at the period of this expedition, and proved himself very useful in arranging friendly relations between his country people and the Tubinambas. For her rapid advance, Bahia has to thank the Jesuits, who exerted only too energetic an

influence in the colonisation of the vast empire of Brazil. In the year 1588, the Order defended the town successfully against the English. At the close of the sixteenth century Brazil, in which the work of colonisation had, in the meantime, made rapid progress, became divided into two provinces, Bahia and Rio Janeiro. The Portuguese spread themselves more and more widely around Bahia, so that the warlike Tubinambas were forced to retire to the interior; other tribes in the country were either gradually annihilated, or became merged by degrees among the colonists and negroes.

When, after the fabulous disappearance of the brave King Sebastian, the haughty and calculating Philip seized on the Portuguese throne for himself, a bitter period of neglect arose for Brazil, still in her infancy: so that it was an easy thing for that active enemy of Spain, the Dutch Willekins, to expel the kindred race so hated by the Brazilians. But the Dutchmen behaved like the Spaniards, oppressing one foreigner by means of another, and the egotistical greed of the cold mercantile people was so detested by the now more civilised Brazilians, that they rose in a mass; and the Spanish Admiral Don Frederique de Toledos succeeded in reconquering Bahia in the year 1625; this was a circle of events such as is common in history.

The renewed independence of Portugal under the house of Braganza was hailed with joy by this important colony; and with it the rule of the Spaniards came to an end for ever. The bitter hatred of race, so deeply implanted in the Iberian peninsula, which has excited a mortal enmity between the Spaniards and the Portuguese, took root with redoubled strength in the lands on the opposite side of the ocean. Bahia quickly increased in extent, population, and importance. The great Pombal, who possessed a genius for pressing on reform, as well as a

spirit of restlessness and love of change, and who, like all upstarts, pushed ancient tradition on one side because he was in a hurry to make an historical name for himself, decreed, with the thoughtless hate of an innovator, the removal of the original historical capital of this immense colony from Bahia de todos os Santos to the distant shores of the quiet river called Rio Janeiro, to whose banks the primeval forest extended. In Bahia this measure gave rise to extreme discontent, which shows itself even in the present day in an invincible antagonism towards the imperial city.

If we examine Pombal's measure in a political point of view, we see it to have been a mistake; for, besides that a statesman ought never to cast aside old traditions, but rather to make use of them, Rio lies much too near the southern boundary to serve as the metropolis of so immense an empire. To the present day, Bahia and her provinces will not acknowledge the supremacy of Rio. This jealousy could not have been displayed more strongly than it was at the moment of independence, when regal majesty in the elder city held out for three years against the rising empire. Since then, the wishes of the northern provinces, with Bahia as their centre, have tended rather towards republicanism; and Rio is too weak and too remote to make her authority felt. It was, therefore, a wise resolution of the Emperor to visit Bahia and her provinces; and, by his personal presence, at least to defer the foreshadowed catastrophe. Whilst still on the subject of history, I must mention another peril which threatens Bahia and her free, white population. It is told in a few words, but it has produced an uncomfortable feeling of depression, which weighs mysteriously upon the town like a visitation of yellow fever. Bahia numbers 80,000 negroes among her inhabitants, and only 40,000 whites. In these words an arithmetical problem is contained, which



finds its answer in the disquietude recurring from time to time. I say nothing of the germs of decay which slavery inevitably brings with it. On this point I could at this moment adduce particulars, and therefore proofs, close at hand.

But let us leave historical data, and return to the realities which smiled their welcome to us by the fulness of their beauty. The whole vessel was in a state of feverish excitement. We were standing at the gates of Paradise, and yearning for admission with an indescribable, almost childish, impatience: for this was the very day on which that dream of years, the treading on the tropical soil of America, was to become a reality. In making my arrangements, I felt anxious to escape all the ceremony and etiquette appropriate to my rank, and to be left to myself to enjoy my first visit to the tropics in freedom, with impressions undisturbed by the presence of a gold stick in waiting, acting as guide. For this purpose it was necessary to leave the 'Elizabeth' early, and before the announcement of the arrival of a prince should have penetrated within the confines of the government circle.

At length the boat of the health officer, rowed by dirty mulattoes, made its appearance, and the first Brazilian stepped on board in the form of a European dandy, bringing us the much-desired permission to go on shore. The amiable youth looked as though he were employed as a sort of sample of Brazilian capability for civilisation, and for the purpose of giving a favourable impression to transatlantic travellers. He spoke French fluently, could twist and turn about, and was dressed almost exactly like one of the figures in the patterns of Paris fashions; only the youngster was oblivious of the seasons. He adhered strictly to the costume for the month of January, and was therefore dressed in cloth and velvet, with the sombre cylindrical hat on his well-curled

and well-oiled locks. That the January of Brazil falls in July our fashion-figure had quite forgotten.

From a want of regard to heat and cold, an utter confusion as to dress reigns in the tropics ; which among the upper classes is productive of complete slavery. In the burning heat of the dog-days, the ladies sweep the dust off the streets with their heavy velvet dresses ; and the gentlemen imagine that they can make no pretensions to civilisation, if they do not pant beneath the scorching rays of the sun in black coats and Parisian hats. The European, who has fortunately reached the happy point of acknowledging comfort to be the first and only law in dress, is guided by the thermometer, and breaks through the bonds which would keep him in slavery. Notwithstanding Brazilian etiquette, we were dressed in light white clothes ; on our heads, the plebeian Panama hat ; in our hands, the protecting umbrella.

In a fever of impatience we sprang into our boat ; and, with beating hearts, made our way amid ships and barques, over the azure waves, to the transatlantic shore. To express my feelings in words would be impossible. This was one of those happy days so rare in the life of man ; the enthusiastic feeling of triumph in grasping securely that which has been attained with difficulty, is combined with the indescribable delight of investigating and contemplating an entirely new world. My soul and intellect were quickened for the reception of all that was new and wonderful with an eagerness of happiness which, until now, I had only known in imagination, or from books. My heart throbbed with anxiety, and with the sweet uncertainty whether the reality would come up to my previously-formed ideas, or even surpass them. To a lover of nature, and an enthusiastic traveller like myself, that moment is never to be forgotten in which we enter a new world ; in which all that we have learned from

books becomes imbued with life; in which the objects contained in our limited and laboriously-formed collections stand before us in the fresh vigour of existence; in which the pigmy growth of our confined glass-houses becomes expanded into forests and giant forms, and the animals with which we are only acquainted through the forlorn specimens in zoological gardens, or as stuffed objects in museums, surround us in the freedom of life, in beauty of colour, and gladness of existence; that moment in which the book gains life, the dream reality.

We had selected for our place of landing a green spot on the coast to the right of the town beyond Vittoria, where bamboos grew in luxuriant profusion down to the shore. I could not summon resolution to mix with the throng in this noisy American town. In moments of deep feeling, the excited soul ever flees from the troubling hum of man. Does not the bridegroom desire to see his destined bride for the first time in the stillness of solitude? Does not the son who hopes, after years of separation, to press his mother again to his heart hasten in advance of his friends and acquaintances? In moments of excitement, the overcharged heart needs seclusion, because, in order to grasp his full happiness, man must be able to concentrate his powers.

At a quarter to eleven, on January 11, our boat grounded on the shingle, and it had scarcely touched the landing-place, when, with feelings of joy rarely experienced, I sprang on the soil of the new continent. With a stroke of the magic wand I was placed in a new world; all around breathed life and beauty. If during our voyage we had in those winter months found spring, now the warm, delicious, perfumed air of luxuriant summer was shed around us. The atmosphere had that elasticity, that fragrance of vegetation, that balmy softness, which is only accorded to us Europeans in the very height of summer.

It was necessary to strain every nerve, in order, beneath the blissful influences of the glowing sun, in the sudden reawakening to life and warmth, to leave nothing unseen, nothing unappreciated, among the wonders presented by nature.

At the landing-place, we saw on our right, on the threshold of a ruined house, a troop of negroes and negresses, who in their light cotton garments were mauling the linen of the Bahians, by way of washing it, amid noise and jokes; whilst on our left the profuse verdure of the tropics surrounded our ascending steps in wild growth of weeds, impenetrable thickets overspread with numberless creepers, green of every shade and hue through which brilliant blossoms pressed themselves; all was in the full vigour of nature up to and over the hilly streets. The bamboos overhanging the mountain-slope formed dark, shadowy masses like thunder-clouds. By means of the knowledge we had gained in our hot-houses, we every moment recognised some fresh plant or bright blossom which had here grown to the size of those in the fabled gardens of the giants. Our company carried on an eager war of bets as to who would be the first to discover some marvel of the tropics and proudly announce his discovery to his comrades. The air was filled with the hum of insects peculiar to the soft, warm south; grasshoppers revelled in the sunlight, and the ardour with which they played on their winged instruments seemed to increase as the sun advanced to the zenith; timid lizards of unfamiliar form glided into the shelter of their dark-green leafy homes at our northern appearance; from amid wondrous masses of emerald plants, giant butterflies with indented wings of gaily gleaming hues fluttered gently like the visions in a peaceful dream. And all this burst upon us during our first five minutes of life in America!

In order to give a little information, as becomes a



pupil of Nature, I will here mention that the butterflies which we admired during these first moments, were the golden *Papilio Thoas*, and the *Papilio Dardanus*, which was black, ornamented with red and light yellow spots.

With ever-increasing rapture, we ascended the heights up to the plateau on which Vittoria is situated. A broad straight street brought us to the large square of Vittoria. In front of the very first villa on the right, we saw some tall specimens of the cocoa-nut palm (*Cocos nucifera*), the genuine type of the tropical American world. It ranks next to the date palm in beauty; and, as this latter, with its straight stem, and proud perfect crown, is the picture of symmetry, and the model followed by grave art in Egypt, and glowing art in Greece, so is the cocoa-nut palm the untrained representative of the uncultivated hemisphere. It lacks the beautiful proportions and the symmetry of the date-palm; its stem is thin as though stunted, it does not rise straightly, and only becomes large towards the crown; and, while the golden fruit of the date palm gleams in wondrous beauty of form, the far-famed cocoa-nuts hang irregularly, like excrescences; the crown is ragged, and bent in all directions by the wind. How magnificently, on the contrary, do the palms of Memphis and Ramleh rear their forms!

The large square of Vittoria is like an immense parade-ground; a broad, level space, round which are some few melancholy trees, and on which the grass peeps out in patches. The squares in all the towns of Brazil are of a similar description, and might with more justice be named Campo, than the Campo of Venice. Vienna has a similar Campo in the celebrated Lerehenfelder; as in it boys, tramps, and hucksters, gain a living, so dirty negro children, and screeching negro washerwomen scuffle in dusky confusion over the Brazilian field. The Campo of

Vittoria is surrounded by pretty and cheerful villas, with lovely little gardens : these villas are built for the most part in the graceful Grecian or Italian style, and are so slight and fragile that they look like pretty toys, and bear the impress of dwellings hurriedly erected by migratory upstarts. Numerous little pillars, statues, and all sorts of ornamental work, are intended to prove the importance of the owner ; the thin pasteboard walls testify to the short occupancy of the possessor ; the numerous windows, verandahs, and terraces, are tokens of unbroken summer.

The inevitable flag-staff, pointing towards heaven, stands before every house in Vittoria which shelters a consul ; and, whenever a feast day recurs, all the banners of Europe and America may be seen floating merrily together. There is no prince, nor the smallest pigmy republic, that has not an official representative at Bahia de todos os Santos. It might not be uninteresting to endeavour to discover who in Bahia is not a consul. All these consuls are Germans, and either from their own birth, or from the gradations of rank among the two-and-thirty states, are tenacious of their position ; it may be imagined what a nest of chattering daws fair Vittoria presents.

The lovely little gardens that border the square and the neighbouring streets, and cluster round, and almost within, the houses, are truly fairy-like. One sees luxuriant plants behind richly worked lattices, their splendid colours bathed in the golden sunlight, their thousand varied blossoms glowing and gleaming ; the appearance that of baskets of flowers, or caskets of jewels. Well arranged, and contained within narrow limits, these parterres seem to be so many winter gardens, aroused into the life of summer ; the sun develops and warms them, brightening the pale colours into a glow which would charm an artist.

Here, in this world of flowers, all is true life, overpowering delight : indeed, nature seems to have exerted herself to find something distinctive of a garden ; she has succeeded in placing side by side the rarest specimens of all that is rare, and in causing every colour of the rainbow to gleam within a narrow space. For the benefit of those who possess some knowledge of botany, I will mention a few of the plants. The lovely and fragrant *Plumera*, growing in this tropical climate to the size of a large shrub, with its splendid blossoms, which unite a silvery shimmer and golden glow with tints subdued as those of the evening twilight ; the *Bougainvillea*, which showers its red or violet blossoms in brilliant cascades over wall and terrace ; the *Lagerströmia*, with which Europe has indeed some acquaintance, but only as it were in a pale photographic copy of the splendid original ; the deep-blue *Petrea volubilis* ; the *Poinsettia*, with its coronet of leaves glowing like tongues of flame ; besides numerous *Bignonias*, *acacias*, *cassias*, and others. The astonishment of newcomers in beholding this world of brilliance and of tropical light may be imagined. And all blooms and flourishes throughout the entire year ; and, when one colour fades, a yet brighter succeeds. It is a pity that these gardens have been disfigured by numerous banks, paths, and walls covered over with glazed coloured tiles, supporting statuettes of similar material.

The low state of Brazilian art, resembling a childish toying with things not yet understood, is evinced by the way in which Hebe, Cupid, and Apollo are grouped in countless repetition in the alleys and parterres ; this absence of taste runs like a red thread throughout the whole empire of Brazil, giving it an unpleasing stamp of parvenuship. Immediately in front of the windows of the Sardinian consulate, we saw the first palanquin hurrying past—a Brazilian means of locomotion that owes its

existence to slavery. Viewed as a mode of conveyance, it has a very comical appearance. Two powerful blacks, dressed, *horribile dictu*, in heavy gold or silver embroidered antique livery, with pitch-black leathern hats and cockades on their heads, barefooted (for such is the official mark of these human beasts of burden), and moving at a quick trot, were carrying, slung on a pole upon their shoulders, a sofa that hung close to the ground, and was surrounded by a dark-blue curtain worked with gold. As one sees so imposing a mass approach, one is tempted to suppose that something sacred is borne within this mysterious waving curtain; presently the curtain moves, and one sees a large stout *senhor*, in black dress and hat, flirting his fan, and thus becomes aware that the exertions of the liveried negroes are bestowed on something much less sublime.

Each house has its own palanquin, for which these inexpensive and intelligent black horses are not wanting. There are also, in addition, palanquins for hire, which stand in readiness in certain parts of the city, but these are not the property of free negroes; they are let out as a means of making money for the impoverished owners who have no property but negroes. Their master feeds them; therefore their gains belong exclusively to him. With an inheritance of two or three negroes, a free, constitutional Brazilian citizen can remain idle, can obtain a respectable competence, and can talk of the rights of man; for, be it understood, the Brazilian makes a distinction between the rights of white, and working, men. This is but a gleam of light shed upon the hideous question of slavery, of which I shall have opportunity to speak further.

Passing through the square, in which the noonday heat was by no means so intolerable as one might have expected, we bent our steps round the old granite fort, in



the street leading up the heights to the original town of Bahia. On the right we perceived a large garden, from which the first casuarina stared at us amid palms and all manner of trees. Man everywhere loves that which is peculiar, and is never satisfied with that which nature lavishes so profusely upon him; and thus the Brazilians, with great want of taste, send to Australia to fetch these frightful plants, these withered flowers, to their own country. The casuarina rises in the air like an immense witch's broom, or like an old dusty bunch of rosemary, with parched leaves and blossomless boughs, planted out of reverence for the dead. Like the dragon-tree and the camel, it is an extravagance of nature; the most fanciful imagination cannot call it pretty.

Along the garden wall by the side of the trottoir, a group of negresses was squatted, selling fruit—an interesting group to strangers—among which were most original specimens for size and age. Old negresses in light loose garments, complete hags in their rough sturdiness and horrible ugliness; their black leathery skin wrinkled into a thousand folds, like a piece of india-rubber; with dark grey hands, and feet baboon-like in their lissomeness; their small heads, like those of tortoises, covered with short white wool; their long white teeth, and, as a contrast, their piercing eyes swimming in the redness produced by spirits, were shouting with jeering glibness at every stranger, offering him bargains of guavas, bananas, cocoa-nuts, and all manner of other fruits with which I was still unacquainted.

Close by, sunk in calm repose, lay prodigies of black youthful rotundity, the dark flesh exposed to the gaze of passers-by, in soft masses that might truly seem impossible, and that were truly enormous in circumference. One woman especially attracted our notice, from her remarkable figure. She wore the peculiar and picturesque costume of

the Brazilian negresses, which bears some resemblance to that of their more eastern native country. A grey, flowered, calico gown hung carelessly around her slender, delicate form; a white chemise without sleeves floated, as an accidental supplement, around the upper portion of her person; a shawl worked in gay colours, fell in picturesque folds over her shoulders as an addition when walking in the town; beads with a heathenish amulet hung over her breast: while her head was encircled by a turban of white or pale-blue gauze. Bright colours are very becoming to the bronze hue of the skin, whilst the figure is still young and rounded; and therefore even in this country, and with this dress, coquetry is possible.

The woman of whom I speak, and who sat complacently enthroned in the centre of the group, had a neck and throat that would have done honour to the Emperor Vitellius; and her bared bosom was in perfect harmony with them; whilst, owing to the velvet texture and bronze colour of the skin, there was a certain degree of splendour in her foreign appearance. The lady evinced her own conviction of this fact by a very self-satisfied smile.

The thing that struck me particularly in the group was that the negresses should have snow-white hair, which had an indescribably hideous effect; also that even among the women the hair should be like short wool; we are so accustomed to consider the length of the hair to form one of the differences between the sexes, that at first it seems very strange to see the sparsely covered heads of these negresses. As among the various tribes of animals we keep the principal features in our eye, and scarcely notice the different peculiarities of their individual members, so that all ostriches, asses, pheasants, look to us alike; so (sad to confess) is it with our black neighbours who, as one may perceive, are merely considered as belonging to the genus man.

One finds almost universally among negroes the same type of face, merely differing in shape and size. The figure of the negro is generally slender and well-formed, and nature never produces a cripple. Among the men, splendidly athletic figures may be found, especially among the noted porters, who remind one of antique bronzes; the neck and shoulder-blades are strikingly well-shaped; the legs, on the contrary, are universally slight, and the calf entirely wanting, as with the baboon. The women are also for the most part slender as the pine, have a remarkably beautiful walk, very pretty, small hands, and exquisite busts; but the pendant bosom, pressed nearly as flat as a board, is a hideous characteristic of the race.

Both men and women have universally bright eyes, in which lurks a sly humour, but in which one may also read the easily excited tiger nature; in vain does one seek in the dark orbs for any sign of high intellect.

The black children are like pretty toys, and in their movements remind one of the free forest and the graceful cocoa-nut tree. The old people, on the contrary, are frightful; they lack all that renders old age venerable and beautiful; and in looking at them, I involuntarily recalled to mind the hoary apes that I saw lamenting in the Jardin des Plantes. In childhood and old age, the blacks resemble wild beasts; it is only in the season of youth and of full strength that they seem to rise temporarily to the level of humanity. The negroes generally wear nothing but white trowsers, and an open white shirt, on their heads a tattered, round, straw hat. The slaves of a higher class add a spencer of blue cloth.

Proceeding along the trottoir our road led us along a path raised like a rampart, and parallel to the fort mentioned before. Looking down from the height on our right, a wonderful scene, far surpassing description, presented itself to us. Far out into the country at the back

of the town behind the hill skirting the bay, was a deep valley which displayed the perfect splendour of primitive tropical vegetation in a wondrous vision of loveliness. As though by a stroke of enchantment, we beheld the emerald richness, the impenetrable and fantastic wreaths of flowers of a paradise. A green sea of leaves, its sunlit waves undisturbed by any trace of man, was spread before us beneath the deep-blue, equatorial sky; brilliant yet calm, strange and mysterious in form and feature. If, on the one hand, we looked with feelings of astonishment and gratitude at the grand, overpowering whole, on the other hand we sought, though for the most part in vain, with that strange curiosity peculiar to man, for familiar forms, and sought to divide the wondrous picture into isolated groups. We could indeed distinguish gigantic trees with dark, rich crowns; could see lianas creeping from bough to bough, and we also discovered and welcomed various orchids; but ever again lost sight of individual objects in our rapture at the grandeur of the scene.

Whilst we were thus standing like strangers at the gates of Paradise, revelling in this vision of beauty, we suddenly heard something rumbling and clattering behind us; the rapid trot of a pair of horses in double harness resounded on the dusty road. They were two lean greys, driven by an old negro in a silver-embroidered coat who rode panting upon one of them; behind these horses a dust-covered box, with a pale white cross painted on it, rolled along on two large cabriolet wheels. It was grim death who held his course and whose black jockey was thus merrily conducting the empty casket of the soul to its last rest. Thus are the dead borne to the grave in Bahia, thus rapidly and gaily are the victims of the scourge, yellow fever, that carries them off with so little warning, taken to the grave. We remained standing on the dusty road in astonishment and with outraged feelings; Paradise on our right, on our left



Death, and his equipage à la Daumont. The little vehicle driven by the black livery servant rolled past, and we pursued our way.

At the gate of the fort whence Turkish music was sounding, we saw a small triumphal arch, erected by the faithful garrison to their Emperor ; it was a work which would scarcely have done credit to a village schoolmaster. Beneath the large trees in the square we met with some soldiers of the imperial army ; large black clowns or monkey-like mulattoes who were lounging about in a melancholy manner in their gay uniforms which had evidently (in consequence of the impoverished state of the treasury) not been made for them ; they seemed to have got into them by accident, and their dress hung about them as though put on hap-hazard ; on their woolly heads they had caps like the tent of Soliman Pacha, the oppressor of Vienna ; and in order to make this headgear more useful and becoming, two scarlet baubles, like signal lanterns, were suspended from the crown, which dangling back and forwards, made, when the sun was in the zenith, a sort of shadow dance over the noses of those who wore them. In wet weather these ornaments would serve to quench the thirst of the warrior, for he need only open his mouth to receive the concentrated stream. These men, springing up like rockets, with these tent-like hats on their sleepy heads, with their dark-blue spencers and red facings, for which, to judge from the shape and scantiness of material, they must have been measured in their sixth or seventh birthday, with their tight white trowsers, and feet bare of any constraint, present a very ludicrous appearance.

These soldiers carry no arms ; what need has a soldier of arms ? his appearance and military bearing are sufficient. I commend all military men, and all in Europe who have to do with soldiers, to reflect seriously on the advantages of the Brazilian spencer. For the rest, the Brazilian army looks

like a body of civilians practising on the sly ; yet even in this point of view there is a bright side to the picture. Brazil is, thank Heaven ! still so uncivilised as to need no army ; with the exception of the little garrison in the town *pro formâ*, there is but an insignificant number of soldiers in Rio Grande do Sul, just to watch the adjacent republic, and to fight in case of need.

We now entered the original town, and advanced towards the rows of houses which extend along the shore on the height, running parallel to the bay. The farther I penetrated into the town, the more was I surprised at its striking resemblance to the mother city, Lisbon. There is the same disposition of the streets, the same description of houses, with numerous glass doors and iron balconies, the same irregularity of ground, the same primitive shops and signboards, even the churches are in the same style, having similar proportions, though less of luxury and ornament. At each step, at each turn, we recognise the Portuguese model. It is interesting when travelling abroad, to notice how every nation impresses its own stamp on its colonies, and seeks to imprint on them the image of the mother country. Even in the Moorish city of Algiers, the French have formed a mimic Paris. Nature alone will not allow herself and her beauties to be trained into strange forms, except in a very partial degree.

The population in this country also has its peculiarities. One sees negroes, and ever negroes ; there are no white people in Bahia, except on the steep steps, where one meets sailors from every land. The owners of property are white, or rather of a pale-yellow complexion. Characteristic figures, such as the towns of Asia and Africa present, are wanting, for the aborigines have been driven back into the depths of the primeval forests. They who inhabit Brazil are strangers, and still bear the impress of an uncertain, migratory population. From the emperor down to the

lowest negro boy there are very few who can reckon three generations in the country; therefore the repose of historical association has not yet fallen upon it. The firm cement of memory is wanting, and no one thinks of quiet, well-regulated improvement; all are disturbed by the passions of the moment. Brazil has not yet ceased to be a colony, has not begun to establish herself as an empire, firm in her own strength.

The white population in the streets of Bahia are of the same type as the people of southern Europe; and never evince any national characteristics except when, like our ripe fruit, they hang on the poles of a palanquin, or trot through the streets on their well-shaped, long-eared mules. Their dark-coloured, would-be French costume is a proof of the obstinacy and love of appearance born in our race.

One scarcely ever sees white women in the streets; only on the rarest occasions do they tear themselves from their balcony windows and from the rocking-chairs in their verandahs. A Brazilian lady in the town is the very impersonation of weary idleness. There, the stranger only meets negroes and negresses.

It seemed strange to me to see large monasteries every five minutes, mysterious buildings looking like prisons, as in Palermo, the thickly-grated windows of which told of the duration of their inmates. Lofty towers, like those of a fortress with latticed galleries, permitted a distant view of the noisy town, of the broad blue ocean, and of the green country. One travels to learn; I could never have imagined that in the democratic state of Brazil, with its poverty-stricken government, such numerous monastic establishments could exist, nor that such could be needed in the vicinity of primeval forests. In Europe, one might find personal freedom beneath their calm protection; the sacred walls might prove to be the longed-for defence against intrigue, against evil passions, against temptation;

the cloister might be the grave enshrining the moral suicide immuring himself therein from noble motives.

But what need is there of such in America, where the trackless primeval forest, with its walls of verdure, offers a secure refuge from the griefs of the world, and affords repose for the soul? There were indeed a multitude of persons in the middle ages who fled to the cloister, but similar spirits can now emigrate to America. America presents an admirable asylum, specially for those who have come to a resolution to break with the stormy past, and to work their way to a blameless future; for the ocean is wide, very wide, a lake of oblivion, and whoever sails across it can, as by a second baptism, wash even the stains of blood from his hands. As in a monastery, so also in America, no one asks a new comer whence or wherefore he has come; let him have been ever so wicked in Europe, he may by diligence and perseverance become in America a thoroughly respectable man. Useful as monasteries may be and are in other countries, here they are plainly mere toys, which no one has the courage or the right to suppress. With the exception of the Franciscans and Capuchins, who, as we afterwards had occasion to observe, send forth very low, demoralised missionaries, the monasteries of Brazil are abodes of luxury which can in no way be pleasing to the Almighty. Lukewarmness, and a total want of spiritual activity, prevail within these numerous edifices; and the Pope, who has ordered such wise austerities in the degenerate European monasteries, would render eternal service to religion if he, for he only can do it, would suppress the great number of those in Brazil, and would reform the Capuchin and Franciscan monasteries and restore them to their original intention. The numerous convents are now merely dirty shrines in which people lay up old booty: but a more minute description of these another time.



Our mountain-road now conducted us to a grand church, near which the rows of houses became more extensive; the ground sloped upwards, and led to the central point of Bahia, and to the large Theatre Square, or rather Terrace. The buildings were handsome, and resembled those of Lisbon. Some of them were, like those on the banks of the Tagus, ornamented with glazed tiles. In front of them, wherever the space from the street would permit, there were little terraces, on which various plants, such as rose and camelia trees, made a droll appearance, springing from between the tiles like bouquets of flowers on a cake.

The Theatre Square is very remarkable: the declivity of the hill is raised by an embankment into a wide terrace; from this terrace rises the spacious theatre with its yellow walls and its countless windows, looking like an immense warehouse; opposite to it stands a strikingly large building, containing coffee-houses and shops; while a sea of houses is spread over the declivity. In front of the theatre, the square is adorned by some trees, an exquisitely clear fountain rising from a basin of Carrara marble, and a beautiful statue of the great Columbus.

The view from the parapet of the terrace surprises one by its beauty. Around and below lies the picturesque town; before one is the ocean, forming itself into a roadstead, studded with countless vessels, from mere boats up to every rig of trading vessel. The hour noon; the sun in the zenith, casting a brilliant shimmer over the sea, in whose waves of wondrous blue the reflected light is condensed into a silvery vapour; the verdure of the forest gleams in the haze of the noonday beams; beyond, the distant island of Itaparica, the isles and mountains are dimly outlined far as the Paraguasù. On the right, gleams the bay with its palm-shaded peninsula of Bomfin, its smiling villas and bright white churches, all looking strangely near. Large boats, with enormous sails, merrily

traverse the azure waters like swans. These bring the fruits of the island, the sweet superfluities of nature—cut sugar-canes, bags of coffee, and cocoa—from the distant plantations to the metropolis of trade. Below us the life of the harbour is concentrated, midway between the fort (erected in the midst of the waters of the roadstead) and the arsenal with the neighbouring custom-house. The general outlines of this remarkable scene might easily be met with in Europe; there is nothing novel in its features; but the beauty of colouring, the richness of glow and glitter, belong to a hot climate only.

It was but natural that amid all our ecstasy we should feel the necessity of feeding the fire of enthusiasm by material means, and therefore sought for an hotel. Following some vague directions received on board, we discovered in a side street, by means of the notices on the shop-windows, something resembling an eating-house. We rushed towards it, and passing through passages and up steps we reached a large hall, with a long verandah facing the sea, from which we again had a beautiful bird's-eye view. But these continual feasts for the eyes had a very exhausting effect upon the frame. From our elevated position we could even see without any special pleasure butterflies of extraordinary size chasing merrily over the mounds and clusters of weeds on the declivity. Little tables, figures belonging to French romance, and a something resembling a *carte-à-manger*, showed us that we were in a place of refreshment. An oppressive silence reigned everywhere, no attendant sprites appeared, all looked as though everyone in the house were dead; could the yellow fever by possibility have desolated the place? At length we gave full vent to our impatience, and some mulatto servants of various shades of colour, who had evidently been idly taking a siesta and looked like weary spirits recalled from the grave, made their appearance.

But now our real perplexity began. In the thoughtless tumult of delight we had brought no interpreter, and no one could understand us; so the men only made grim dismal faces, quite forgetful of their mission as servants of the public. At length in a strain of heart-rending melancholy, I stammered forth 'Cha! Cha!' This word, which I had read on the shop-windows in Lisbon, aided the benighted wits of the languid creatures to a glimmer of light, and other signs borrowed from the monkey tongue likewise had their effect. Miniature cups appeared with pale-coloured tea (*chà*), pounded sugar dingy as the dust in the streets, and even a sort of beefsteak which, judging from its dried condition, must have been imported from England months ago. My poor teeth could not make their way through this steak. By means of pantomimic milking we requested milk for our *chà*, but were only laughed at by the coloured people. By a similar use of signs they gave us to understand that the white fluid was only to be had early in the morning. We were obliged to make a fight to obtain fruit, or rather a woody pineapple, which however we received with gratitude as the American fruit *par excellence*, bananas, which at least satisfy the appetite, mangoes, fruit of a greenish-yellow colour, with a pulp yellow as the yoke of an egg, and the turpentine flavour of which was not palatable, and finally the celebrated cashew, that much-lauded fruit which the Brazilians devour in large quantities.

The form of the cashew is very peculiar; a soft pulpy mass in shape like a pear, covered with a shining red and yellow peel like that of a Borsdorffer apple, hangs from the stem; within it lies the strange kernel looking like a large dark bean. This kernel is called the cashew-nut. The tree which bears this fruit is of the form and size of a moderately large cherry-tree, the Latin name is *Anacardium occidentale*. The leaves are oval, and of a bright glossy

green: the pulp has a bitter-sweet taste, is astringent, and is said to be very quenching to the thirst. Without any addition the juice affords a beverage, in colour white tinged with yellow; it tastes like bad orangeade, consequently is not palatable. An oil is extracted from the cashew-nut. What will one not eat when tormented by hunger and when entering inexperienced into a new hemisphere?

In the course of his voyages round the world our artist had eaten the cashew-nuts roasted, and he maintained that they tasted like sweet almonds. On the strength of this information, he and T., from thirst for scientific knowledge and love of discovery, ate the fresh juicy beans with eagerness. But repentance followed upon the act with lightning speed; for the bitter caustic oil exuding from the roasted nuts burned their inquisitive tongues and curious mouths to such a degree that they broke forth into moans and laments; and the artist, who had evinced the greatest eagerness, felt the pain for some days, and was annoyed by little blisters in his mouth. These two pioneers of the road of science were often tormented afterwards by the rest of our party about these cashew-nuts, and the artist would be attacked with St. Vitus' dance if he did but see a cashew-tree in the distance, or descry the ominous fruit in the basket of a negress. Setting aside jokes, we were really surprised at the vigour attained by everything beneath the tropical sun; not only in the brilliancy of colour, but also in the strength of poisonous effect developed by it.

It will easily be understood that our party were, in a culinary point of view, very much irritated against the hotel, so-called. My poor teeth trembled in their sockets from their efforts upon the beefsteak; the mouths and tongues of the others were burning at the remembrance of the cashew-nuts, and all appetites acknowledged themselves unappeased. But our just indignation reached its climax



when some Brazilians entered the dining-saloon and ordered choice and savoury dishes before our eyes. Boiling over with anger, we quitted this hotel, in which, though in a large commercial town, no human being spoke either French, English, German, or Italian. There was something both naïve and conciliatory in the obliging disposition of one of the waiters who stammered to us the name of a better hotel where foreign languages were spoken. Native courtesy prompted him to give us this information.

Fortune now guided us to a real and consolatory blessing in the Hôtel Février, which, however, presents a very insignificant front in the Theatre Square, and bears a very unattractive sign. But here we were in Abraham's bosom. Delicious iced-water; splendid fruit; the choicest dishes, adapted to the climate by a judicious use of the spice-box; everything prepared in a clean and tasteful manner; attentive and respectful servants; European ideas, and, above all, twogrand personages, the manager of the hotel (a quaint old Frenchman of the good old stamp, a true republican figure with a white beard, and a short clay pipe in his loquacious mouth), and the super-excellent Henry, the first and only garçon, who came in at every door at the same moment, waited upon everyone at once and left nothing undone.

The old man was a genuine French 'blagueur' of humble rank, such as I greatly prefer to the self-important charlatan. He was possessed of a peculiar rough but respectful good humour, behaved like a benignant father to his family, had seen everything, knew how to advise everyone, was full of sound original ideas, and, which was of especial importance to us, knew the country from end to end owing to his long residence in it. He was one of those characters moulded by circumstances with which we had in America so many opportunities of becoming acquainted. Born years ago in the Isle of France, he had led a life

of continual excitement in the world, and had formed his opinions from the practical realities of life; a self-taught man, he had for long years traversed the forests of Brazil in botanical and hunting excursions. He now seems to have cast anchor for life in the Bay of All Saints, manages his hotel thoroughly well, and is at the head of a lively French society who gladly assemble around him. Such is the history of the man to whom Fate sent us, and to whose sound advice we were indebted for the pleasantest part of our expedition.

At first, like all new-comers, we besieged him with childish questions; enquired where parrots were to be seen, where monkeys could be found, where we could meet with humming-birds, where penetrate into the forest, where find wild beasts, real wild beasts? It was our first day in America, and he who asks nothing never makes any progress. He gave us information as to where we could find some humming-birds; he mentioned the celebrated lake of Bahia, already spoken of by other travellers, near which there is a spot where one may see their nests. An excursion to the lake was resolved upon for the next day. Things looked less promising for the moment as regarded the primeval forest. He said that it would be necessary to travel far, far away from Bahia to see a real, undesecrated, virgin forest. In the country around Bahia every forest is what the Brazilians term *Capoeira*; namely, already cut: man has already built therein. Inexperienced travellers find virgin forests everywhere; but few Europeans have ever seen one. It was chiefly for the sake of seeing these that I had crossed the ocean, and therefore I would not give up my enquiries, which at last elicited the information that, on the coasts of Brazil, there is only one point at which a virgin forest extends to the sea. This locality was then the sole and single goal of my most eager desires. The old man frequently laughed at our questions. How

often before must he not have been teased by similar mere book-learned Europeans! But he was a man of sense and of practical knowledge, and gave willing replies: for to bestow information is ever pleasant.

Whilst we were sitting in his cheerful verandah (a long gallery, one side of which consisted of windows always open) and were refreshing ourselves with fragrant and deliciously sweet pineapples, and enjoying the magnificent and animated view over the broad blue bay, he related to us a number of interesting facts respecting the Imperial journey which had just caused great excitement throughout the whole of Brazil. He could not sufficiently, in his quiet way, laud the affability of the Emperor; how he was a *beau garçon*; how unweariedly, in exact contrast to his country people, he had wandered about from early morning until evening; how he had walked and ridden alone in the streets in plain clothes, and thus had seen everything like any other man: how the poor Empress was ‘une bonne femme; mais, ma foi! ni belle, ni jeune, et boiteuse.’ He described to us, from the elevation of his verandah, the entrance of the Imperial cortège; but remarked, with a satirical laugh, that it had been made in a very disorderly manner; and altogether his observations on the subject were uttered in the tone of compassion employed by the children of elder civilisation in allusion to that which is Transatlantic. But when his glance, in wandering over the bay, fell upon our ‘Elizabeth’ that made a royal figure amid the other vessels, he enquired of us about the Prince, whether he had arrived, or whether he would come in some other vessel, or would not come at all, as it was said that he was afraid of the yellow fever.

This conversation in the third person about my humble self delighted me much. Altogether we derived great pleasure from our intercourse with the intelligent old man who had traversed the world in so many different directions,

and had struggled so long with the storms of life, and had freed himself at last from all that was useless, and had formed for himself a pure, practical, all-sufficing world from which he looks down with a pitying smile on the petty life and doings of the ambitious. Men, who like our old Frenchman, have by time and perseverance weathered the tempests of human passions, may be frequently found in America: they are the most agreeable and most interesting companions. With them frank and intellectual conversation may be held: they belong to no party, but create a self-sufficing existence for themselves. The various experiences of the irretrievable past have given them a keen insight into political and social relations. One seldom meets men of this class in Europe, where no man possesses perfect individuality; but owing to the necessity of working for his livelihood, to political, religious, and social causes, is, even under the most favourable circumstances, only a cipher, merely a spring-wheel in a machine. Here one finds the complete machinery united in one individual who, unchained by any enthralling notions to his fellow-men, is in himself an entire state, a power worthy of respect.

Amid the interesting and attractive scenery of Brazil one ever finds that all that is historical is carefully preserved. One has not occasion to weigh one's words as in older Europe; for here the rough angles of men's minds have been smoothed by their having made the circuit of the earth: they have been rendered reasonable, an excellent quality which one seldom meets with in civilised countries.

Some of the rooms in the Hôtel Février look out upon the Theatre Square; and from the balcony of the billiard-room there is a view of the more inland portion of the lovely bay, and of the streets which lead straight from the Square in the direction of the Arsenal to the lower portion



of the town. This view has many attractions, as these steep streets form the principal arteries of Bahia, and the disposition of the ground affords time for those looking down them to study each individual figure.

In the afternoon, the German colonists make the chief stir in returning from their business to Vittoria: one then sees white faces, already rendered sallow by the climate, and sturdy forms that come panting up the hill, finishing off their business by the way. A solitary palanquin passes swiftly through the crowd of Germans: it contains some Brazilian of importance, who is being carried to his siesta. Ere long he will rest peacefully on his gains, and sink into slumber in his network hammock in his cool verandah, the balmy sea-air playing around him; and be encircled by faithful slaves. Do you ask how he has obtained his riches? how he has amassed the millions that have purchased the downy couch on which he reposes? The answer meets you in the public street: by trading in human flesh; by measures heaped up and overflowing of black men; by coining false money.

Notwithstanding this, the man passes for a very respectable person, bears some grand title of nobility, goes to Court, and attends the Emperor on state occasions; and sleeps as tranquilly as the saints in Paradise. Why should he not? Conscience is altogether wanting in these warm climates: in this ever-genial temperature this monitor seems to be unknown. In consequence of its absence, no true religion can exist; though that the want is quite unfelt is a self-evident truth. But one thing these rich Brazilian nabobs cannot abolish; that is, the gloomy, evil impression of their hard, restless, black eyes, beneath whose glance one shudders uncomfortably.

It is interesting to see the black people passing through the streets with baskets full of the most splendid fruit, always crying it for sale as they go. They evince a comic,

prating disposition, and a cheerfulness that contrasts strangely with the notion of slavery. The blacks possess a remarkable feature not easily to be described, their uniform nose; through which their hoarse tones roll forth without intermission like those of a rough mill-wheel. The women have universally such deep voices that one can scarcely distinguish their sex by them. It is not to be denied that, even in their voices, there is among the blacks something very animal. The voice does not come naturally and in full tones from the chest, but appears rather to be an artificial acquirement, lacking modulation.

From our balcony we could also see, by looking down a straight street, a number of officers of the National Guard and of the Line going to parade. I could not resist a smile, nor avoid a feeling of curiosity. I had already left my conscience on the other side of the tropic, or I should have been compelled to feel only regret and compassion at this scene; for all the unfortunate officials were assembled on the glowing sand, beneath a noonday sun, to give me a state reception. Whilst they were panting at the landing-place in their laced and buttoned uniforms, the President at the head of his officials went on board the 'Elizabeth' to welcome the Transatlantic Prince in the name of the Brazilian Empire. They found the casket empty; and the President had, to no purpose, sought in his French dictionary for complimentary phrases. I felt myself uncommonly comfortable on the balcony of the hotel; although, according to Brazilian notions, dressed in an exceedingly plebeian manner. The officials of Brazil seemed to be very much annoyed at the disappointment; and shortly afterwards the newspaper of Bahia issued some biting articles which amused me exceedingly. The good people ought to have felt flattered that the impulse to rush to their shore should have been so strong; such haste was, in itself, a sort of ovation.

Whilst we were still making our observations from the balcony, delighted with the wooden temple erected by the Bahians out of compliment to the Emperor, we suddenly heard a fearful clatter, and saw the heads, as it were, of eight lances making their appearance : we soon recognised these to be the immense ears of mules drawing a carriage. Four mules in rich trappings, driven by a negro in livery, dashed proudly over the ground. They were drawing a calèche at full speed ; and in the calèche was enthroned the Commander of the ' Elizabeth,' together with a German in a black coat who introduced himself as our Consul. Both were engaged in the chase after the Prince, and (notwithstanding the heat of Brazilian noon) had, in this mule equipage, been scouring the town in all directions. At length, in the course of their adventurous chase, the commander had come upon the track of the fox, and a shout of joy concluded the hot pursuit. What must the Consul, a native of Hamburg, have thought of such a rococo European Prince? On beholding me in the tobacco-scented billiard-room he was completely thunderstruck. He had expected some sign of the ermine ; some little adornment, at least, upon the princely brow : he had hoped to find somewhere the shadow of a large cross : he sought timidly for a golden key among the inferior portion of the suite, or for some sash which might, like Ariadne's thread, be a guide to him in the princely atmosphere. Instead of all this, he found himself suddenly *bec-à-bec* with the object of his search, who was surrounded by a circle of men attired in a costume which would render it very trying to the feelings of a precise consul to have them for his companions in the streets of Bahia.

Herr L——, a native of Hamburg, twenty-nine years of age, the son of wealthy parents, already, owing to his own diligence and energy of mind, become a highly respected merchant, was presented to me by the Commander as the

Austrian Consul. In him I became acquainted with one of those estimable men who unite the characteristics of an English man of business, his active industry in trade, and composed and determined air, with the kindliness and the joyous temperament of an honest German. At nineteen years of age L—— was well-portioned by his parents, and crossed the ocean; at twenty-one he might already have been deemed wealthy; two years ago, he brought a rich and very amiable wife from England; and now, at twenty-nine, he is what merchants call a made man. His large business is thriving, his position in the commercial world of Brazil is high, and he is much esteemed. It would be quite possible even now for him to retire into private life.

At his last visit to Europe, he selected Vienna as his future haven of rest. He affords a pleasing example of the way in which a man may, on this side the ocean, by energy and indefatigable industry, speedily become fabulously rich. But this success proves that he could not originally have been poor. He who travels to America with some capital, and brings with it also intelligence, energy, and perseverance, may always reckon with certainty on a golden future beneath this beneficent sky. But he who has been in trouble at home, and who enters on his travels from despair, may as certainly reckon on being even more miserable than in his own country; forsaken by God and man, he becomes ruined. Instances of adventurers with empty pockets who have in a short time risen to be nabobs, are very rare; and as in Europe, their successes may be attributed to underhand means. One might advise strong young men with small fortunes to take the voyage to America; but could not do less than warn those who are poor (so-called emigrants) against so foolish a step. Later on, I shall have frequent opportunity to speak of the melancholy,



pitiable specimens of this class whom I have beheld with feelings of compassion.

When our Consul had recovered from his first feelings of astonishment at the sight of the prince and his court, and we, in return, had bid him never more appear in a black coat and black hat (which merely served to concentrate the rays of the sun), we resolved forthwith to make use of the grand mule-carriage for an excursion. With wise foresight, and wits sharpened by the horrors of a Brazilian breakfast, we ordered an excellent repast of our old Frenchman for the evening; took with us the botanist, who was burning with scientific ardour, and at a merry pace passed back, along the same road by which we had come, to the Paseo Publico in the neighbourhood of the fort.

The public promenade of Bahia consists of two large terraces on the oft-mentioned slope of the hill, erected in the southern style of architecture in which nature and art are happily mingled. The terraces are adorned with balustrades, vases, and statues of Carrara marble in quaint Italian taste. Fountains and terraces with sloping banks adorn the central point of attraction; flower-beds filled with the most fragrant flowers of all brilliant hues fringe the paths and open spaces, whilst the choicest of creepers twine themselves over the balustrades and steps. But to the eye of a stranger the most striking ornaments are the immense Jaccà trees (*Artocarpus incisa*), with their lofty, mysterious, leafy domes, with their thick giant stems, on the bark of which the colossal fruits hang like rough-skinned melons, and with their profusion of branches, so great that a single tree suffices to arch over a vast extent of ground, and to bestow a shade such as no eye ever beheld in Europe, its mysterious depths forming a perfect protection from the rays of the tropical sun.

The mango tree, which is very similar to the Jaccà,

presents the same appearance in this respect, that the intensity of its shade is so great as to be like that of a sharply-printed photograph. Just as the sunlight has a peculiar shimmer of its own, so this depth of shadow has its own peculiar haze: in twilight such as this, Sakuntala was rocked during her exquisite dreams. Surrounded by architectural beauty, and admitting occasional, exquisite views of blue, sparkling ocean, these trees appear to double advantage on this spot; whilst beneath their shelter one forgets the oppressive heat of the tropical air. The fruits that I have mentioned contain a white, mealy pulp and numerous flat pips, like those of the melon, which, when lightly roasted, the negroes use as a principal article of food. They may be very nutritious, but remind one of tasteless bread; just as the much-lauded milk of the cocoa-nut does of tepid and much-diluted milk of almonds.

The view from the Passeo is, like all the views from the heights around Bahia, very beautiful in the rich glow of the warm sunlight; but it also possesses a peculiar interest because one looks at it from amid a bower of flowers set in a framework of most luxuriant verdure. I regretted that we had not time during our stay in Bahia to see the promenade by moonlight. When the moon sheds her silvery rays over the broad bay from distant Itaparica; when her beams dance along the marble balustrades, play upon the statues, and peep into the fragrant cups of the flowers; when dark, cool night is only permitted to linger within the leafy vaults; to wander here at such an hour must be like wandering in a dream of the thousand and one nights.

Our mule-carriage conveyed us from the Passeo, past the extreme outskirts of the town, to the immense Franciscan Monastery. This enormous building is a complete fortress, quadrangular in form and with two towers. Three

of its fronts, erected on deep foundations, face the sea, whilst the fourth looks towards the town. The sombre, grey colour of the ancient building is in harmony with the gravity of the cloister. Its extent would suffice to contain a complete army of monks: its position is admirably chosen. In this new country, where all the works of man have existed but for so short a time, this edifice, with its stamp of venerable antiquity, aroused within me a peculiarly homelike feeling, and awoke the consolatory reflection that even here the landmarks of time, the corner-stones of memory, have begun to exist. This monastery was evidently founded in the early days of the Portuguese conquest, when various orders were richly endowed, with the double intent of promoting spiritual and agricultural progress. They are even yet among the chief landowners of the country. These monasteries are admirable as models of domestic management, and as nurseries for the cultivation of fruits and other horticultural products. The religious orders, with their views of improvement, attend to the clearing of extensive districts.

We quitted the town by the declivity which we had already traversed, and now luxuriant, genial nature gave us a cordial welcome. Mango trees spread their cool shade over the sloping road; bamboo branches pressed over the paths; thick vegetation and graceful creepers formed picturesque groups; and thus, by her ever-increasing splendour, did nature entice us from Bahia to the shores of the justly-famed Tich. Our first view of the extreme portion of this lake was, I might almost say, European in character. We beheld it in its every-day garb. It winds very much, as I afterwards had occasion to observe; and therefore, at the first glance, looked to us merely like a pond surrounded by swamps, in which the negroes swim their horses, and in which the gentler portion of the black race labour, partly in and partly out of the water, amid fearful

chattering and noise, at washing linen. But we did not allow ourselves to be frightened by these domestic scenes, which would have done credit to a Bohemian village, but sprang from the carriage with the intention, notwithstanding the heat of the noonday sun, of wandering along at least some portion of the Tich.

Herr L—— ordered our black muleteer to go to the other end of the lake. Wherever water is to be found, be it fresh or salt, there I am ever in my element. I have always had a passion for ponds, lakes, and rivers, not to speak of the sea. In the water, nature developes fully, and in unbounded richness and splendour, her mysterious attractions, her wondrous might. Even in my own country I was always attracted by brooks, by the trees around the waterfalls, by the verdant shores of our lakes. What inward rapture, what absorbing curiosity, must not have taken possession of me on the wooded shores of the Brazilian lake, where every plant was new, every tree wonderful, every flight of birds a subject for admiration, every insect a novelty; where behind each glossy leaf of the water-plants a snake lay concealed: where any hurried motion of the waves might disturb an alligator (Jaccaré)!

I strained every nerve with renewed energy, and was all eagerness of eye and ear whilst listening attentively for the slightest sound. The farther we proceeded along the bank by a narrow footpath fringed with brilliant green, the more completely did we, to my delight, lose sight of the human adjuncts of washing and bathing negresses with their appendages of soldiers and lazy, swarthy street-boys. With increased eagerness we penetrated farther and farther into the treasures of tropical nature. On the right were the banks with their green, mysterious water-flowers; and numerous plants, among them the immense Arum, and the rare Aubinga, which our little botanist greeted with veritable feelings of delight as though it formed the



goal of his aspirations, the wondrous flower of legendary lore. On our left, we saw on the neighbouring declivity lofty trees and thick shrubs of every kind. In front of us, the reaches of the large lake and the heights that surrounded them lay extended before us in their full beauty.

The impression conveyed by the scene was that of a large pool situated in a park ; such as the imagination of a painter might create, taking merely his outlines from nature: the delicious perfumes, the tropical brilliance, were rather those of dreamland than of this world. The hilly ridges, the outline of the lake, the colour of the ground, might have been borrowed from those English parks where art so judiciously aids nature; the splendour of hue, the gigantic forms, the deep shadows, the impenetrable density of the vegetation, were all such as one could only suppose to exist in imagination. Examined individually, everything is new, all is found to belong to a different world. The plants of the forest press down the declivity into the lake like waves of various colours; the enormous groups of mango and jaccà trees form as it were swelling billows; the tall, bending palms seem like lofty waves amid the sea of green; whilst the dancing, sparkling foam is represented by the countless creepers which, now rising, now falling, play among the trees. The little creeks of the lake wind amid this wealth of vegetation; here and there one sees the palm-leaf roof of a negro hut among mangoes or amid a group of green branches.

On the hilly boundary towards the south, outlines of towers and roofs of houses are visible behind the thick green of the forest, telling of the vicinity of the large town and yet not marring the picture of natural beauty. Some few houses are scattered at intervals on the heights and slopes; around them the forest is cleared for the commencement of cultivation. But for these tokens of life one might fancy oneself transported into an enchanted

island far from the tumult of the world. The only thing which does not correspond with such a paradise is the dirty, brown, earth-coloured water, which one finds everywhere in the tropics and which is ascribed to the rankness of the vegetation. One can easily understand that alligators may live in these brown floods; their number in the Tich is said to be very considerable; and from time to time they prove their presence by the disappearance of some negro child whilst bathing, or by a bite in the foot bestowed on some foolhardy washerwoman. But such accidents seldom occur; and hence the fearlessness of the people who disport themselves in the Tich. With our botanist, thirst for knowledge was stronger than dread of the alligators: every moment he would insist upon going into the water to fish up an Arum for his lord and master in Schönbrunn.

Filled with wonder, we proceeded along the path on the bank. Now it was a Lantane of glowing hue that charmed us; now the picturesque form of a tree dipping into the water, on the boughs of which the creepers were hanging in festoons: or again we observed lovely little birds, with black bodies and exquisitely white heads, catching insects on the water-plants. Behind a perfect forest of Arums on the banks of one of the creeks, we discovered by the side of a brook which wound its way to the lake amid a grove of mangoes, a group of black washerwomen in a costume which, from its scantiness, defied description. They were occupied, amid jests and hoarse chattering, in washing linen, and flourished their broad wooden implements in their strong right hands. They were true Amazons of their race, whom one might have taken rather for demons than for harmless washerwomen. There was something disgusting, although comical, in their manners and appearance. They had with them two pretty children, black as beetles, with large sparkling eyes, and scarcely two years

of age. One of them came to meet us in a friendly manner, and, smiling, passed his little jokes with us; whilst the other fled from us howling and lamenting, carrying his complaints to his athletic mother. It was 'l'enfant qui rit' and 'l'enfant qui pleure' translated into black characters. The crying child excited universal laughter from the black Amazons, who made even more friendly noises to us in their guttural tones than they had done before. These blacks are certainly very good-humoured, and, by their almost dog-like dispositions, acknowledge the superiority of the white man. The whole scene, including the primitive black forms by the side of the cool brook shaded by the dark mango trees and surrounded by vegetation of a thousand brilliant colours, presented a truly southern and foreign appearance.

Farther on, our path led us to a deep creek where the vegetation grew in profusion down to the water's brink. I, as the youngest and most impatient of our party, was the first pioneer in this expedition. With shouts of joy and in an ecstasy of triumph, I hailed the most lovely wonder of the animal world now presenting itself to our view. Was it an hallucination? an illusion of my overstrained eyes? A scarlet object flew out from amid the sea of leaves, glistened like a jewel against the sunny sky, and then vanished again behind the shadowy fantastic plants. The apparition was of such astonishing beauty, was so new to European eyes, that at first I could not permit myself to believe in the reality of what I had seen. Yet it was no dream; it was in very truth that enchanting bird to which I give precedence above all the winged inhabitants of earth. The rough Brazilians, with their practical turn of mind, name it, with reference to its colour, *Sangue do boi* (ox's blood). Its scientific name is *Rhamphopsis brasiliensis*. It is of the size of a starling, and has a lovely and well-proportioned body; its head is small; its

wings are broad and beautifully formed ; its feet are tiny and pretty. But its great beauty is in its colour, the intense red of which almost deepens into purple ; its wings are tipped with black ; its beautiful beak is surrounded by white down ; its little eyes sparkle like black diamonds. Whether flying across the deep-blue sky, or diving amid the tender leaves of the palm, it alike resembles a gleaming ruby. All colours that the tropical sun can kindle as everything is illumined by its glow, exist in this lovely bird, which no one has ever yet succeeded in catching and bringing to Europe. It would be the gem of any aviary, and the exquisite ibis alone could approach it in beauty of hue though not in that of form.

In the female birds of the *Sangué do boi* the red is strongly intermixed with brown ; they are therefore, though more to be admired, much less brilliant. This strange bird allured us into the copse in the neighbouring ravine. We pressed on our way beneath trees with giant crowns, through thick underwood, amid *Musacea*, *Scitaminea*, and all manner of luxuriant creepers, to a lovely spring which welled forth at the foot of a tall handsome tree. In its branches numerous pretty *Passarina* were fluttering and twittering ; their lovely bodies were sometimes of a blue-black, sometimes varied with brown, grey, and white ; but they threaded the green labyrinths so quickly that there was unfortunately no time to examine them closely. As I broke a path through the underwood some immense grey moths, measuring a foot from wing to wing, aroused themselves from their mid-day repose, only to disappear again as quickly with a flight like that of a bat.

There was a complete rivalry among us who should be the first to draw the attention of his friends to some marvel or to some brilliant apparition in this new world. We were still unable to arrange our ideas ; all was so new, so overpowering ; and as the tropical sun gleamed and sparkled



amid the countless plants, so did the images called by it into life chase each other through our excited brains. We were very happy by the side of the clear cool stream. The heat was intense and some moments of rest indispensable. A calabash was lying by the natural basin formed by this stream, one of those gourds used as drinking cups by negroes and savages of all kinds : we preferred to form our cups from the soft green leaves of the Musacea, and to sip from them the delicious, pearly drops

In the neighbourhood of the stream we saw a beautiful specimen of the clove tree (*Caryophyllus aromaticus*) similar in form to the Lagerströmia : the leaf reminded me by its gloss of that of the myrtle ; the jasmine-like blossoms are red as coral outside and are white inside. The scent of the flowers is the same as that of our clove. Mounting an enclosure of bamboo, we at last again reached the bank, and soon afterwards came to a field of manioc. In its centre stood a large tree with a thick, dark crown ; the first from which the cries of parrots resounded : unfortunately, however, we could not distinguish the forms of the chatterers : they were concealed too closely in the dense foliage of the lofty crown. We now quitted the path by the shores of the lake and climbed the height through fields of manioc and yams. The plant of the manioc resembles our flax in form and colour ; the portion that is used is the knotted root, which is in its natural state a rank poison, whilst when ground, soaked, and lightly roasted, it affords a nourishing, farinaceous food, the chief diet of the negro race. The yam is a species of the familiar Arum with large green leaves ; its bulb is eaten as a sort of potato.

An eminence which we now ascended was cultivated ; and the clearing hand of man had only left some large specimens of the Jaccâ, or here and there some lofty palms and broad-leaved bananas. The view over the calm lake, with its creeks bordered with verdure, its palms, and its spits

of land covered with shrubs, was so striking from this point that our artist sketched it with the rapidity of lightning. The waving leaves of a banana and the yelping of dogs gave unmistakeable tokens of a human habitation at hand. We soon discovered, in the midst of fields shaded by large trees, one of those wretched negro huts which are made of brushwood, mud, and palm-leaves; and found ourselves surrounded by a host of miserable, howling dogs.

A black hag with a little child made her appearance at the door of the hut, which was filled with a collection of domestic utensils, or, one might rather say, trash. L——, who had become a little tired by so unwonted a walk, enquired of this black woman, who was employed in silencing the dogs, in what direction we ought to turn; for we had been walking at random, guided only by our own fancy, and the worthy Consul, like all the resident merchants of the place, was merely acquainted with the Exchange and the streets of Vittoria.

The woman directed us back from her hut to the lake; and thus we had to thank our ignorance for the pleasure of being obliged again to force our way through the brushwood, and of obtaining a foretaste of the primeval forest with its wild mass of vegetation. We found ourselves in the midst of the world of nature as it sprang fresh from the hand of the Creator in vigorous profusion, without a road, without a path, in the heart of the forest, surrounded by flowers, where all grows, blooms, and dies uncared for; where every plant and every tree thrives in peace, according to its will and undisturbed; neither stem nor fruit touched by child of man.

The forests of Brazil are the free republics of the vegetable world, in which the despot Man only appears as guest, and has not yet brought his iron sceptre. They are the true emblems of Paradise, where every child of the Creator may live and labour for itself, where all may flourish side by

side, where nature knows no restraint. It were vain to try to give a description even of the smallest of one of these forests, although it might possess none of the oppressive, overpowering influence of those that still remain in their primeval state. No author has had courage to make the attempt; none could succeed. Photographs may be made of St. Peter's or of the Louvre; and authors can build up these edifices pillar by pillar, stone by stone, for the satisfaction of the inquisitive reader; he can sketch the colours of the buildings; he can relate who lives and who has lived therein; but neither a photograph of the Brazilian forest (I possess some feeble attempts at one), nor any description, can present at all a satisfactory likeness of it to a stranger: both lack grandeur. He who wishes to obtain any idea of it must pack up and travel thither.

That which we beheld and enjoyed in such rich profusion, that which our eyes sought to devour, that which we strove to imprint on our memories, was an ever-changing and most brilliant kaleidoscope in which new colours and forms unceasingly appeared, only to vanish again in the surrounding verdure. Regarded in a botanical point of view, we had before our eyes a most gorgeously arranged hothouse; but it had outgrown all European size; the blue sky formed the glass roof, and the rays of the tropical sun cast their shimmer upon the gloss of the leaves.

The component parts of a forest are naturally numerous: there are slender trees striving to rise towards heaven, with fantastic branches and lofty crowns, consisting generally of glossy leaves in shape like those of the laurel or camelia, whilst the stems are slight and almost always smooth: pushing their way among these groups of trees and towering above them are some old giants of the forest, with tall, thick, firm stems and immense limbs, monarchs of the wood, patriarchs of centuries, colossal mementos of antediluvian vigour. Around and among these (as ever

happens with the lofty ones of earth) are entwined a world of parasites—those wonders of tropical nature that ever excite one's astonishment anew.

The beautiful broad-leaved Bromeliacea hang among the branches of these forest-monarchs as in a nest formed for them by nature: sometimes their coral-like roots suck a wound in the venerable weather-beaten stem; sometimes a coquettish orchid (that gay denizen of the vegetable world) smiles from the lofty crown as it seeks the sunlight that is to give a rich glow to its brilliant hues, or casts its bright blossoms to the earth, in order to draw the attention of the traveller to its joyous existence. Then the delicate *Tilandsia* cradle themselves in the slender lower branches, or the *Philodendron* with its sharply-indented leaves climbs up the thick trunk to an immense height. Though the tops of the trees are the portions preferred by parasites, as struggling towards heaven they drink in the warm beams of the sun, yet every portion, down even to the ground, has its own share of vegetation. Below the crown, and around the stem of the patriarch, the smaller Lianas twine their entangled tendrils. The under-wood consists of large shrubs with oval-shaped leaves, also of young trees which cannot reach higher. Below these, on the damp leaf-bestrewn ground, are ferns, aroidea, and a hundred other luxuriant plants.

But the most beautiful spots are those where an opening in the forest permits the sun to enter, and nature rejoices in the life-giving light. Here the turf gleams with double beauty; here a wondrous growth of plants blooms and thrives, and the graceful palm bends beneath the blue sky; here the lovely leaves of the Musacea unfold themselves; here the regal Scitaminea gleam and glow; here the rattan luxuriates; here the bamboos, gently sighing, rise like fairies from the virgin soil, and the sun in the azure vault greets his free, joyous children with warm kisses.



Man alone stands an astonished stranger; and while admiring this paradise in rapturous excitement, feels that he does not belong to it. He is like a child who has made his way stealthily into a strange garden.

The delight of our little botanist at these specimens of tropical growth was indescribable: his rapture was as great in a scientific point of view as ours in the mere pleasure of gazing; in his excitement he did not know what to seize upon first; he rushed about in all directions; he cut or tore every plant, and was sometimes so completely lost in the thicket that the luxuriant vegetation closed over the little man like waves. He would then reappear gaily from the verdant flood, bearing with him some new prize. When one remembers that (ever since he had begun to reflect) this man had worshipped all these plants only in isolated specimens of stunted growth, and had guarded even these like jewels, and that (all at once transported into the midst of their full, luxuriant, natural growth) he became intoxicated by the effects of the lavish profusion of nature, and revelled in all that to him was most enchanting, then one may understand how (notwithstanding the tropical summer which makes its heat powerfully felt even when it does not actually enervate) he pursued his way laden like a reaper returning from an Alpine harvest. Lianas, palms, the green fan-like leaves of the Musacea and Scitaminea were drawn by him through the bushes like a train, whilst his pockets were filled with seeds and fruits; even his crumpled hat which had seen so many storms must needs serve as a receptacle for his tropical collections. To me, such zeal in the pursuit of scientific objects is praiseworthy; it is the first step to important successes.

When we had made our way out of this portion of the forest, we found ourselves in a lonely valley in which was a stream (overshadowed by splendid bananas) that turned

a mill. Black figures, with no garments but their trowsers and high straw hat, whose athletic forms, like antique bronzes, shone from the exertions of labour beneath the scorching rays of the sun, were occupied in agricultural work. It was a Brazilian idyll, so calm, so peaceful, so verdant; whilst the warm balmy atmosphere was filled with a delicious perfume.

The glassy lake was visible in the distance; the forest covered the peaceful heights that surrounded the valley. Notwithstanding their variety, these masses of vegetation presented an unbroken harmony of outline: they mingled exquisitely with each other; were linked together by Lianas; and produced, in the brilliant sunshine, most magnificent and really enchanting shadows. By the side of the cool brook in the valley we saw green meadows, worthy of notice because one does not expect to see such in the tropics. On the other side of the valley we found the path mentioned by the Consul; a tolerably broad road conducted us past a little deserted villa, up a hill into the opposite forest, the trees of which arched over the road.

The beautiful and mysterious path led, as it were, into the depths of the grotto. At the entrance some beautiful Scitaminea were in bloom; scarlet blossoms, such as one may occasionally see in the bouquet of a lady of rank or at a flower-show. We plundered a whole bush in our delight, and then dived into the forest-path which (with the exception of its wonderful details) reminded me forcibly of our quiet wood-walks in the heights above Vienna. This was a forest fresh and green like one in Germany, the trees arching over and meeting; but, on closer examination, it seemed to be a wood of laurel showing us in what quarter of the globe we were.

That which struck me much was the very withered underwood with its lack of foliage, unable, from want of sunshine, to thrive even in this zone. The very Lianas are bare until high up in the crowns of the trees, and look

more like cords than like creepers. Owing to the false impressions conveyed by ill-compiled books, we, in our country, imagine that they are twisted round the boughs like wreaths of leaves. Thus also, until now, I imagined the palm to be the principal tree of Brazil; instead of which one but rarely sees it, although then the specimens are particularly fine. Foliage trees, with bare stems and small, dark green, glossy leaves, are the most common. In this dim shady path we found it as fresh and cool as in our groves in summer. We found some very beautiful *Philodendrons*.

As I was hurrying through the green avenue in advance of the rest of our party, suddenly a vision passed before my eyes. In the eager excitement of this day nothing escaped me, not a sound, not a movement; and again I beheld it flash through the air, rising and falling with the speed of an arrow. At last the wondrous apparition settled on a liana, quite close to me, fluttering with strange and wondrous rapidity. This floating, trembling form seemed to be an embodiment of happy thoughts. I had not deceived myself: I saw it with my own eyes and recognised it at once. I stood still in surprise and admiration, gazing at this first humming-bird, named by the Brazilians in one of their rare poetic moods, *Beja-flor* (Flower-kisser). I was able to make a sign to my companions, and immediately we stood in a circle around this marvel of beauty, enjoying to the full this much-longed-for and oft-talked-of vision. The reality surpasses every description, every expectation; and its attractions are enhanced because the little bird cannot be caught nor its motions described, and because it is impossible to keep it in captivity, so that one can but speak of it as of a vision that vanishes in a moment. Only in death may it be touched by the hand of man, when it has lost the real charm that makes it so lovely in a bed of flowers.

The humming-bird defies all prosaic examination; like the perfume of flowers, like the breath of poetry, like the vibrating tones of the *Æolian* harp, may not be described. It is so small, so lovely, so swift, that it cannot be included in ideas of corporeal matter. It seems absurd to class it in any one kingdom of nature; one would rather deem it a relic of Paradise accidentally left in the forests of Brazil. As though combined in some rare essence, the three kingdoms of nature are blended in this exquisite creation; the vigorous life of the animal kingdom, the form and hues of a flower, with a spirit breathed into it, and the sparkling, mysterious brilliance of a jewel gleaming from its own inherent light. Even the heavy Portuguese language has a wonderfully lovely name for this being, and has adopted the poetical idea of the legend, which supposes the *Beja-flores* to be the souls of departed children: thus even this unimaginative people could not banish the idea that the humming-bird was a higher and supernatural creation of Heaven. In its domestic habits, its flowery nest, its pearly eggs, it seems to have discarded all that is material, and to live in a world of poetry.

The movements of this bird as it floats in the air and sips the fragrance of the flowers, are peculiarly gay and belonging to itself alone. Wherever an aromatic blossom gleams, there suddenly, as by enchantment, how and whence no one knows, this winged being appears, flies merrily hither and thither some few times, flutters in the sunbeams surrounded by the sparkle of its jewelled hues, searches out with its diamond eyes the flower that it will kiss, and trembling, and poising its gleaming body, lights on the chosen bud, dips its head in the purple cup, and sucks thence the honey. One now fancies that one could examine it quietly; but hush! it is off again, and soaring playfully in the blue ether. Yet it soon returns to the fragrant flower, repeats its merry game again and again;



and then, satisfied, vanishes in the green sea of leaves, gone home to its nest.

The bird that enchanted us at this moment was so tame, and remained so long at its frugal meal, that we were able to enjoy the beautiful sight in some degree at our leisure. It was green as an emerald, with throat and breast gleaming like that exquisite stone, a white body and dark-brown back. Its body was at most two inches long; its wings measured about three inches, its long beak was sharp as a needle. When it fluttered, its movements exactly resembled those of our honey-sucking moths. I look upon it as most fortunate that we should have seen a humming-bird on the very first day that we passed on Brazilian soil, for they are not so common as people in Europe suppose.

The view from the deep, dark forest out into the country brilliantly illumined by the noon-day sun, was unusually beautiful. From the duskiness of our forest twilight we saw the golden beams of day dancing on the fantastic plants, whilst some rays penetrated even into the darkness.

We mounted the ridge of a hill in the open ground. Far below in the banana wood on our right, flowed the last tributary of the Tich; on our left, was a green valley, the entrance to which we had previously crossed near the mill. Beyond the valley, in the clear distance, stretched the hills with their thick, richly gleaming masses of vegetation. In front of us, the hills extended to the town. Some immense Jaccà trees and cocoa-nut palms, richly laden with fruit, and their crowns covered with creepers, grew around a cool shady spot encircling a villa, the verandah of which faced the green valley, catching the sea breeze, whilst the front towards the lake was covered by blooming shrubs and fragrant flowers. The owner, a Frenchman, (who is said to have come up here from interested motives,

and is now as a punishment obliged to descend again,) had the good taste not to enclose his villa too much, and therefore can contemplate the whole surrounding country as though it were his own property. Nature here combines her beauties to form an immense park; the waters of the lake complete the prospect. The hand of art could not have planted the groups of trees at the entrance of the forest more picturesquely, nor have opened the views into the green valley with more taste. One is tempted to believe that the English must have learnt in the tropics how to lay out their gardens and parks so artistically; for these have only attained perfection (in the disregard of original formation, and in the use made of tropical adornments) since the great spread of the English into foreign climes.

The first 'tropical' garden in Vienna was planted by Baron Hügel; his villa presented, in the height of summer, a charming miniature picture of the luxuriance of tropical vegetation. Fairy-like as is the beauty of the villa near Bahia, enchanted as the eye cannot but be by the profuse verdure of nature, yet a breath of melancholy, sweet though poisonous, pervades the whole scene; this melancholy, which often overwhelmed me, first took a decided form in after days. It floated around me in strains of sorrow which only swelled into chords of sadness when the time came for reflection upon the past; that time in which their distant echo resounded in my ears in old and much-abused Europe.

At the villa we at length found the mule-carriage so much longed for by L——, which took us to Vittoria at the pace peculiar to these animals. To-day, to the credit of our botanist, the carriage was more than full with the verdure of our rich harvest. The road was excellent, broad and park-like, fringed for the most part with overhanging bamboos and mango trees mingled with palms and araucarias, from amid which villas occasionally gleamed.

The houses increased in number, were placed in rows, and this was the entrance into gay Vittoria. This spot, with its villas and gardens, with its surrounding park-like roads, its masses of bright green, its gigantic trees, its luxuries of both nature and art, reminded me of the charming country round Richmond on the banks of the Thames, and of the numerous cottages, covered with flowers, in Claremont and Twickenham.

It may cause surprise that I, who wage a crusade against the countries of the North, should make such a comparison; but in order to do me justice, it would be necessary to see the luxuriant vegetation of England on a bright sunny day, to see the profusion of foreign plants carefully collected around the cottages, and also to see the wonderfully good taste displayed in aiding nature. England forms an exception to northern countries in general; the comfort which exists there causes the cold weather to be unfelt, and the strong principle of vitality compensates for the genial influences of the South. Vittoria now became endeared to me, since it recalled to my mind the loved country around Claremont. In the houses, and especially in those of the street at the extremity of which our Consul resides, one sees (in the attempt at a superior style of architecture) much that is German, and even an occasional Swiss gable.

L——, like most of those who make the pilgrimage to America, has not built his own house, but hires a handsome, spacious villa. We proceeded to his residence: it is situated, as has been mentioned before, at the western extremity of Vittoria, having one front towards the bay, and the other facing the wooded hill. This house bears the stamp of a luxurious modern Brazilian dwelling; white-washed walls; lofty, cheerful rooms with walls of light, simple colours; and numerous windows opening to every point of the compass; thus producing a fearful draught,

which the Brazilians recklessly allow to blow over their heated persons, but which threw me into a state of silent despair. The boarded floor is covered here and there with rush mats; the furniture is of solid and handsome wood with spring seats on which one may be comfortable in English style, but generally plaited over with reeds in adaptation to the tropical climate: here and there is a mirror in a golden frame, or a bright sparkling chandelier.

The idea of a little, secluded world within itself is unknown in a Brazilian home: the climate is opposed to it; there is nothing rough to be guarded against and no illusions to be created; the climate and vegetation present so many fascinations that no one thinks of the home attractions so much needed in those countries in which the difference between summer and winter is marked. Thus the home of the Brazilian is no centre around which his world is grouped, it is merely a place of refuge alternately from sun and rain; a couch where at night he may, undisturbed, disencumber himself of his clothes and enjoy the cool, invigorating breeze. That a man's home can never, from the very nature of circumstances, possess any memories, is the curse of tropical countries; imparting, as it does, an inconstancy and love of change to the character which are destructive of all notions of real domestic life. For when the home is a transitory one, the family ties formed in it are also of a fleeting nature.

There are four causes, three of which may be termed negative, that contribute to destroy domestic life and society in Brazil: the want of an old long-established home belonging to the head of the family in which generation after generation lives in the same style and with the same habits: the total absence of all idea and all feeling of conscience; a peculiarity which has arisen from the equable climate and the luxuriance of nature, and from



which has sprung the third cause, namely, the entire want of a religious principle, yearning for something higher than mere nature—(nature is, alas! only too beautiful); the fourth, and the most hideous and never-sufficiently-to-be deprecated, is that of slavery, which it is the duty of every Christian man, be his nation and his rank what it may, to wage war against, both by word and deed. Slavery unites within herself, and, alas! reproduces the three former evils. How can the blessings of home dwell side by side with slavery? How can conscience exist when there are men beyond the pale of the law, when beings who have souls depend exclusively on the arbitrary power and caprices of some few of their fellow-creatures? Is not religion a mockery, an empty jest, when the white man arrogates the right to treat those who are, equally with himself, born in the image of the Creator, like beasts of burden or like bales of goods? How can he deem religion to be true and necessary for man when he excludes a portion of mankind from any individual rights in it, and makes of flesh and blood an object for ill-treatment?

How a Catholic priest can have the courage to preach the Gospel in Brazil I cannot understand: he must reduce it *ad usum Delphini*. As I afterwards became convinced, there are no true Catholic clergy in Brazil, except the excellent Nuncio, who, in his holy zeal, is mortifying himself in vain. There are only substitutes, who wear a black coat, and read Mass just because it is the custom. Foreigners in Brazil are, unfortunately, only passing guests, imbued with the natural longing to sail back again across the ocean as soon as possible.

L—— conducted us to his house, where a Brazilian rocking-chair proved very acceptable, and even more so was some excellent champagne *frappé à la glace*, the real value of which one only learns in the tropics; we were delighted to refresh our wearied spirits with it. Whilst we

were thus resting, and were becoming invigorated in mind and body, we for the first time saw the Brazilian sun setting, in a sea of purple and gold, behind the leafy masses of the primeval forest. This is the most beautiful sight of the tropics; the clear firmament is still illuminated with golden light by the parting orb of day; the hues of the luxuriant vegetation are still gleaming brightly; whilst already the mysterious fragrance of evening is rising from the deep cups of the flowers; already the sweet cool breath of night floats on the air, the repose of night has begun; the leaves flutter gently in a delicious tremour; the darkening shadows fall more deeply; whilst in Heaven's opal vault star after star peeps forth, and, with advancing night, all brilliant insects flit from flower to flower.

Every house is now opened wide; the pale Brazilian ladies, in their light muslin dresses, their black hair falling unrestrained, glide out on the balconies and terraces, and rock themselves in their rocking-chairs, looking like wearied flowers, and guarded and attended upon by charming men.

Champagne raises the spirits, but it does not restore strength to the bodily powers, when fatigued with the labour of traversing a tropical forest. We therefore threw ourselves once more on the cushions of our carriage; and, in the cool evening air, we proceeded to the Hôtel Février. Our Frenchman now knew the rank of his guests; but had sufficient good sense and tact to evince this knowledge merely by the excellence of the repast prepared in the saloon adjoining the verandah. The table was adorned by a basket of most beautiful fruit, with the regal pineapple in the centre, and a number of savoury dishes, to which we addressed ourselves with unusual satisfaction: for, in the first place, the expedition, which had lasted for some hours, had sharpened our appetites; and, in the second, owing to all sorts of culinary misfortunes, we had for a

long time had nothing on board that was very palatable. The dishes at our present repast were (following the French plan) adapted to the climate, and were therefore strongly flavoured with spices. I remember with special gratitude an exceedingly savoury lobster, which afforded confirmation of the assertion that the sea is alike everywhere; for it was in no way behind its Adriatic brother in excellence. I must also note a dish of delicate *crevettes*, bright as rose-leaves, that surpassed all imagination, and tasted no longer like fish, but like a sweet fruit of the almond species. The Brazilian pickles, however, made of a bitter-sweet fruit, with a taste of turpentine, did not at all meet my approbation; they reminded me vividly of certain medicines that were given to us when children.

The conversation during dinner was cheerful and pleasant; we related our various doings, and L—— gave us many interesting and instructive particulars respecting this remarkable Empire, of which so little is known. He assured us that it was high time for the Emperor (so affable and so winning in manner) to come to Bahia and the provinces. Dissensions are said to have been very rife at that time, and a revolution on the point of breaking out. L—— is satisfied that all danger is past for the moment; since the Emperor excited great enthusiasm, and his energy and kindliness of heart made a very favourable impression. He was always the first person astir, and therefore was the dread of the officials. One morning, at sunrise, he made his appearance, quite unattended, at the Custom-house, one of the most important institutions in a commercial metropolis, most important of all to the Government, since all the receipts of the imperial revenue arise solely and entirely from the duties levied here. He knocked energetically with his own hand at the door; was forced to wait for an hour; made a great stir, and was heartily cheered by the public.

Whether it be in general wise for the Sovereign himself to act the police sergeant without any aid from the executive, we will leave an open question. In my opinion, a man should only take notice of faults when he has in his own hands the power of prompt and rigorous punishment: not when, like the Emperor of Brazil, he can neither change the rank of nor quietly dismiss his officials. This being exclusively the prerogative of the Minister, and one that is but too often exercised, the people must soon see through the farce, and those who are found fault with, but are left unpunished, will even laugh. It was certainly very wise of the Emperor to visit the manufactories frequently, and to examine them carefully, and thus to evince his interest in this source of national wealth: his diligent and assiduous attendance at the schools and at their examinations was also judicious. The visits to each individual monastery and presence at the numerous processions and Te Deums were not in accordance with the character of the Emperor, and were merely traditional customs, handed down from the ostentatious time of King João VI., which would have been better omitted.

The progress of the Monarch had, amid all its ceremonies, a tinge of poverty; the exchequer is so ill supplied in Bahia that the Emperor is often obliged to contract debts which however, unlike those of other mortals, have in them nothing dishonourable. For the expenses of this journey the Emperor had already for years been setting aside a small sum. His Majesty, being president of every possible scientific institution, and having regard to the thirst for title (which is here, as in all new countries, insatiable), hit upon the inexpensive and wise expedient of bestowing scientific titles of honour upon all those who incurred expense on his account during his progress, or who rendered him personal service. This new substitute for more costly acknowledgments may well be commended



to the attention of European Princes, for they exempt the royal donor from the expense, the tinsel, and gilding occasioned by splendid decorations. In Europe, the customary taxes cover all outlay of this kind, but the Prince of the primeval forest probably asks for nothing in addition to his empty title.

The Emperor, ever mindful of the wild primitive state of his Empire, disclaimed every unnecessary comfort whilst on his journey; and thus on his entrance into Bahia his consort gaily ascended the steep path from the shore to the Theatre Square on foot, beneath the scorching rays of the noonday sun (a path reminding one rather of the Righi than of a principal thoroughfare in a commercial metropolis), which exploit threw the lazy Brazilians into a state of blank astonishment; whilst the Europeans felt that it would have been a pleasure to have lent her one of the palanquins that were following. But no especial attention was paid to the Empress; for she is looked upon as a foreigner by the Brazilians.

The moon stood high in the tropical sky, and the stars were sparkling like gems when we strolled down the street to the shore. The botanist remained in the rear, dragging along his prizes, the boughs of which rustled like the branches of a wood. In our eagerness to get on shore in the morning, we had forgotten to order a boat for the evening. L——, as *Deus ex machinâ*, helped us in our need: he conducted us to the gate of the arsenal, which was opened (after we had been a long time hammering at it) by some sleepy soldiers. An old porter, who smelled of brandy, stared at us in astonishment, and gazed at the bush-clad botanist with genuine curiosity. L—— spoke to the Captain of the Guard, a very polite old gentleman, who (notwithstanding the lateness of the hour) threw on his blue coat, put his cocked hat on his head, and welcomed us invaders into his dominions. He immediately ordered

a boat to be manned, and most politely endeavoured to amuse us during the intervening time before the boat should be ready. 'According to custom in this Brazilian climate, we were invited by him to seat ourselves on the jetty (on which was a pavilion intended for guests of rank on occasions of launches) and to inhale the sea-breeze. Beneath the moonbeams the cool air blew from the broad ocean over the calm bay, rising and falling like the regular breathing of a peaceful sleeper; it was most deliciously refreshing.

This delay had its advantages; for in the arsenal we had an opportunity of seeing the first large firefly—no longer a glowing speck, a floating gem, but possessing the dimensions and brilliance of a small lamp. It flew quietly round and round, but baffled every attempt to catch it. It was sufficiently remarkable that one should see even this denizen of the air in the very centre of a town: but it is said that even *Beja flores* have been seen in the gardens in the town, gracing them with their lovely ethereal forms. But these airy forms, these exquisite ornaments of Bahian life, have their fearful contrast in the snakes that creep everywhere. L—— told us that a few weeks ago he discovered a cobra capella close by his child, who was at play on his terrace; this is the most poisonous of all the tropical snakes. A few days ago a cry attracted him to the window, and he saw, beneath the shrubs opposite, a large snake that had just been killed by some blacks. Snakes, alligators, and yellow fever, are unpleasant adjuncts to this paradise: but 'one becomes hardened to them,' as Bauernfeld truly says in his '*Deutschen Krieger*;' and this hardening is one of the first principles of existence when one is travelling.

The boat was now ready; we floated over the silvery waves, bearing with us a rich freight of pleasant memories in addition to our flowery spoils; and at length, safely,

though very tired, we reached our old tub, which, despite all our grumbling, had conveyed us so surely across the ocean.

One of the happiest days of my life had passed away; a new world had opened its beauties before my eyes; and even on this first day its choicest wonders had been displayed to me. As I lay on my couch in luxurious languor I mentally recounted all that I had seen; the gleaming forests rose mistily before me; lovely palms waved in the distance; the silvery sea encircled me; large butterflies beat the air with their downy wings; wondrous flowers emitted a delicious perfume from their purple cups; I was on the point of grasping one when I saw the sparkling eyes of a gold-streaked poisonous snake glaring at me; I shrank back, and tried to utter a cry; but once more the beauteous palms waved peacefully over me, lianas drew their green network around me, the leaves of the anone and banana rose above me like swelling waves, and from amid a distant wreath of orchids, a hummingbird fluttered its emerald wings, and poured forth a lay of such thrilling beauty that it was to my ear as an echo from a far-off land, while softly and yet more softly its tones were borne on the summer air . . . . .

The brilliant morning sun rose from the ocean waves, and shed its rays into our cabins. The travellers awoke from their blissful dreams to yet more blissful realities.

It was the 12th January, and one of the bright summer days of the tropics, where one can always reckon on days of equal length. There is something satisfactory in this equal division of twelve hours: and if the daytime be rather short, yet it never becomes shorter; thus the inhabitants of tropical regions are spared that season which to me (perhaps with some little exaggeration of feeling) seems to be an annually recurring misfortune. October, November, and December, are three months to which I

have an antipathy ; they fill me with feelings of melancholy and of sorrow, for they are the parting months of the dying year. The fortunate Brazilians are spared these pangs of adieu, and the chill cold of winter. To see the sun rise in a genial atmosphere at six o'clock in the morning on January 12, is a real heaven-sent blessing ; and I can but think with emotions of mingled horror and compassion of cold, snowy Europe.

Man is only really happy in a climate in which he could dispense with clothing if he wished, for there alone is the body free ; there his intellect and his dress have a refining influence. But how is the soul chilled, how sickly and dejected does it become in those countries in which dress, instead of being a pleasing ornament, is a sad necessity ! There, the soul does indeed become frozen ; for fur and wadding are unavailing to warm it. When I think of these poor chilled spirits, a picture rises before me that I saw some years ago in the Schwartzenberg Gallery in the feudal Castle of Kruman. It represented the soul as embodied in the form of a little misty miniature man, a photograph, so to speak, of the fleshly covering. But as the dress of a man can never clothe his spirit, how must this suffer in a cold climate ; and how bright and happy must it not be, on the contrary, in the tropics !

That which foreigners relate respecting the rapid coming and departure of day in the tropics is quite wanting in truth. Travellers delight in exaggeration, although in that which really exists they have ample material for exciting interest in the minds of men. Before steam lessened the distances of different parts of the globe from each other, one little lie still found its account in the astrological mysteries with which the few who had travelled delighted to shroud their mystic tales of wonder, in the pious hope that no one would come after them to test what they said by the standard of truth. There was a



secret bond between those who were travellers, and a sort of *esprit de corps* forbade them to unmask each other. Now all is altered, and no one, in any part of the world, is safe from detection. According to the general account given by visitors to the tropics, one must believe that the sun suddenly illumines the darkness of night like an electric light, and is extinguished with equal rapidity: yet there is in the tropics a period of twilight; and this twilight is very beautiful, and its gradually fading very perceptible. Still a Northern cannot fail to be struck by one important difference between these countries and his own: for in the North, and especially in the north of Germany, there is a perpetual twilight, not to speak of Russia, where the light can never become really bright.

With early morning we went to the arsenal, which we selected as the most convenient spot for landing. It stands between the Custom-house and some large warehouses that have iron roofs in the English style, and serves principally as a place for the repair of Northern shipping; it is small and has no dock, merely the most unsightly, old-fashioned wharves. In former times, before steam and machinery were in vogue, this arsenal was probably one of importance; but it is much too small for present requirements, and its arrangements are imperfect. The entire establishment is kept in good order; and I was particularly pleased with the idea of interweaving natural vegetation, wherever space would permit, with the artificial stiffness of order.

There are pretty gardens in the midst of the iron and wood-work, and lofty trees afford an agreeable shade. Among these shrubs I for the first time examined closely the *Flor da Independencia* (*Codiaeum chrysostictum*, Spr.). It grows like a laurel, and its leaves are of light yellow and bright green, the colours of the national flag; thus in civil tumults, the branches serve as party tokens; hence

the name of the plant, which I have never seen in Europe. Whether the shrub derives its name from its colours being those of the modern flag, or whether the colours of the flag were originally taken from the plant, I do not know. For the credit of the free Brazilians as regards good taste, I will hope the latter; for the frightful combination of colours in the Brazilian flag could only be excused on the ground of some association of ideas. Such combinations of colour are possible in nature, but should be carefully avoided in all works of art. The colours presented a very gaudy appearance on the Brazilian corvette stationed in the roads as guard-ship. On a field of spinach-green was a canary-coloured cube, in which was a blood-red cross, with a blue globe and a tall imperial crown (looking like a nightcap) above it. On each side of the globe (the proper Imperial arms) was a bough of the coffee plant and one of the tobacco plant, both in bloom, emblems of native wealth. These symbols, chosen from the botanical world, were derived from the primitive country which had no historical memorials to show; and they may serve as a type of all that is American.

The Empire makes no pretence in its arms; but the republics of Central and Southern America adorn their standards with a complete rebus, not easy to decipher, and better adapted to the signboard of a travelling menagerie, or the door of a cabinet of curiosities. The globe in the Brazilian arms has (as I had an opportunity of observing when in Lisbon) an historical origin. It is the proud and venerated symbol of the great Portuguese King Emmanuel. When the Brazilian flag is new, it is gaudy and Chinese in its appearance; when it becomes old and faded it reminds one of a bad egg in colour. The guard-ship of which I spoke carries at its mizen, as the flag of the *Chefe d'Esquadra do Bahia*, a dark-blue standard, with the Southern Cross picked out in white stars, fantastic but

not unpleasing. The corvette, an old bark, does not look out of kelter so far as one can judge by her exterior; but the crew were not smart-looking men, on the contrary, they were dirty and unseamanlike, and were also, for the most part, very plain, even ugly men; reminding one of the monkeys in the forest, and (like the soldiers) strongly tintured with black. The *Chefe d'Esquadra* in Bahia at this time is William Parker, an Englishman who has served the Brazilian Government for thirty years, and is much lauded as a clever and estimable man.

On leaving the arsenal on the land side, we immediately enter the most lively street in the town; in it are the Custom-house and all the best shops; it extends along the shore as far as the uncleared country. Here also issues the celebrated hilly street which slopes from the Theatre Square. At the junction of these two streets, on a terrace on the side of the hill, stands the handsomest and probably also the oldest church in Bahia. The façade, with its two towers, is of white marble, and is built in that ornamental style intervening between the Renaissance and the Periwig period. One recognises the hand of the Portuguese master; and is pleased, amid all the new modern buildings, and all the luxuriance of nature, to find at least one monument rendered grey by time. Those peculiar treasures in which Venice is so rich, and around which the aroma of history hangs, are sorely missed in Brazil, which has only belonged to the world for three centuries and a half, and whose people are still in their infancy.

Hard by the arsenal, in front of the gate of the Custom-house, is the grand place of rendezvous of the noted Bahian porters; these are characteristic figures that must not be left unnoticed. They are stalwart negro slaves, who (so long as their strength lasts) are let out for hire by their owners; thus forming a source of wealth that brings in a larger return than does the letting out of oxen. These

black beasts of burden, whom their master provides merely with food, are scarcely covered by their linen rags; they go barefoot and bare-headed, and carry the heaviest loads on their broad shoulders by means of long poles. They work in gangs of four, six, and even eight. The burdens are slung on the poles; the bearers proceed with a swinging, and always rapid motion; and they hum, or rather howl, a melancholy ditty as they toil along at their quick trot. Their eyes sparkle with excitement; their muscles swell; their monotonous chant is accompanied by a regular motion of the body, which nothing disturbs.

One involuntarily shrinks with horror from these sad trains of human beasts of burden; the sight of them sends a thrill through the heart of an European, and makes his thoughts turn from this paradise back over the broad waves of ocean. I saw trains of these porters, panting beneath the scorching noonday sun, and softly murmuring their monotonous song, as they mounted the hill at an even trot. I could not but stand still to watch them; long after they had disappeared I could still hear the echo of their melancholy tones, coming from the mountains; and these were men! And they who thus degrade their fellow-men call themselves free citizens, of a free country, which is said to prosper with such institutions; and they never suspect the disgrace, the shame, that lie in these words!

The songs of the negroes are deserving of notice. They are improvised upon a melody that runs throughout; and though, for the most part, they treat of *farinha* or *cachaça*, yet they often throw a very remarkable light upon the relations of master and slave, and upon the treatment received; mingled sometimes with laments for the free home on the other side of the broad terrible ocean, that insurmountable wall which stands between the rights of man and the sale of souls. When they have improvised a



stanza, it is repeated continuously, in a regular rhythm. The following lines will serve as a sample of one of these songs :

‘Men Senhor me da paneadas  
Isto não está na sua razão :  
Com gosto he beijaria a mão  
Se só me desse bofetadas.’

These few words tell a tale of arbitrary power ; and one might imagine that such complaints could not fail to have an effect : but slave-owners have rhinoceros hides, and are utterly impervious to shame ; and to them the language of blacks is only that of beasts, possessing nothing intelligible to their ears.

At the gate of the arsenal a fashionable equipage was waiting to conduct us to a religious festival, which is annually solemnised on this day by the negroes, at the shrine of Nossa Senhora do Bom Fim. I drew back on seeing the carriage, and all L——’s persuasions were needed to induce me to enter it. It was a light and very handsome calèche, with four greys, that pranced as though this were a state coach. On the box sat two men, black as ink, but dressed in handsome green coats, with silver lace and embroidery, in velvet breeches, and white gaiters, cravats, and gloves ; large whiskers surrounded their grinning faces, and on their woolly heads they wore black hats with long silver tassels, which flapped now against their backs, now in their faces. The carriage with its concomitant luxuries reminded me of that of Madame Pompadour in the play. In this carriage was I to exhibit myself to the inquisitive mob of Bahia ! Many countries, many customs !

By all accounts, I got through it very well ; the desire of the Bahians, who delight in sights, had been to prepare a sort of triumphal procession for me ; and an Austrian, who had become a wealthy man in Bahia, in his patriotic loyalty himself ordered this gilt carriage expressly for my use. This showy equipage, and especially the silver-bedecked,

liveried negroes, were most distasteful to me, and I wished myself back in my mule-carriage.

We went at a quick pace down the long street on the coast, in which I could have fancied myself again in Lisbon, and even in the very street leading to Necessidades. I saw the same houses and balconies, the same disorderly shops, the same vehicles in the street, yes! even the same Southern odours;—all was like Lisbon. I saw far more portraits of the King of Portugal in the print-shops than of the Emperor of distant Rio. This appeared the more remarkable, because the Emperor was said to have been so well received here only a few days ago.

The eating-shops of the negroes struck me particularly. Old negro women kneaded farinha in large metal vessels or in the calibashes before mentioned; while sometimes beans disappeared in the meal, or grains of rice rose to the surface. The usual substitute for bread is found in the bread-fruit, or in the fruit of the jaccà, roasted. When the repast is to be luxurious according to the notions of the poor slave, it is increased by the addition of *carne secca*, pressed meat from Buenos Ayres, of the consistency of old leather; it is softened with hot water, but can only be bitten by the thirty-two teeth of a negro. The ragged negroes squat like monkeys round these improvised kitchens; and dive with their long paws into the mass of farinha of which they proceed to eat their fill, and which they afterwards digest, amid hoarse chatterings, with the heavy appearance of a camel when ruminating. When their means will permit, all, young and old, men and women, pass on to the corner of the street to the old white-headed negro who sells the fiery cachaça, that burning poison which excites such a grateful, pleasant feeling of semi-intoxication in these unhappy beings that, under its influence, they can more easily bear the blows of their masters.

Another curious spectacle in the streets of Bahia is presented by the negresses who offer their wares for sale in long, large, glass cases, which they carry on their heads. The first time that I saw one of these glass cases, I supposed it to contain either the body of a child or some relics. In these transparent receptacles are offered for sale pastry, ribbons, thread, linen, and all other requisites for domestic purposes. What the object of this excessive care is, I cannot tell. The origin of these little boxes is ancient; probably they are intended as protection against flies, for dust there is none in Brazil. The skill with which the strong negresses balance the glass cases on their heads is astonishing; they traverse every portion of the town with their burdens.

The long street through which we passed was close to the sea; on our left, the houses gradually diminished, and we proceeded along the edge of the coast. On our right the town rose on the slope of the hill; but already we perceived how the profuse vegetation pressed on all sides of the houses, and among them. This drive reminded me forcibly of Posilippo. Here, as there, the road is washed by the peaceful waters of the bay; the houses peep forth from among moist verdure; the view extends far over the gleaming sea with its vessels to the houses on the other side: and as in the Parthenopean gulf, so here the town, encircled by the blue waves and the green vegetation, melts away into a suburb of villas, with brilliant gardens, in which are exquisite specimens of the jaccà and orange. An old mango tree in front of a villa is an inestimable treasure; one obtains from it, in the open air, the shade and coolness of a second house. In these gardens we found some large and beautiful Plumieras.

L—— ordered the carriage to stop in front of a pretty villa; and the negro coachman, with unusual dexterity, turned it, and drove us, over some planks and between

wooden huts, to a roughly cleared piece of land, where heaps of earth and hollow paths were intermixed, and where the rich yellow of the original soil lay exposed to the light of day. In this scene of confusion were some iron rails and trucks, giving evidence of the commencement of a railway. The Bahians show these pigmy beginnings with immense pride, and talk of nothing but the *Caminho do ferro*. However, at present, it makes but a ridiculous appearance and is a disgrace to these tropical people, who think too highly of themselves. They lack two things to make them resemble their European brethren of the Northern continent—energy and money. They hold grand discussions in their Chambers, fill their newspapers with articles on the necessity for an iron road of communication, and their grandiloquent expressions are applauded by the public: but whilst in North America enormous distances are really traversed by the locomotive, in Brazil all ends as it began, in a multitude of words and a quantity of scribbling. The Bahians labour at their railway arrangements as though they had ten Semmeringe to steam over; yet they never advance beyond one spot; but lose year after year and spend untold millions of money.

Meanwhile the wealth afforded by the vigour of nature decays in the interior of the country for want of means of communication. Brazil, above all countries, needs railways. A few iron rails laid down wisely and expeditiously in this magnificent country would bring every material blessing, and with but little trouble; as the plough prepares the earth for produce, so would colonisation on a grand scale, communication and intercourse between isolated parts of the country, the building of towns, extensive trade, an immense increase of revenue and increased wealth of private individuals, all follow the track of the steam engine. Railways would even alleviate slavery, that ruin and curse of Brazil. Money is wanting; but



why is money wanting in a land thus abounding in wealth? Because the government is weak, and those who are governed possess an undue amount of self-esteem; because freedom in Brazil really conceals within it excessive despotism. The constitutional, chattering oligarchy understand by freedom, protection from any attacks upon slavery; and by government, non-payment of taxes for the good of the empire. If a requisition were made for an exceptional tax for laying down the railway, it would bring a return of a hundred per cent.; and indeed would make the Brazilians rich, those who now retire from the coast into the forest would cease to do so, and a solid empire would be established. Up to the present time the railways have been merely fashionable amusements, expensive toys, serving as hobbies for men to talk over in their chambers.

So long as Peter II. cannot proceed by railway into the interior of his empire, so long will he remain not an emperor, but only the master of some custom-houses in a few seaports and lord of the small districts around them. For, in the interior of the provinces of St. Paul and Minas (only a day's journey from the coast) no more is known of the Emperor and of the great Empire of Brazil, than we know of Dalailama and its cloud-covered theocracy. Peter II. might have made many discoveries on these subjects if the slave-oligarchy that surrounded him had allowed him to investigate for himself. In vain do English engineers trouble themselves about the direction the railway should take.

As regards the currency also all goes on badly: and I experienced a feeling of melancholy when I saw the whole of Bahia overwhelmed with paper, and that even these splendidly illustrated bank notes with their handsome pictures were taken from this drowsy empire to England.

After we had, for the amusement of the Bahians,

mounted a few mole-hills and admired the ballast waggons, we re-seated ourselves in the carriage, quitted the coast, and drove through a lovely country, in which nature and cultivation go hand in hand, in the direction of Bom Fin. The wide, level, well-kept road was bordered sometimes by fields of sugar-cane or of velvet-leaved yams, sometimes by little gardens with a profusion of flowers, sometimes by groups of large trees with an undergrowth of bushes and shrubs. The sky was slightly overcast; and small genial rain for a short time refreshed the grateful earth. Though Dr. Wirrer maintains that in Ischl the rain is an infusion of lime-blossom, that is merely an imaginative illusion of the old enthusiast; and he would have found it difficult to say exactly on what three days in the year it does not pour down in hogsheads. But in the tropics one really learns that rain may be a genial greeting, and a positively agreeable sight. Here, one scarcely defends oneself against it; people pursue their way quietly and undisturbed; and even if one should get wet through, one takes no cold, and has no uncomfortable sensations to dread from it; for the warm air of this delicious climate dries one rapidly, and destroys all unpleasant feelings.

There is none of the chill produced by rain in our own country, and especially in Ischl, which is so peculiarly painful to sensitive persons. Here the moisture evaporates like the drops of a perfume, and therefore no protection is required against them. However, we Europeans put up the hood of our calèche, which I should very much have regretted, on account of the beautiful scenery, only that, as in Egypt, the hinder portion of the carriage was completely open; which is a pleasant arrangement for the admission of air, and one that was particularly appreciated by me on this day, as it enabled me to see the country behind us, as though I were at the window of a balcony; and just now the view was especially beautiful.

We were passing through an avenue of tall, slender, cocoa-nut palms, whose feathery crowns waved over the road; the most exquisite creepers were twined around them and hung from them in light festoons; round the stems was a thick undergrowth of lovely shrubs, and on the grass the pretty *Vinea rosea* bloomed profusely. This flower seemed to smile its greeting like an old friend from our home hothouses where the plants bear beautiful white and red blossoms; and here, the much-prized flower was to be seen blooming, wild and unnoticed, by the side of a country road.

The view through the avenue of cocoa-nut palms with the ever-changing lights that gleamed behind the silvery veil of genial rain, the green outlines vanishing in perspective, and the fresh glow of the bedewed plants and flowers was enchanting, and mysterious as the sacred halls of flowers which lead through the groves of the Brahmins to the mystic Indian temple.

The road brought us to the hill of Nossa Senhora do Bom Fin, which is surrounded by palms and watered by the spray of the sea. Our four horses dashed across the square in front of a church of brilliant whiteness in the rococo style, standing on a broad handsome terrace, up to which was a wide flight of steps, and on which were some houses. In the square and round the church all was confusion, as though it were a fair-day; black people in their gayest holiday attire were passing to and fro, and chattering noisily; carriages filled with well-dressed senhoras and inquisitive citizens were endeavouring to steer a path through the human waves to the terrace near the church; glass cases, filled with eatables, hovered above the heads of the crowd; little groups of people selling *cachaça* formed, as it were, islands in the sea of people; a wooden stage similar to that erected in the Theatre Square for the Emperor, announced marvels for the coming afternoon.

Our chariot was drawn safely by its four foaming steeds through the thronging crowd; we alighted and were borne along by the stream to the large building; we pressed through a side door as though passing the lock of a canal, and found ourselves in a long, cheerful, handsomely ornamented gallery; beautiful copper engravings in gilt frames were suspended against the walls, and the light which streamed in through the large windows danced on the sparkling lustres. Mirth and gaiety pervaded the hall. Many young damsels were seated in rows by the wall; their dusky charms not concealed, but enhanced by kerchiefs of transparent light-coloured gauze. In the most graceful and becoming attitudes, and amid incessant chattering, they were selling all kinds of reliques, amulets, torches, and eatables, partly from their baskets and partly from glass cases. To a good Catholic the whole of this proceeding could not but appear most blasphemous; for at this festival the blacks mingled heathen notions to a most improper extent with their ideas of pilgrimage. All went on merrily in the hall: the negro crowd pressed round the saleswomen, laughing and joking; the latter jested in return, behaved in a very coquettish manner, and ogled at the black clowns. The whole scene presented a wild, oriental appearance, though mixed with a certain amount of civilisation. That must have been a very similar scene in the temple when our Lord took the scourge and for the first time destroyed the profane trafficking of his country-people. To any one who could forget his righteous indignation, the picture would have been both cheerful and pleasing; and an artist might have found many beautiful studies from nature.

We fought our way on, and reached a spacious apartment filled with rich ornaments; the furniture of which showed it to be a sacristy. A jovial, yellow-faced clergyman was leaning on a chest, with a chasuble and chalice



close beside him, and was talking to some senhoras in a lively and agreeable strain. It was indeed a most comfortable, pleasant sacristy.

The stream of people again carried us on, driving us forward, and pressing us with ever-increasing force, into a spacious hall, from the ceiling of which various chandeliers were hanging, filled with lighted tapers; the walls were of white and gold and were adorned with gay pictures. An atmosphere of festivity seemed to pervade the place; a joyous expectation; as though nothing were wanting in this brilliant hall but the drums and fiddles for the dance. It was crammed with black, brown, yellow figures: with lovely women, sometimes complete giantesses, whose bare necks and beautifully formed shoulders were ornamented with beads, coral, gold chains, and amulets. These women all had shrill voices, rendered mirthful by the influence of *cachaça*; and for festal trophies, they carried ornamented brooms.

This was an excellent opportunity for studying dusky complexions and negro costume. The negroes were holding their saturnalia; slavery had ceased for the moment; and by the unrestrained movements and the wild merriment of both blacks and mulattoes, by their rich and picturesque attire, one could see that they were, for this day, perfectly happy. There were specimens of every size, every form of the negro race: from the matron, with her gilt ornaments, her almost portly figure and proud gait, to the graceful, joyous, gazelle-like maiden, scarce yet developed: from the white-headed, ape-like, good-tempered old negro, to the roguish chattering boy.

All moved hither and thither in a confused mass. Here, were two acquaintances greeting and kissing each other; there, two negro slaves from distant parts of the town were shaking hands; here a matron shouted 'Good day,' over the heads of those around her, to an approaching

Amazon; there groups of people had collected and were chattering merrily over the events and love-adventures of this happy day. Mirth and unrestrained happiness reigned everywhere: one could see that it was a long-looked-for festival, at which the negroes felt quite at home. The whole company were unanimous on one point; namely, the pleasure of keeping up a loud unceasing chatter.

We pushed forward into the hall in gay spirits, and likewise talking loudly. I was gazing here and there with curiosity, anxious to impress on my mind, as clearly as possible, all the scenes of this black witches' sabbath; when at the farther end of the hall my eye was attracted to a figure on a daïs, who continually looked anxiously up and down in a book, then cast a glance around him, vanished, and re-appeared again. I could not believe my eyes; I fixed them on him once more and saw him in the same place. Suddenly a light flashed across my mind and a thrill of horror succeeded. It was the yellow-complexioned priest, who was going through the ceremony of the mass (I cannot call it celebrating mass), as though he were giving an oration at this public festival. I could no longer doubt; we were in the church; the large, mirthful, dancing-hall was a Brazilian temple of God, the chattering negroes were baptized Christians, were supposed to be Catholics, and were attending mass.

The Brazilian priests maintain that it is necessary to lead the negroes into the paths of religion by these means: that they understand nothing higher, and can only be brought to the church by mirth and gaiety and when plied with cachaça. This is certainly a very convenient view of the question for slave-owners to take; for it stamps the negro as being half a beast, and gives a sort of sanction to slavery. We spent only the morning in the church; but in the afternoon, and especially towards evening, when the cachaça has raised hilarity to its height,

every bound of pious reverence is said to be broken through, and a wild bacchanalia celebrated, in which vice remains victor of the day.

The proper object of this festival is a pilgrimage of the women to this church in order that by washing the entrance on the terrace and the stone pavement, they may obtain the blessing of children; hence the ornamented broom that each woman brings with her, and the emptying of water and careful sweeping which, to our amusement, we noticed everywhere among the crowd. Whether this washing and sweeping be of much avail, I do not know. In any case the miracle is not always worked, but appears to be confined to some isolated instances; for (to the despair of the slave oligarchy) the statistics show that the negro population diminishes considerably every year. The principal reasons probably are the ill-treatment of the slaves, their immorality, the necessity laid upon the expectant mother to continue her work as long as possible, and the excessive use of *cachaça*. There are also the fearful instances of slave women committing child-murder in order to revenge themselves on their cruel masters, and to rob him of valuable capital. These saturnalia are really only occasions of public rejoicing, like that of the dearly-prized feast of St. Bridget in Vienna.

Whilst listening to these joyous exclamations from the mob, we were attracted by two large frescoes below the choir; one representing the death of the sinner, *A morte do peccador*; the other, the death of the just, *A morte do justo*. *O peccador* is rolling on his couch of pain in all the agonies of sickness, and horned messengers are waiting to take his departing soul to eternal flames; whilst *O justo* is passing away calmly and peacefully, and angels are ministering to the soul on the point of its new birth to a life of happiness. The pictures were so absurd that they would have suited a punch-bowl better than a church.

We made our way from this wild bacchanalian orgy to the broad terrace, whence there is a splendid prospect. We stood on a peninsula formed by the terminations of the roads near the town; hence the name 'Bom Fin,' good end. From this spot there is a fine view of the large, wide-spread, commercial metropolis, of the broad, beautiful bay, of the numerous gaily-dressed vessels, of the grand masses of vegetation which border the town; of the groups of magnificent trees in the immediate neighbourhood, of the verdant hill, and also an extensive prospect of the distant heights and islands which surround the bay like a fringe of green. The sun was now shining with tropical warmth and splendour, and imparted to the hues of nature the brilliant glow, peculiar to this zone.

With some difficulty we regained our carriage which was standing in the midst of the crowd. The horses had become restive, for the stupid people (I may be forgiven for using this appropriate epithet) were continually sending up rockets though it was noonday, according to Portugo-Brazilian custom. To carry coals to Newcastle would hardly be so senseless as thus to let off fireworks in the very face of a tropical sun. One hears a crackling and whizzing, scarce sees the smoke, hears the shouts of the crowd, and then sees a broomstick fall! But it is not left to negroes only to amuse themselves in this way; it is a genuine, national pastime.

On our return, we saw unceasing streams of negroes and negresses carrying glass cases on their heads, of carriages filled with white people, and of white men riding on mules whom curiosity had attracted to Bom Fin. So long as the negresses wear their own peculiar costume with its gay, picturesque colours, they look very well; but woe betide them when they adopt European dress; they are then exactly like monkeys. Crinolines that catch the dust, mantillas of brightest hue, and exquisite Parisian



parasols to protect the ebony of their complexions; and with all this, bare feet! The sight is too comical. A slave woman may by some chance perhaps obtain permission to wear silk and velvet; but I never saw her feet covered. The negro gentlemen in black hats and coats also look most absurd, and yet one cannot but feel melancholy when looking at them. The mulattoes have longer hair, but it is still woolly; their ill-advised ladies wear it dressed in the modern style, and remind one of curly poodles.

As the procession of pilgrims passed through the street the windows and balconies of the villas were crowded with spectators. Most of the ladies had their heads dressed. On this occasion I became acquainted with a lady's toy that was quite new to me, a most beautiful live *vistiti* which, tied by a silken cord, played gracefully in the street by the side of its coquettish mistress. These pretty Lilliputian monkeys are so tiny and so clean that it is impossible to connect the idea of anything that is disgusting with them. But these pretty animals, with their small faces, sharp teeth, sparkling eyes, and glossy fur, are rare even in Brazil. The *vistiti*, like the humming-bird, defies all description.

From the town we wended our way into a green valley, where L—— showed us the large building, erected by shareholders, for the new waterworks. The water is pumped up by steam engines, and is conveyed to the most distant parts of the town, situated on all the various hills. An inscription is placed on a white marble tablet in the house to inform posterity of the visit paid by Peter II. and his consort. Such inscriptions, in commemoration of events so unimportant, are absurd; since their origin cannot always be explained, as in this case, to have arisen from the novelty and rarity of an Imperial progress, and to the exuberant spirits of a romantic people.

From the waterworks we proceeded to the more distant portion of the town, lying on the hill. Our horses could have told of the unevenness of the streets; for sometimes we descended into the very depths, sometimes mounted to the skies; our eyes and noses could have told of Portuguese dust and dirt: in the town itself there is nothing worthy of notice. Numerous monasteries, various churches, frequent and very pretty fountains from the new waterworks, with alligators, fish, and young boys as water-gods, irregular streets, dirty houses and poor shops, form the component parts of this thickly-populated town. Near the houses I found a number of *Carica papaya*, the mealy fruit of which provides nourishment for the poorer inhabitants. The town is devoid of interest, except in the squares; in the square in front of the theatre all the principal buildings are grouped. Here are the façades of the gigantic Franciscan Monastery and of the Jesuits' Church before described; here also is the large, new, iron fountain (on which all the rivers of the Empire are represented in allegorical figures) and the old cathedral with its ornamented exterior; this is, also, the square on which stand the imperial palace and the town-hall, which has really an historical appearance.

We went to the *Hôtel Février* to order our breakfast, and again found a merry and noisy group of strangers in the verandah. A small live deer with a dark, glossy coat, and gazelle-like eyes, was offered to us in the name of a French traveller; also a water-bird, resembling a cormorant, with dark-green plumage; both of which the owner had brought with him from the forest. I contented myself with examining the interesting animals, but declined them with many thanks.

Here we found our botanist surrounded by bushes and flowers; he had taken with him some sailors with large bags, and had spent the whole morning at the lake, botan-

ising with great success. The sportsman of our party had gone with him, and had likewise brought back rich booty; with natural pride he emptied before us the brilliant and glowing contents of his game bag. Here were treasures with which a mere closet naturalist would weary himself for years, and which, though mangled and dirty, he would preserve in glass cases. Here were specimens from almost every kingdom of animal nature; beautiful emerald-coloured, and still more beautiful topaz-coloured humming-birds, whose throats and chests gleamed with a golden glow like that of jewels, whilst in the sunlight the small head and neck emitted rays like those of a ruby. Here were lovely little doves of the size of a quail, of a soft, glossy grey, with spots of blue like lapis lazuli on their wings; a species of blackbird which lives by the side of streams; a brilliant kingfisher, an immense green lizard, together with butterflies of exquisite hues, admirable contributions to my increasing museum.

To European eyes such spoils thrown down carelessly in rich profusion appeared like lavish waste; whilst a murdered humming-bird formed subject for repentance. The trophies of the botanist and of the zoologist were so brilliant on this their first attempt, that they might well be pardoned for endeavouring to magnify the value of their expedition, and to excite our envy by their wonderful stories. They had already held conversations with parrots; the botanist had greeted the monkeys in the forest as equals; they had saluted snakes with hisses and claps, and indeed the botanist maintained that in his hunt for the famous annga he had even seen the tears of a hungry crocodile. But the greatest treasure that the eager man of science had brought with him was a beautiful humming-bird's nest, fastened by slender fibres to a tender bough, and lined with soft wool; two lovely eggs lay within. That such a marvel of beauty should spring from so tiny an egg is one of those

metamorphoses of nature that we wonder at but cannot understand.

When we had ordered our breakfast, and had held a long conversation with Monsieur Henry respecting the purchase of some live animals, I left my travelling companions to rest, hired a negro as my guide, and employed the spare time in looking leisurely with the Doctor at the principal buildings in the neighbourhood. The imperial palace has one front in the adjoining street; its principal façade is in the square in which is the town-hall, and the third side fronts the bay. The building looks like a hospital, and is of the greatest simplicity. It displays none of the luxury of a private mansion, and is only remarkable for its size and situation. The numerous windows are all made to open like doors, and have iron balustrades. In the entrance-hall there was, as I afterwards found out, a guard of honour placed at my disposal: and, notwithstanding all my protestations, and my desire for the strictest incognito, all possible officials and servants were awaiting my arrival. The town-hall is a large, ancient, venerable building of the bye-gone days of the Portuguese kings, and is raised above the level of the ground on short, massive pillars.

On proceeding a little farther we arrived at the cathedral, a sombre building, bearing the grey marks of time, and affording proof that, in the early days of colonisation, a certain regard was felt for beauty and art. Unfortunately our old grey-headed negro (who did not very well understand our language of signs) could not obtain admission for us. The principal gate of the Jesuits' church was likewise closed. At the Franciscan monastery opposite, we made our way into a sort of vestibule, on the walls of which the miracles of the saints of the Seraphic order were immortalised in genuine rococo taste on white and blue tablets. One finds similar pictures in all the monas-



teries and churches in Brazil: they remind one of the edifices of southern Italy and of Sicily. The cool, dimly-lighted vestibule, into which all the old beggar-people glided, also awoke recollections of Italy. But here again we could not penetrate farther; for it was the hour for the siesta, doubly needed in this tropical climate. I regretted very much that I was unable, during my stay in Bahia, to examine this Franciscan fortress.

In the square we again looked at the large bronze-coloured fountains before mentioned, which appear to fulfil their real destiny only on festive occasions. To-day the water gods did not pour forth their treasures, nor was there a drop of water in all the broad channel within the grating. From one solitary pipe, dirty, untidy negroes were drawing water; and, to judge from the appearance of a little house close by, they were obliged to pay even for this. That each nymph and water god should bear the name of the river which he or she is intended to represent is an instructive and very necessary arrangement. Certainly the people might by this means be led to expect water of a different taste from each river; but without such recorded names who could guess the deep meaning of these lightly-clad figures? One now has the opportunity of learning that these are the modern servants of the gods, Para, S. Francisco, Paraguasù and Parana, who stand thus broiling in the sun.

We once more tried to storm the Jesuits' church, and at last succeeded in rousing a mulatto bellringer or sexton, who led us up some very rotten and steep steps through the bell-tower to the choir. The gorgeously gilded high-altar and a handsome flat roof of cedar wood alone deserved notice. Our guide, a comical fellow, did the honours of his church in the drollest manner possible. He painted in glowing colours and with very amusing vehemence the hatred of the Brazilians towards the Jesuits, and told us

in hoarse tones of approbation how the great and wise Pedro I. had ordered them to be flogged. This heathenish act, recorded in the history of his country, he thought very grand, and he only lamented that the venerable Fathers should have buried large treasures in their church before their departure. The fact is very well known, though the spot has not yet been found. His indignation against the Jesuits was most absurd, the expression of genuine Brazilian sentiments.

But whether the people were gainers by the sudden removal of the Jesuits, is quite another question. Casting aside all prejudices, one must arrive at the conviction that the weak, intolerant government of Portugal permitted them to hold the reins of power much too exclusively and too completely: but, on the other hand, they were in the far west the guardians of knowledge and of all culture, now fast disappearing. They carried roads deep into the forest, erected model buildings far in the interior, and by their powers of self-adaptation knew how to attach the wild Indian tribes. All this has vanished with the Fathers. Had the government but understood the difficult art of upholding its own authority over the Jesuits, and of making use of their activity, tact, and scientific knowledge for the spread of cultivation, probably the present wild state of things would never have existed. Whether religion is now more zealously practised than formerly, the Archbishop of Bahia can best decide. But the narrow-minded government has cast from it a useful instrument, and now stands powerless before the primeval forest, not knowing how to advance, and seeing itself deserted by one tribe of Indians after another.

I received these details partly from Protestants, partly from some old Brazilian atheists who show themselves in this point to be more impartial, more discriminating, than those who call themselves Catholics. Little as the habits

and manners of the Jesuits and other religious orders are adapted to the steam-machinery of modern Europe, the more for that very reason they are, when skilfully led, and when incited to action by proper supervision, useful in countries that are but semi-civilised.

The portion of the town that slopes down to the sea by the fruit market rewards one for the trouble of inspection. An entire town of booths, looking like a bazaar, with streets intersecting each other and encircling the whole, forms the fruit market of Bahia, which resembles exceedingly that of Gibraltar, but it is larger, and the interior incomparably more interesting. To European travellers there is indeed a real, scientific interest in the fruit market at Bahia, because here rich specimens of the marvellous products of the soil are collected within a small space. London has a similar town of booths in the neighbourhood of London Bridge, in which I have wandered with interest, but it is still larger, and there both earth and sea lay their tribute at the feet of the Queen of the Ocean. Yet even this lacks the marked, foreign characteristics that distinguish the fruit market immediately on the shore of the Bay of All Saints.

Civilised life and the inner life of the forest find here, on the quay before this town of booths, a point of union. Here, boats in full sail come down the giant river from lands uncleared by man to discharge the rich cargoes supplied by the hand of beneficent nature. On entering this peculiar town one feels (as in the bazaar at Cairo) confused, bewildered. One does not know what to look at first, whether at those who are selling or at what they sell; whether to devote one's attention first to the plants or to the animals. If one wish to linger for a little while before any object, one is immediately surrounded by a crowd of negroes, who, by their hoarse chattering, render it impossible to examine anything minutely. Here also,

on pressing through the streets, one sees, instead of Ceres and Pomona, the most hideous negresses, mulattoes, and white people all mixed up together in confused groups, sitting on the bare ground behind their piles of fruit. On the right is a heap of rose-coloured yams; near by, are baskets filled with manioc, just fresh from the ground, and therefore still poisonous; on the left, the juicy, aromatic, golden pineapple; by its side the famous tropical oranges, varying in colour from green to deep yellow, large as cannon-balls, and without pips, delicious in taste and having a well-marked eye opposite to the stalk.

Here also are long branches of bananas lying regularly side by side, presenting every degree of ripeness, from green to yellow; the negro who is selling these bananas has also before him a heap of cocoa-nuts of the colour of brown wood, some of which are already opened, in order to attract the public; the kernel sparkles like saltpetre, and the whey-like milk has not yet fermented, for the fruit was only cut this morning from the tree near the negro's hut. Farther on we see a plaited basket filled with cashews, which shine with red and gold, like our Borsdorffer apples at home; within it, like a poisonous insect, lies the treacherous cashew-nut. Near by, were some guavas, which fruit had become familiar to us in Madeira, and some anones, a fruit that I praised when writing of the Canary Islands. Among these we perceived the fiery glow of the pimento, the principal spice of Brazil, of which I shall unfortunately have further occasion to speak.

The cry of parrots attracts us to the next booth; it is a complete nest of beautiful parroquets, green as emeralds, but that can scarcely be tamed; close by, the large green and yellow parrot (*Psittacus ochrocephalus*), already common in Europe, chatters to us in rough Portuguese. Now shrill, sharp tones draw our attention to a group of lovely



vistiti (*Hapale Iacchus*) of which we find two species; the finest and most delicately formed is streaked brown and grey, and has little eyes that sparkle like a topaz; the commoner species is also very pretty, with dark ears, and dusky, grey fur. These have only just been brought from the forest, and still crouch closely together, with their little heads stretched out from the mass of fur with looks of curiosity; whilst in their Lilliputian anger they show their dazzlingly white teeth, the bite of which scarcely leaves a mark the size of one's nail. In other booths we see exposed for sale grey cardinals with red heads; canaries with red spots on their heads; blue, white, black, brown, large and small fancy birds, and various sorts of shaded plumaged blackbirds which are common in Brazil.

We saw an old red and blue arra sitting among the fruit, and on the ground a beautiful guati (*Nasua rufa*) was disporting itself; it resembles a badger, has a long, projecting, flexible snout, little piercing eyes, thick, glossy, brown fur, and a long ringed tail of brown and yellow. This animal is also a denizen of the forest, and destroys everything that he meets, be it fruit, flesh, or plant. He is especially fond of eggs, which he brings from the trees with great dexterity. The guati can be made as tame as a dog; but even then, if provoked, one is not safe from the sharp bite of his pointed teeth. His fits of anger are very comical to those who escape being bitten; he puts up his tail, bristles his fur, and utters a shrill cry, whilst his little eyes sparkle and look as green as those of a cat. This pretty creature unites the droll dexterity of the monkey with all the grace of the feline tribe. On my first voyage to Cadiz, in the year 1851, I purchased an intelligent little guati which lived in my house for years; but at length, through the carelessness of his keeper was unhappily frozen to death one night in the garden; and notwithstanding the warm fomentations applied by a

tender-hearted domestic, and most careful nursing in the arms of the much-afflicted cook, he expired, peacefully, but, according to human calculation, prematurely. Thus we see that the fruit market at Bahia affords perfect specimens from the zoological and botanical world; and displays an excellent field of study to the student.

Hunger now drove us to the Hôtel Février, to our excellent lunch. Our old Frenchman seasoned the repast with interesting stories and instructive observations. From him, indeed, one might glean many clear and useful statistics regarding the country and people. He it was who had advised our interesting excursion to Bomfin; and now he laughed at our astonishment and surprise; but he also regretted that we should have quitted the spot where we saw the black Bacchanalians, so much too soon.

In the hôtel there was a constant passing to and fro of the most varied figures, chiefly European. The verandah was the favourite resort of these noisy visitants; there were also some few European ladies; who, being rarities, were always surrounded by a troop of lions, so-called. These exiled Europeans strive to banish the feeling of banishment, and to fill up the blank which the yearning for home makes them feel keenly, by this public, hôtel life; it would seem that they have a great deal of time at their disposal. But all these people were more or less deficient in an appearance of respectability for which they sought to make amends by noise and boasting; however, to us, they served to enliven the scene. By adopting the wise maxim of the English (who have elevated travelling to a science), always to remain a stranger among strangers, to take care of oneself and no trouble about one's neighbours, to pass through all circumstances with the frigid composure of a somnambulist, one may live peaceably and undisturbed even in the midst of eccentric, transatlantic society.

After we had refreshed ourselves, we proceeded again to the lovely Tich. The afternoon was magnificent; and this day had already taught us that the beauties of nature form the sole and all-sufficing charm of Brazil; and that all that has been brought hither by the hand of man (more especially by the hand of European man) has little to offer that is either interesting or instructive when compared with the luxuriance of nature.

We began to-day where we had left off yesterday, and ordered our carriage to convey us direct to the house of the Frenchman, where it was to wait for us. Although the first excitement of tropical enjoyment had by no means passed away, we were able to-day to examine everything with more method, and to introduce a certain amount of plan into our arrangements. Whilst still in Europe, and also in the course of our journey, we had laid down the following rules of duties in America:—Each of the party to be bound to collect for the common object; each bound to recount to the others everything that he may see; everything collected to be delivered to the assembled body of travellers, and to be for the common good.

Each of the travellers also had his own duties assigned to him; and was obliged to contribute, according to his abilities, something (however small) for the public benefit. Our amiable painter possessed his art which he practised with great affection and equal skill, flashes of genius ever appearing in all that he did. The doctor undertook to direct our efforts, to check all undue zeal, and to arrange everything systematically; also, from his superior knowledge, to give us explanations of many of the mysteries of nature; and, above all, to make researches into various works on Brazil.

As I could not resolve to take away life for the purpose of examining and admiring nature, and thus throw myself into a state of mental excitement, the master-hand of our

sportsman was deputed to kill the animals destined for my museum, with my weapons, and generally under my directions. Firearms were given to all the chivalrous young men, even down to the youngest cadet, that every-one might be able to lay some offering upon the altar of our expedition. To me fell the onerous task to examine minutely all that we should see, as far as possible to seize upon the most just view of everything, to make notes of all, and to arrange the sketches of travel now presented to the reader. If the result be feeble, yet the will was strong and my industry unflagging. But the palm is due to the assistant-surgeon of our vessel and to the botanist, who were unwearied and beyond all praise in their diligence and ardour in the pursuit of scientific knowledge. The results of the botanist's labours afford brilliant proof of what a man may accomplish by means of a strong will and steady perseverance, even in a short time and when making merely hurried excursions.

We separated, taking different directions so that we might find the more prizes. The sportsman advanced with gentle steps into the forest; the doctor, the artist, and I prepared ourselves for but slow progress, as we wished to admire the wonders of nature in individual specimens.

But before we quit the house of the Frenchman, I may observe that there were in his gardens, rich with flowers and fragrance (or, I might rather say, in the grove of blossoms in front of his house) two species of *plumiera*: the *bracteata*, which (as has been already mentioned) seems to have borrowed its rosy hues from the dawn; and the *alba*, similar to the *bracteata* in its bushy appearance and in form of blossom, but the colour is that of pure ivory, and its delicious scent is, if possible, even more fragrant than that of the *bracteata*.

Among the luxuriant plants in this charming garden, I must also mention the beautiful *Petræa volubilis*, that



half-creeping, half-twining plant with exquisite clusters of deep-blue blossoms growing like those of our elder. As I have mentioned some Latin names, I may be permitted also to mention some of the principal flowers of Bahia which I am unwilling to notice too often in my descriptions of the scenery as a whole, lest I should by these Latin appellations cause too many interruptions. I have already spoken of the thick, wild hedges bordering the roads in the country round Bahia and growing in profusion; but without any individual or generic names, such as, according to the etiquette of science, they ought to possess.

In my researches into botanical works, I find the families of Myrtacea, Bamboo, and Malvacca cited as the principal representatives of these plants; the last, with its white and yellow blossoms, is frequently found in our botanic gardens. Twined among and over these shrubs we continually find the momordica with its large, red, gourdlike fruit of the size of a pigeon's egg, an exquisite creeper for a garden: *abrus praccatorius* with a red and black seed, in shape like a bean, which is much prized by the Brazilians as an ornament: beautiful and graceful *thunbergia*, the strawcoloured blossoms of which have a black eye of soft down.

Among the oft-mentioned Scitaminea I must yet specially note the *heliconia* with leaves like those of a plaintain, and lovely scarlet flowers. The *foucroya*, which much resembles the aloe, is also a striking object amid the beautiful vegetation of Bahia. The *artocarpus*, under its Brazilian name of *jaccà*, has already been mentioned; we found here two species of this tree—the *integrifolia* and the *incisa*. The latter is properly the bread-fruit tree, it never attains either the size or beauty of its extraordinary brother, but is much more useful on account of its fruit: this is like an egg-shaped gourd in appearance, with a rough peel, and affords an excellent and nutritious

food, which is used especially by the slaves. It is not indigenous to Brazil, its native home is in the South Sea Islands, where it serves almost as the only food of the degenerate people.

Among the palms, next to the *cocos nucifera*, I must mention the tall and lovely *elaeis*; for form it ranks between the former and the *phoenix*; the fruit grows in clusters close to the stalk, and often attains the size of a man's head. This palm is particularly remarkable for its regularity of form, and possesses a double interest for the botanist, because in its large, luxuriant crown he finds the most exquisite orchids embosomed as in a soft nest, while around its ribbed stem are the most interesting parasites. Among these last we discovered a vanilla with bright-green leaves and light-yellow blossoms, and a *licaste* also with large yellow flowers, having an aromatic perfume and long, thick, bulbous root.

À propos of the vanilla, I must narrate a joke of our botanist. He promised an immense quantity of the rare vanilla fruit to the party whom we had brought to carry the plants, if they would help him to obtain some. Scarcely had the heated sailors heard the promises of the facetious rogue than a giant among them placed himself beneath the palm, and made an active ship-boy mount by his aid to the region so alluring to the botanist. But as soon as the poor boy began to detach the fruit from the crown of the tree with his knife, the whole mass of splendour, together with a quantity of primeval dust, descended upon the face of the sailor acting as ladder. He loosed his hold, and the boy slid down the prickly stem of the palm, tearing his hands as he went. The botanist seized upon the only two ripe fruits and put them into his sacred box, and the sailors were obliged to pocket their disappointment.

We again took the forest path, the beauty of which

brought to my mind the conviction that theologians puzzle themselves in vain respecting the condition of our lost paradise. What need is there to indulge in subtle enquiries when we have evidence to teach us? Let them take one single walk in the maiden forests of Brazil, and they will no longer have any doubts on the subject. Beneath a similar sky, surrounded by the perfumes of similar flowers, in a similar scene of verdure and of peace, our father Adam lived unfettered and free during his period of happiness, without anxiety and without clothes. The choicest fruits, luscious anones, cooling bananas, golden apples, hung on the boughs to satisfy his hunger; the poisonous reptiles which now make the forest dangerous had not yet suffered beneath the tyrannical power of man, and therefore left their weapons against him unused. Peace reigned over wood and plain. Adam revelled in the unconscious happiness of freedom from care and enjoyed the privilege of being untroubled by his fellow-creatures, and undisturbed in his repose. Yet, since he was human, there slumbered in his soul the ruinous instinct of love of progress, suggesting the idea that the world around him might be improved. From that moment began the strife between the Creator and the creature. The woman at his side was sent to fill the blank; and in the anxiety to gratify her, lay concealed the ambition close upon which followed sorrow. With Adam's first sensation of weariness entered the thirst for knowledge. Eve at once drew his attention to the necessity for a covering; and now the gastronomic idea occurred to him that the fruits might be improved upon. Freedom from anxiety had now given place to wishes for something unknown; the good people began to speculate; nothing went on as formerly; godless thoughts of change, and longings for something better succeeded; they went to districts where fruits no longer dropped into their mouths; where the air

played coldly over their unclad bodies ; with the increasing number of their family came the care of providing for them ; in a word, misery had entered, their paradise had vanished, and a state of society, with all its requirements, had begun. Yet paradise still exists in all its pristine beauty, blooming in the forests of the magnificent tropics. Man alone has overstepped his bounds and has plunged into the strife of the elements, into the feverish life of human passions ; he has closed the door of untroubled peace behind him and now wanders restlessly on, perpetually at warfare with himself and his fellows.

We took the cool, shady path to the mill, as we did yesterday. In the tall trees, covered with lianas, the merry inhabitants were carolling their evening song in melodious tones ; and, although the voice of each individual songster differed from those of the birds of our bush and fir-woods, yet they were all chanting the same wondrous song of praise that grateful nature suggests throughout the whole wide world to greet the warming, vivifying sun on his coming and departure. As in music there is a difference between stringed and wind instruments, so one is tempted to seek for a similar difference between the songs of the European and South American birds. Every tone here has a ring like that of metal, and vibrates with the sharpness and clearness of a bell, or of brass resounding beneath blows. Everything in the tropics has more vigour, a greater depth of colour and tone ; just as the humming-bird has the brilliance of a jewel, so in Brazil one finds even the smallest bird endowed with a wonderful power of voice. One may often hear powerful tones echoing through the wood : one seeks in astonishment for the songster, searches amid bush and tree for a length of time in vain, and at last finds a pretty little passerin, from whose throat pours forth this stream of sound. Here again we come on the track of falsehoods,



in which travellers so much delight; it is generally said that the forests in South America are indeed large and beautiful, but are perfectly silent by day, and that it is only at night that they are animated, and then by hideous sights and fearful sounds. The latter, as we shall see, is partially true; but the forest of Brazil has its exquisite songsters, who trill their cheerful notes as well as our birds, only much more loudly and more continuously. The markets in the towns also prove my assertion, for there one can buy the most beautiful singing birds in little bamboo cages; the gem of them is the tinagra violacea, a small, pretty passerin with canary-coloured body and blue-black back and wings. I brought a specimen of this bird back to Europe in its bamboo cage. I fed it with bananas, and afterwards with oranges.

The forest which we traversed conceals a wonder of another kind, namely, as people say, a large number of rattlesnakes. This most poisonous of all reptiles is a new visitor to the country round Bahia, for this much-feared reptile has wandered from North America, its proper home, ever farther and farther south, and has now penetrated some little distance beyond Bahia. Naturally, no obstacle lies in the way of the progress of this murderous creature, and the more southern regions of Brazil tremble before the new invader. We saw on our journey, thank Heaven, no member of this awful family. To-day I felt very glad that I had in Schönbrunn killed two of these beasts, brought thither by a traveller for a menagerie; since, if by any want of care they had escaped, which might easily have happened at their feeding time, we might, in consequence of the rapidity with which their numbers increase, have had a settlement of them in my own country.

Past the mill we pressed through the thick grass to the sea-shore, where we found a narrow path but little used,

which, following the windings of the beach, led from the shore to the hill. We were obliged to force our way through the splendid plants which overgrew our track; however we obtained a view of the real home of nature where it grows and thrives, where whole woods are developed in a small space, where the sun can scarcely break through the verdure, and the insects buzz from bough to bough, where brilliant beetles rock themselves on the leaves, and shy caterpillars creep on the grass, where everything beams in the sunlight, and nature carries on her works at her own sweet will and undisturbed. The wealth of turf and shrubs, the cheerful play of gay little animals, the soft motion of the rushes, the hum of the gleaming dragon-flies on the mirror of the waves, afforded me, who am such a worshipper of nature, no common pleasure.

On the cool, damp shore we found generally the bright green vegetation of herbs and shrubs; the trees rose step by step in ever-increasing height and thickness, until at last, towering over the world of plants, they no longer stood alone or in groups, but became massed into a forest. Some few trees dipped into the water, and, as though the union of water and air were doubly genial, they were always peculiarly richly covered with parasites of all kinds; in this tract between the path and the sea we saw (its broad crown picturesquely hanging over the waves in which it was mirrored) a splendid specimen of the elæis, and a ficus with large branches and rich foliage thickly over-spread with lianas. Such specimens of trees, with their parasites from the world of flowers, are perhaps the most interesting objects offered by Brazil. What value would not attach to a winter garden in our own country if it were possible to place within its artificial space one such specimen of tropical splendour! Round the roots of the giants grew ferns, lycopodia, and all manner of grasses unfamiliar to me; the stems, to the height of a fathom,

were surrounded by the clinging philodendron; on the boughs were the tendrils of the blooming liana, reaching high up into the crowns; at the junction of the boughs with the trunk, one might say at the joints, where the moisture and dust collects, were bromelicea with their stiff yet graceful stalks, and wondrous flowers; on the boughs themselves hung lovely tilandsia, whilst the net of lianas covered the whole of the branches, and connected them by graceful festoons; and, last of all, high up in the crown gleamed the luxuriant colours of fantastic orchids, which have the privilege of appearing foreign even in the tropics.

The insect world also presented some interesting specimens to us in the course of this afternoon; we found a large caterpillar, spotted with various colours of beautiful hue; wonderful black and brilliant wasps; some exquisite moths and beautiful beetles. In the neighbourhood of the Frenchman's villa, we, with the parting daylight, pressed up through bushes and green fields to the edge of the forest. The sun had already sunk behind the mountain range of Minas into the vast primeval forest, and a lingering light, such as seems in the tropics to be doubly melancholy, filled its place; the masses of plants gleamed in tints of peculiar sadness, the shadows became deeper and overcame the daylight; a sweet melancholy took possession of nature, which, but a few moments ago, was rejoicing so gaily. The last beam of parting day presented to our view a wonderfully beautiful, violet orchid. We looked at it for a long time with greedy eyes, but to obtain it was impossible, so securely was it surrounded by an impenetrable phalanx of plants. This impenetrability is the principal reason why the numerous botanical treasures of America, and most of the trees of the primeval forest, have not yet been scientifically arranged.

We were obliged to wait rather long at the house of the Frenchman. Our carriage was not at the place

appointed, and the ardour for research had led our friends so far that all calls for them were useless. The splendid evening had collected a gay company on the green turf from the villa which yesterday had appeared uninhabited; ladies dressed in white moved about gaily, and a very pretty child, white as a lily, was carried about in the cool evening air by a black nurse. Our artist rapidly drew a beautiful sketch of a jaccà. At last the rovers returned; their trophies consisted of a passerin they had shot; the greatest marvels of their prowess had been left in the copse. We got into our carriage and sped back up and down hill in the cool, balmy air, through green valleys and over verdure-covered hills to Campo Santo. The sky had a deep-orange hue, the green of the vegetation was, in the twilight, doubly rich but more sombre and darker. The outlines melted away by degrees in mysterious shadows; in a deep, park-like valley the masses of bamboo had a weird and yet lovely motion as though rolling like waves towards us; the light was changed into a melancholy twilight filling our souls with that painful enjoyment, partaking of both fear and sadness, in which the heart feels itself enraptured yet subdued. That incomprehensible feeling of pain stole over me which in such moments of anticipation one cannot shake off.

As we descended into the valley a procession met us. It was a gilt car with four black horses and a velvet canopy of golden tassels and black ostrich feathers; on the handsome box sat an old negro in Spanish livery; in the triumphal car lay a black and golden covering; behind rolled a procession of state carriages; this time it was a rich man who had been laid to rest in his dreamless sleep; and the heirs were returning home at full gallop to a merry feast. Other carriages, sometimes full, sometimes empty, sometimes meanly, sometimes richly appointed, traversed the verdure of nature on this lovely evening.



My thoughts became more and more anxious, more wild ; we crossed yet one more hill and then stood before the city of the dead. The last ray of parting day, the last broken gleam of light stole over the gardens of the dead. We entered a large space with regular avenues of beautiful plants amid the quaint and cold marble graves ; among them were parterres of fragrant flowers, little paths and large pools of water. It seemed as though these empty, silent gardens, in which no monuments are put up, were intended as pleasure-grounds for the dead. No jet of water played from the fountains in the marble basins ; perchance even the motion of the water would have disturbed the mute forms around. For do not the attendants often miss roses, and are not these plucked by the dead and carried back by them into the grave with the first grey of morning?

This contrast of death with rich pleasure-grounds and with the fresh influence of nature made one shudder, and the overpowering effect was increased by the entrance of one of the guardians of the place, a merry priest in a loose robe (with a square, high cap, and long white ends to the cravat below his yellow, distorted face) who descended upon us shouting and gesticulating with an energy that became greater every moment. He informed us in a self-congratulatory tone that he did the honours of this place of his own creation ; during a visitation of yellow fever some few years ago an inspiration came upon him to make this pretty cemetery ; he tormented the Bahians with his shrill tones until he succeeded in obtaining the completion of this expensive work, and he himself, as he assured us, passes his days cheerfully and happily in the midst of this scene of his labours. He lives in the house in the centre of the gardens. With tones ever becoming louder, and with vehement gestures, he related to us the details of the imperial visit to Campo Santo and how his Majesty

had expressed himself perfectly satisfied with the arrangements.\* The thought of ever being obliged to rest here became particularly disgusting to me, on account of the annoyance caused by this excited man, who seemed to have been drinking. With horror I quitted this pretty place, the marble graves and gardens of which, though arranged with so much want of skill, reminded me of the beautiful cemetery at Naples, lovely beyond description. Over the whole country there now lay the heavy, oppressive vapour of yellow fever; and with a shudder I turned away from the jovial guardian of the dead and all the coarse appendages of his cemetery.

On the other side of the road they showed us contemptuously the wall of the churchyard in which the poor German heretics lie; thrust out from the religion of love, they have been obliged to buy a piece of ground for themselves, on the gate of which they have often tried to plant a token of peace and of reconciliation, but it has always been torn down again in the night by the mob. Yet this is a nation professing to be 'mui illuminada,' and wishing for the immigration of Germans. Whether the slaves also have a cemetery of their own I could not learn. This separation among the dead is the most loveless and senseless thing that religious zeal has ever suggested; how will all wonder when on the day of judgment in the valley of Jehoshaphat no wall or partition shall be erected, but all men side by side will tremble alike, without difference of rank, before the stern Judge! These thoughts increased the deep melancholy which had fallen upon my heart; and it seemed to me as though amid the deepening shadows the poisonous breath of the yellow fever was spreading its vapour alike over plain and valley.

But the incubus fled before the sharp trot of our lively horses, although my freshness and elasticity were not fully restored until our merry banquet at the Hôtel Février

brought back all my old spirits. This was one of those pleasant moments when, in the friendly circle and amid lively conversation, the wonders and experiences of the day are recounted. We also found our good commander and the amiable L—— at the table; the former had remained true to his resolution of joining in no excursion, for our youthful and rapid pace of locomotion alarmed him; the latter had not accompanied us in the afternoon, partly because I had expressed a wish that he should attend to his affairs, partly that he might hire a steamer to take us to the very interesting and little-known island of Itaparica and to a celebrated sugar plantation on the Paraguasù.

According to L——'s account, the whole of Bahia was in excitement to-day; it was the great day dreamed of by every one, which makes hearts beat, which places every mind in a fever of excitement; for which Europeans look in a storm of agitation, and which shakes even the heavy Brazilians out of their apathy; in which conversation receives a new impetus, in which the activity of the merchant reaches its summit, and the politician anxiously hopes to collect something new; it was the day for the European mail, which only arrives once a month, and which, by the revolution it causes in all the seaport towns, affords the most convincing proof that old, much-abused Europe is still the centre, still the ruling continent of the world; that all other countries on the wide globe, China and Japan excepted, are but colonies; in China and Japan alone has the human race succeeded in attaining an independent, self-sufficing state of development. Hence the indignation of the proud European against these prudent Chinese who need nothing from Europe, but who prove that man can build a fortune for himself within himself and can exist by himself. How much America leans upon Europe is shown by the inland newspapers which give an account of the news received by each

European mail with every possible minuteness of detail, whilst our newspapers scarcely make mention of the colonial continent.

Again loaded with a rich booty of plants and animals, although in some cases with torn clothes and forlorn appearance, our merry party went to rest on board our floating palace.

January 13.

The sun stood high, our impatience yet higher; we had already been long on deck in travelling dress, with fire-arms, hunting-knives, pouches, boxes of flowers, nets for catching butterflies, instruments for killing beetles, provisions for our own refreshment and for the moistening of our throats, counting the moments in anxious expectation, when, at length, a little steamer, the 'Cachoeiras,' worked her way out of the forest of masts and neared the 'Elizabeth.' Boats were lowered and the steamer, which had made her appearance late (in Brazil, where so many casualties take place, the word punctually is quite unknown), was boarded by us in due form. The deck was soon filled with men and provisions. On board the little vessel we found our good L——, and a rich planter, Senhor G——, whose property we were to visit in the course of the day. It was not our fault that at first the modest and retiring man was little noticed; we did not know his rank, we had no idea of his princely position, and it was only on his own territories that his importance became manifest. We also took with us several officers, cadets, and sailors, from the ship, all armed to the teeth, and all bent on accomplishing great things in the hunting field. We quickly traversed the broad bay, we seemed to ourselves to be like conquerors; it was as though we passed from victory to victory, for every moment we encountered new wonders. As the coast of Bahia, with its sun-kissed town and green Bomfin, vanished in the blue distance, so the



form of the richly-wooded island of Itaparica became more clear. Before us on the blue ocean lay a panorama such as imagination might anticipate in America; a landscape taken as it were from 'Paul and Virginia,' the glowing descriptions in which foster youthful imagination so pleasingly. Long chains of hills were outlined against the blue sky, their heights covered with forests from which some giant trees here and there raised themselves above the rest; on the glowing sand, cocoa-nut palms reared themselves aloft like phantoms; white spots like gleaming pearls betokened the presence of villas and huts, which were surrounded by green fields of sugar-cane. Imparting to the scene a still stronger impress of a foreign country, little islands on the right of the long coast appeared above the waves (like the play of the Fata Morgana) with lofty, waving cocoa-nut palms, among them Sta. Barbara, a powder-magazine, and S. Roque; whilst barques richly laden with the products of nature (the morning breeze swelling their tall, lateen sails) passed us merrily. Boatmen of all shades of colour, crammed in gay groups in the boats, gazed with curiosity at our steamer proceeding in so unusual a direction and at so unusual an hour.

The whalers make large and extensive captures on the coast of Itaparica, and present to the Bahians the stimulating sight of sea-conflicts carried on with intelligence and vigour; the monsters when caught are immediately drawn up on the sandy shore, and used for various purposes. We found in and around the little town of Itaparica, remains of the bones of these useful leviathans. A different characteristic of Itaparica is degrading to the human race. At a remote, little-inhabited, and little-watched portion of the coast, a smuggling trade in human beings is carried on, notwithstanding the law. A short time ago, a mysterious vessel, of a build and rig easy to recognise, sailed suspi-

ciously round the coast ; it was not until after a considerable time that the eyes of the lazy authorities were opened, and the heavy guard-ship sailed in the direction of the island. All the telescopes in Bahia accompanied it, the exciting sea-fight quickly came to an end ; the slaver threw 300 of its living cargo overboard, and being well acquainted with the navigation of these waters, slipped like an eel out to sea. The poor slaves, with their aptitude for swimming, soon reached the neighbouring coast, and became the property of his Brazilian Majesty's Government, and to the secret joy of the rich owners of Bahia they were employed on the new railway works. And now a strange thing occurred. Government had taken possession of 300 strong, young, fine slaves of both sexes, but in a few weeks the party was transformed into old men, cripples, and invalids ; a wonder in a negative sense. The affair may be easily explained thus ; all the proprietors of the neighbourhood exchanged their worn-out slaves for the younger people on the railway ; the number of heads remained the same on the government lists, and the slave-proprietors replenished their property admirably ; similar secret exchanges of slaves are not uncommon. The government is too weak, and has also too little inclination, really to make way against this evil ; most of the officials are themselves large slave-owners. It is true that many, influenced ' *per l' honor della firma,*' will hold a little enquiry on the subject of smuggled slaves, but it leads to no results. The slave-owners compel the suspected individuals (who naturally do not yet speak Portuguese intelligibly, either for good or evil) to answer every question of the judge by the word ' *Minas.*' 'What is your name?' Answer, ' *Minas,*' which is a very common name among slaves. 'Where were you born?' Answer, ' *Minas,*' one of the chief provinces of Brazil, but also an important negro tribe of Africa which provides the Brazilians with the best slaves.

‘Where do you work?’ Answer, ‘Minas.’ Minas are the diamond and gold mines from which is derived a principal source of wealth of the country. The judge, who is naturally also a slave-owner, notes the three ‘Minas,’ shuts the protocol, and the affair is settled to the satisfaction of all parties.

Our steamer stopped at the town of Itaparica, and our party hastened into the small and very slight boats to proceed quickly on shore. Town! a small town!—village is the real word that describes this place, but in Brazil everything is called *villa*. I can therefore place no faith even in the best German and English maps; we ourselves found an inconsiderable group of houses on a little creek marked as a considerable seaport, and some Indian huts in the forest represented with the pompous Portuguese name of a city. On these geographical points, the Brazilians have imitated their northern republican brethren, but they find much more bombastic names than the Yankees; still they lack the wonderful energy of the northerners, that supernatural activity which (in districts where only the stag and the Redskin had since the Creation striven together free and undisturbed beneath giant pines), in the short period of twelve years, a period almost unparalleled in the history of the world, has created the large flourishing town of San Francisco with its wealth of luxury and refinement, now filled with beautiful churches and gay theatres, where the richest warehouses afford all the luxuries of ancient Europe, where large hotels accommodate visitors in English style; where the iron will of man, which knows no obstacle, works wonders. One does not find such works in Brazil. The races inhabiting this country lack energy and activity; they cover it with their population and live here in idleness; they lack the vigour and inclination necessary to develope and increase its treasures; indeed they are obliged to call in the aid of another race of men

to work for them. Itaparica presents a genuine picture of Brazilian negligence. Some unmounted fortifications of granite show that the town existed long before the independence, but it is still only a collection of little houses all built on the ground-floor, without any distinctive character; not unlike the houses of the peasants in our villages, forming streets which become lost partly in gardens, partly in wild country, and in which the grass grows undisturbed, affording forage for mules and asses. There is on the shore a solitary, one-storied, ruinous house, a sort of seat of authority. These Brazilian towns look as though a child had sought out for itself a spot in a garden, had cut and torn away the grass with vehement impatience, and then had taken its little wooden house out of its basket of toys, and had, in its childish obstinacy, put it down straight or crooked, right or wrong, in the midst of the grass and reeds, with a little church and a little tower in the centre of the best cleared spot, exclaiming, 'Now I have my town, and all that it requires.' The chaos of vegetation, the romantic confusion of plants, begin close to the town; cultivation is only to be found in isolated spots, and this large island, which might form a principality in itself, is overgrown with wood, is scarcely known by the neighbouring inhabitants of Bahia, and in certain portions is still unexplored; so that here, in the immediate vicinity of the commercial metropolis, we succeeded in finding a completely new species of plant.

We wandered through the deserted little town, and hastened into the kingdom of nature. Here and there we saw some mulatto faces gazing with curiosity after the strange cavalcade. As we approached the garden surrounding the town, a little man appeared in a sort of comical uniform of the National Guard with his staff of office in his right hand. Full of eager zeal, he buzzed around us like a bee, and did not know rightly how or on



whom he ought to bestow his attentions. At length he devoted himself to L——, for he knew that he was the principal officer of police, and deputed by our chief to be our guide and companion, and to undertake the office of our protector and Mentor. Oh, unhappy century in which we live! Police even in the primeval forest; the watchful eye of the law even on this side of the ocean; patriarchal protection against snakes and tarantulas; watchful eye over monkeys and parrots! Unhappy Brazil, canst thou copy nothing better from our civilised Europe? Police in uniform in the forest! I could scarcely help laughing, but made the strongest protest, as a citizen of the world, against this pressing guardian. L——, in his German good-humour, brought up in the school of the thirty-seven paternal governments, was quite uneasy, and thought we should be obliged to submit to the city official with the Spanish cane; but I let loose my whole eloquence in English fashion, our party joined in chorus, and we staunchly declared we would not proceed a step farther until the eye of the law should have vanished. To go into the free forest on a search for parrots and butterflies followed by one of the imperial police, would indeed have been impossible. After a long discussion, our firmness gained the day; our protest was accepted, and the liveried servant of the law disappeared.

Immediately on reaching the termination of the village the vegetation became interesting; they were indeed only weeds which grew in the streets and squares; but they were Brazilian weeds, such as we preserve in hothouses; the despised food of mules, here trodden down by hoofs, or, in an excess of industry, rooted up by the inhabitants, adorn many a bouquet at home, and are nurtured and admired by the fair sex. The idea of what is unusual is then the real charm which ever allures man, who always sighs for what is new; in order really to understand this one must scale the partition wall of ocean and pass from

one continent to another. Why does the Brazilian, surrounded by the most beautiful forests, spend labour and money on faded roses and stiff dahlias? If he succeed in obtaining the luxury of a languishing apple-tree or a sickly vine, the whole country talks of it. How many of the princely hot-houses of Europe might one not fill with plants here daily trodden under foot, or burnt in making new gardens? What fabulous sums of money would not be paid for the palms cut down in these forests to build a hut to last for a few hours? And yet even this desire for that which is new is a source of happiness to the human race; it is the regenerator which gives a zest to life, though it has its ludicrous side.

Before we left the houses our botanist already began to tear up plants, and manœuvring with the butterfly nets went on in all directions. The gardens were marked by wonderful palm trees thickly grouped, and by high impenetrable hedges, amid which rare creepers bloomed. Among them we found a half-climbing papillonacea with violet blossoms, scarcely inferior in colour to the *bougainvillea spectabilis*; there was also a large, fine grey vinea growing at the foot of this hedge which would have done honour to the most carefully-kept English park. When we had left behind us the last house of Itaparica, a long low building lying near the road, and belonging to a French settler, the wild country began; cultivation only appearing in some few spots. The beginnings of future clearings were indeed perceptible, for the forest was in places almost cut down and the earth lay ready for the service of man. This country has its peculiar characteristics throughout, some of the hills are covered merely with weeds and low bushes; on others the new forest is again rising; here and there large trees of ancient date rear their forms; wondrous groups of creepers and bushes surround them and look like pictures arranged by an artistic hand; amid them the arid earth

peeps forth, parched into dust by the scorching sun. This was the real land for the botanist and the sportsman, it was indeed adapted in some way to all, one might see this even from the distance ; it swarmed with birds, and almost everywhere there was opportunity for shooting.

Our large party now dispersed over the undulating country : the sportsmen turned in all directions, like skirmishers on a night-post attack ; the botanist made a battle-sound on his leaden box, and quickly disappeared with his attendant sailors into bush and grove, like the diver who plunges into the waves to bring up their pearly treasures. The artist also vanished with his sketch-book, on his search for prospects and picturesque effects. I joined the doctor, and the interesting amiable L—— from whose intelligent stories of land and people so much was to be learnt. The sportsmen remained with us during the first part of the way ; whilst like a faithful hound, earnest and attentive in his silent admiration, followed the noted Spatz, by birth a tough Styrian, by office a cabin-boy in His Majesty's steamer 'Elizabeth,' four feet high but broad-shouldered as a little Hercules, and full of delight and eagerness to see far-famed America. Among people without education the thirst for knowledge is doubly praiseworthy.

We had scarcely advanced a few steps into the country over a cool, thickly-wooded hill, when the view-halloa was heard on all sides and at all distances, as though a conflict were going to begin. To count the numerous shots that the light-hearted young men fired in their eagerness would be an impossibility ; but it was by no means much noise about nothing, for even the report of the powder and the shouts of the sabbath-day sportsmen had the effect of exciting a rebellion among all the creeping and flying animals in Itaparica, and of gratifying our inquisitive eyes, as the sportsmen drove out many interesting specimens. The shots which rattled through the leaves, only a

few steps from us, were indeed profuse. Providence had compassion on the tyros; but at this moment I wonder how we all escaped with whole skins during this onslaught in Itaparica. We went straight to a pool, richly overgrown with shrubs and creepers, and were standing beneath a lofty palm when our best sportsman delivered his first well-directed shot; it brought down a bird like a black-bird, with an orange breast, a brown back and the inside of the feathers of the head of a bright red; when, oh, misfortune! the feathered booty so well hit fell straight into the pool; there was no dog on the spot, but the courageous Spatz undertook the commission of saving the rare game; at first it appeared to him to be a rather critical undertaking, the brown water excited in him suspicions of alligators, and besides he was afraid of sinking. By persuasive arts, promises of devoted sacrifices to save him, and advice to inform us of the moment when the first alligator should grip him, we at length got the worthy Alpine boy to venture into the water, which he only entered after he had taken off his long boots.

Whilst we were occupied with this water hunt, in which our faithful Spatz really secured the prize, the scattered members of our party, with new expenditure of powder, were killing on all sides, and shouts of triumph echoed from hill to hill. But my strained ear, now doubly attentive to every sound, caught the shrill scream, the sharp, piercing tones of parrots; as I glanced up I saw the novel spectacle of a flight of bright emerald parroquets, which, scared by the mad chase from the crowns of the trees, were traversing the dazzlingly bright sky with cries both shrill and deep, of every tone and cadence, and were endeavouring to reach some thick foliage at a distance. Thus again a new link was formed in the chain of American conquests; real parrots flying in the open air, as sparrows do at home, this was a great step in advance. How many hundred



times had I, in my warm room at home, read descriptions of these flights of brilliant birds, and each time with a silent longing to see them with my own eyes. Now they were here, and our joy at the sight may easily be understood and pardoned. The appearance of these flights is, owing to the splendour of colour, most brilliant; the bright green of the plumage of these birds has a wonderfully good effect against the deep-blue sky, and not less beautiful are the movements of the birds. The motion of their wings is short, quick, and eager; they only fly in flocks, and never without giving notice of their presence by piercing cries. One would like to oil their throats to soften their harsh tones. A heavy discharge followed the poor frightened flock, and amid the numerous shots one or two took effect: the bird that lay before us was one of those small green parrots with long tails, that are generally seen in European rooms, and which of all parrots is the most easily tamed.

As we passed on, we continually scared away every description of passerin. To describe these would be impossible, on account of their variety and speed; they were for the most part dark in colour; either black with white heads, or brown and black, or entirely of a blue black; more than this one could not distinguish. In this profuse vegetation, in which everything vanishes, leaving no track behind, one can only describe that which one either kills or is able to retain in captivity. Our path now led us up a hill overgrown with low weeds. We soon repented the direction we had taken, for both our clothes and our skins came into most unpleasant collision with hideous thorns, and strong, tropical, stinging nettles. We took to flight, and turned towards a broad plain in the midst of which stood one solitary hill, like a throne, crowned by immense trees of splendid form; to this interesting spot we bent our steps beneath the scorching

heat. The plain was uncultivated and uninhabited, and was bordered by palm-crowned woods; it extended so far as the eye could reach. We now perceived how large this island must be. Itaparica, if well cultivated, and its rich soil made to yield adequately, would form a little empire; it now remains fallow, like almost all the excellent soil of Brazil, because this chosen country has too extensive territories, and too few occupants; lacking the poor to cultivate them, the finest and best-situated countries become neglected and rank. The Brazilians try in vain to help themselves by hired labour; but now that an open traffic in slaves is forbidden, even this precarious means is becoming exhausted; the negroes diminish in number considerably every year. Then Brazil is also fast retrograding, and if the government does not soon organise a system of immigration, if it does not give up its hatred of foreigners, and does not trample over the slave-party, this large empire will fall in pieces, and the primeval forest will become victorious, and will again cover the country. It sounds very well to say that Brazil is larger than Europe, ten times as large as Austria; they may puff themselves up with this proud idea, but how far does the authority of the Emperor extend? Not even so far as the axe of the colonist has cleared the forest; for the more important colonists live much more unfettered in their little states and possess much more power than the great Emperor in Rio.

If one were to count the square miles in Brazil that are really under cultivation, this giant empire would be found to shrink considerably. True progress and real prosperity can never be spoken of in it so long as slavery exists; slaves and respectable immigrants cannot live side by side; slave-owners cannot be just. To break through slavery, therefore, should be the first act of modern Brazil; it could not be done without some pain, but all natural

vigour begins in pain; and certainly it is preferable to idleness and sickness. What revolting reasons do not cold-hearted sophists give for a continuance of slavery, sanctioned by the State; they maintain that if slavery were abolished by law a large number of owners would be ruined, as they could not till their immense territories without their human machines; in order to leave the idle luxury, the moral indolence, of a large number of proprietors untouched, generations of unhappy beings must pine away in slavery. The blacks are men and Christians, and by the law of God they are born free; that they are regarded as such is proved by their being baptised, also by the fact that their owners frequently have negro wives and children, whom they themselves sell again in the market. What an insult to morality and logic; what a denial of every human principle lies in this circumstance? Why do not liberal newspapers, the courageous champions of right, comment upon such deeds? Perhaps because the traffic in slaves is concealed in a liberal, democratic constitution; and the government by pure force of repetition is deemed enlightened. But who compose this government? The owners of black slaves; and the Emperor himself possesses a large establishment of them in Santa Cruz, near Rio.

Why do not the people who uphold such institutions at once return to the worship of heathen gods? It would be much more consistent and convenient; slavery might then be more easily established, as a pious right, and heaven be provided with a saloon and a vestibule; the saloon for white people, the outmost hall for the blacks. I begin now to understand why slaveholders retain in their democratic constitution the article, that the Emperor and the heir to the throne shall never leave Brazil: outside the empire, some different light might dawn upon them. That immigration should take place under such laws, that free

whites should be able to convert their toilsome labour into money, when the neighbouring landowner makes his black machine work gratis, or at least only repays him with blows, is impossible ; if Brazil would thrive and prosper among the empires of the world as an equal, it must have an iron-handed regenerator, a white despot basing his principles on justice, who will treat with no party, and who will interfere with iron austerity in case of need. His would be the melancholy lot not to be understood by the men of his time, to be hated by his Brazilian contemporaries ; but history would accord him a high rank among those who work for the future ; his name would be interwoven with the advanced opinions of Brazil, and would be blessed by future generations. Article 1, in his constitution, should run thus : 'All men in a free empire are born free.' Article 2, 'The heir to the throne must travel for several years in the civilised world in order by his own observation, and by comparison with foreign countries, to learn statesmanship.'

We approached the height with the giant trees ; it rose softly and regularly from the broad plain like an immense grave. It was thickly covered with brilliant scitaminea, from the beautifully-formed leaves of which the glowing blossoms gleamed brightly. From this thick covering, growing as closely as rushes, and through the rustling leaves of which one was obliged actually to break a path, rose the sacred banana, the sign of colonisation, with its large leaves. We hastened over the green carpet to the plateau of the hill and stood in astonishment at one of the greatest wonders of nature ; for even nature erects her monuments, and when she erects them they are grand and sublime, far grander than those of men. Thus she permitted the plane tree of Hippocrates to remain for centuries a witness of the period of the greatest, most flourishing cultivation, of the triumph of human intellect and human



harmony, as also of the period of most melancholy decay ; thus she placed the dragon tree of Octavia as a mysterious monument of times which have already passed away into the fog of fable. Thus on the square in Brunswick stands the oak of a thousand years as a monument to prove to living generations that German oaks existed before Germans lived. Thus in California the Wellingtonias take heaven as it were by storm to prove to those who go thither the vigour of their new country: not to speak of the holy cedars of Solomon and the sacred olives of Gethsemane.

The six mangueiras of Itaparica are monuments of nature such as in all my travels I have never seen. They are trees of dimensions for which we have no measure ; a little world, if arched over by these six colossal forms, would be shaded in a cool, sacred twilight. The stems spring forth from the damp, fragrant earth, strong and healthy as the swelling form of an athlete. Of immense extent, sometimes horizontal as a bridge, sometimes bending to the earth in gentle curves, sometimes rearing themselves to heaven, these strong shady boughs extend, each in itself a large tree. The human eye is neither keen enough nor sufficiently skilled to grasp the full density of such immense forms. One moves far from the stem in quite a different direction and is astonished by one of these colossal boughs bending to the ground and imagines it separate, with an existence of its own, but looking at it more nearly and following the sinewy limbs and the intersecting boughs, discovers that it is only a branch from the distant trunk. What power, what vigour of sap, must not such a tree possess to be able to support such heavy boughs in a horizontal position and at such a distance ! We build tubular bridges and are astonished at the adhesion of the iron over so broad a span ; how much more wonderful is one of these trees, the main support of which is only in its centre. The height of the tree corresponds with its

circumference; beneath it men dwindle to dwarfs: all measurements fail, all that generally appears large is surpassed, surrounded, concealed. A whole population could lie beneath the shadow of this tree, unseen from the plain.

Beneath this leafy vault I experienced that sensation of desolation, that pleasing awe which overpowers one in the twilight of an immense cathedral; that feeling of sacred surprise that one feels in standing before monuments which tower over the usual visions of the imagination. And this extensive hall of nature's forming was only supported by six pillars, by six massive stems: one was tempted to speak in whispers as within the sacred precincts of a church. It was natural that instinct should lure art into this temple of nature, and that in its centre we should discover our artist engaged in some pretty sketches. The world would not quickly again afford such beauties.—Numerous bromelia and tilandsia hung on the boughs high and low, large and small, like lamps in a cathedral, or like banners from the lofty beams of a knightly hall. Several of the boughs were bent so close to the ground that one might use them as seats or as ladders.

Alarmed by our approach some negro children rushed through the scitaminea; it was not until after some time that we discovered in a side hall of this temple a complete farm-yard. Lofty carica papaya surrounded the huts concealed amid the thick foliage like signals or flagstaffs in a camp; their straight stems, their leafy crowns, the fruit which hung below, gave to the whole scene a beauty all the greater from being in the immediate neighbourhood of human habitations. The houses were mere shells made of wood, clay, and palm leaves, only used from inclination in this equable warm climate, in which one knows neither rheumatism nor frost. Black pigs, plainly the negroes among the bristly herd, disported themselves

gaily amid the picturesque disorder of the fazenda. Let us devote a few words to these animals, deemed lowest in the category of beasts. The blessing of the pig, gem among the beasts of the farm-yard, is said to have been first brought to the new continent by us Europeans, proof of the pride of the European. But this useful domestic animal must at the period of the conquest have made acquaintance with an antediluvian companion; wiser than man, he must have entered into an alliance with the primitive race, the free and venerable peccary, and must have improved his characteristics by the historical tradition of the natives; in this way alone can the shape and merits of the present race be explained. The Brazilian pig is much smaller but much more active and pretty than the European pig, its colour is darker, it is more lively: both remind one of the free life of the forest. The flavour of the meat also far surpasses that of European pork; whether owing to the food or to the cross in the breed, or to the balmy air, the meat is here more than excellent. A rich merchant in Frankfort, who spent his apprenticeship in Brazil, is said always to send hither for the pigs to supply his luxurious table.

We found it cool and shady beneath the large trees; beyond, on the plain, the sun was scorching; a light breeze stirred the air within the green dome like a breath of peace. From beneath the boughs the eye could gaze far and wide over the picturesque plain, over the verdant forests, over the distant, sparkling ocean softly blending with the sky on the horizon. High in the leafy crown, removed from sight, the parrots which had been so rudely scared a little while before were now chattering again in calm security. A spirit of blissful, calm serenity pervaded the sacred temple of nature, stones for an altar of incense were alone wanting on which to present an offering of gratitude and wonder from the creature to the Creator:

thus even here one meets with disappointments and imperfections. Where now are the priests of this sanctuary? The poor negro slaves of the fazenda, where were they? According to what our artist said, they were lying in their huts all attacked by a malignant fever. Thus even on this hill, in this secluded paradise, wasting sickness intrudes itself. The causes of this are, above all, misery; next the chill of the shade side by side with the most fearful heat of sun; and also the evaporation, which rising to the hill from the swamps, is engendered by the waters encroaching on the island.

Our investigations allowed us no long repose; we left the painter at his interesting work and went down to the plain in the interior of the island. In a short time the activity of the sportsmen began anew; in the woodless plain, amid the confused masses of bush, large black birds hopped about on the withered boughs merrily and unconcerned; in form and size they were like the magpie, in their glossy, black plumage they resembled the raven; the motion of their long tails was like that of the water wag-tail; the pretty creatures uttered that varied cry which belongs to the peculiarities of Brazil, and meets the traveller at every turn, and which he hears long afterwards resounding in his ears. One generally finds these useful birds in the neighbourhood of the fazendas, where they sit quietly pecking the horses and killing the noxious insects which are in these countries destructive of life. The scientific name of this bird, which really belongs to the same family as that of our raven, is *Crotophaga anù*. We knew the customs of the country too little to be aware how sacred this useful bird is to the Brazilian, and that, from the position it holds in society, it obtains confidence and approaches man fearlessly. The men with the rifles relentlessly fired in the direction of the bushes and two of these poor birds fell, whilst a troop of other birds, amongst them



the beautiful doves with which we were already familiar, a handsome woodpecker, and various sorts of passerine, flew forth; we should have liked to have brought them home for my museum, but they fell into the thorny bushes and we did not know how to obtain them: behold! suddenly there appeared unexpected help; the police officer returned, this time in plain citizen's dress; probably attracted by the continual fire; as the police have especial skill in bringing to light that which is concealed, we requested their representative to seek our prize for us. He certainly showed some degree of aptitude for his new office; but after he had vanished a little time in the interior of the thorn bushes, an enemy appeared over whom his rank had no influence; an angry swarm of yellow, unamiable bees compelled him hastily to vacate the field, without having found the birds; yet, like a genuine police officer, who when he cannot attain one object immediately discovers another, he brought with him a trophy in the shape of the pretty nest of the dove mentioned before; ample remuneration rewarded him for his trouble and for his semi-success. The nest was unusually small; prettily and artistically filled with light twigs and soft feathers; two pretty little eggs lay in the warm, downy bed. I must further mention regarding these black birds that, probably in consequence of their mode of life, they are said to possess a very unpleasant odour.

The plain now narrowed and was covered with rich verdure; groups of palms raised themselves aloft and even some tokens of cultivation were to be seen here and there. As we sauntered along the picturesque road, soft rain drew a cool, fragrant veil over the fresh green of the earth. I was delighted; but our friend L——, an old resident in the tropics, insisted that we should seek shelter in a neighbouring hut; for, he observed, that one never could tell how heavy tropical rain might not become; and as he

was really pressing, we went across the fields at a fast trot, and soon reached a lonely hut which stood among cocoa-nut and bread-fruit trees, overshadowed by a large mango. The walls were made of dark wood ; the interstices scantily filled with clay and earth ; the roof consisted of dried palm leaves, the floor was of earth firmly trodden down.

At our approach we frightened some thin fowls from the silent hut, which showed us that it was inhabited ; we stepped beneath a projecting roof, a sort of rough verandah ; very soon a clean, little negro boy in a loose shirt, appeared from the inner network of the house ; he opened his large eyes at us in astonishment and then disappeared again in the interior, to fetch his black great-grandpapa ; a hideous and almost naked negro, with white woolly hair, tottered from his dark corner to meet us ; it was a miserable sight, a figure weary of life, bent to that of an animal, and still more disfigured by elephantiasis, that fearful disease which so frequently attacks the negroes, and which had swelled his feet into shapeless masses of really elephantine proportions ; he could scarcely move and could only push himself along by the help of a great stick as far as the trunk of a tree which was bent over ; on it, as master of the house he seated himself between us. The hut was but a refuge for the moment ; its furniture consisted of some blocks of wood, some hurdles and some calabashes ; more primitive it could not have been, and a worse could not have been found among the huts in the distant native country of the blacks. Poor old man ! alone and forsaken ; no one near him but a little child, beneath such a roof as this, he ends his miserable life of slavery like an old dog that has become useless and that they have forgotten to kill. To judge by the age of the old negro he must have been one of those who had known home and freedom ; and who had traversed the ocean packed like a bale of goods. Nature is kinder and more just than her degene-

rate children; and she at least bestows on the poor slave trees to surround his hut and to give him nutritious food throughout the year. Besides, the old man was, notwithstanding his lonely and miserable existence, in a position, even in the midst of his poverty, to show us hospitality in what, according to European ideas, was a regal fashion. He disappeared for a moment into the inner portion of his airy dwelling, and returned with an old, torn basket full of splendid pineapples for our refreshment; according to our home ideas, it was an extraordinary contrast to receive the regal pineapple, in a miserable hut from one of the poorest of men. But here it was only as though a peasant in Germany were to offer one a basketful of sour pears. We threw ourselves like harpies on the golden gift, and revelled in the delicious fruits.

Among the fables that my predecessors in the trade have related in their descriptions of travels is this, that the pineapple of European hothouses, artificially grown and ripened by artificial heat, is sweeter, more juicy and better than the natural fruit of the tropics; I cannot agree to this; one may find hard, sour pineapples in America, but none of the artificially grown, European fruit possesses the aroma, the fresh perfume, and the delicious taste of the Brazilian pineapple; the comparison between nature and art is incomparably more favourable to the former in the case of the pineapple than in that of the strawberry; and yet every one will allow that garden strawberries, with all their excellence, have not the natural aroma of the wood strawberry. Since I have enjoyed the pine-apple in its original state, the artificial European fruit has seemed like a sweet prepared by a confectioner. The pulp here is of a pale straw colour almost white, whilst that of the hothouse pineapple is almost of the colour of ochre; I might say that it is of a gloomy hue throughout; which probably may be attributed to the

extreme artificial warmth used in Europe which also causes the juice to have a taste like a liqueur, or as if it were fermented.

Thanks to the hospitality of the slave, the short time during which the rain lasted could not have been more pleasantly spent; with patriarchal composure and not without some of that apathetic nonchalance peculiar to all old slaves, our host seated himself by our side, extending his afflicted feet; the boy and the clucking hens looked on in astonishment to see how the pale men from the distant East devoured the refreshing fruits. The rain now had shed small gleaming pearls on the revived grass, and we cheerfully pursued our researches, accompanied by the heartfelt thanks and congratulations of the black patriarch. The ground fell gently, and the soil changed into an alluvial sand; the path which was pointed out to us conducted us to new marvels in this land so rich in natural beauties. The usual vegetation ceased and extended in a wide circle to the left into the interior of the island, whilst near us a different sort of vegetation prevailed. Thickly pressed together, half dancing, half floating, half like a stork or a heron standing in calm repose on their spindle legs, half like a *fata morgana*, hovering by enchantment in the air, rose this new vegetation, spreading itself over a broad plain of fine, firm, white sand which the sea (as at high tide the foam dashes over it) makes level and shining.

We were standing before a mangle swamp, one of those tracts where the fresh water running from the shore blends with the inmost line of sea water, where frequently the whole marsh lies under water; or where the sand is frequently visible and the water only remains in isolated spots and in small interstices. On the brink between the bright fresh verdure, bathed by the fresh water and the salt territories of the foaming sea this



extraordinary mangle bush reigns exclusively. The mangle wood that here overspread the broad basin of water was still young and consisted rather of shrubs than of trees; such a landscape is to an eye through which imagination looks as through a window, delightful in the extreme; this confused growth of boughs and of roots, this eagerness of lofty stems to bedaub themselves in the damp mud; this wonderful intertwining, this moistened picture of the forest with its mysterious comers; this life in various stages from the marshy cave inhabited by crabs to a bed like that of the Venetian pilot-fish; with the green splendour beyond, where the merry passerine and the shy kingfisher lead their free sunlit existence, how could I describe it all to a European? Imagine an alder wood in our German meadows taking root in black earth, gravel, and streams; imagine these modest bushes swollen with pride and transplanted into the tropics; imagine our good alders attacked by an anxiety to touch the mud, learning how to walk on stilts from the water-birds, raising their stems in the air and shooting forth their roots into the damp earth; but in order not to lose their equilibrium, and well aware that pride goes before a fall, anxiously extending their branches, balancing themselves on either side, and casting forth fresh roots into the moist ground. Thus we see a grove of alders, by a stroke of enchantment, hovering suspended some feet in the air.

The mangle tree, *Rhizophora mangle*, spreads over the whole tropical world. At every spot where the tropical sea kisses the land, in America, in India, on all the thousands of islands, this amphibious plant is found, and fever with her poison is generally its companion. To press through a group of mangle presents one of the greatest difficulties that the traveller has to overcome; for already, in the middle of the water, without any sure footing, must he begin his work. To this green girdle which en-

compasses so many islands may be attributed the fact that many districts are still unexplored by science. Thus in the Nicobars, the walls of mangle form the principal obstacles to research.

This floating forest has its own animal world, as we also discovered on our first entrance into it. There are here three species of crabs of different sizes, according to age, and varying from an inch to half a foot in diameter. The three species that we saw here, and later on in the course of our journey, differ decidedly and manifestly in colour. One is bright red, shining like the most beautiful sealing-wax; another is bright yellow, and the third (of which we found the largest number) is blue, becoming lilac at the extremities. These animals are the lords of the mangle forests, and lead therein a most delightful existence. Well protected, in deep holes beneath the roots, they make their cool, roomy dwellings; again by these roots they mount up as by a convenient staircase, and find pleasant banks and terraces on the trunks and boughs, from which in their noon-day repose, sunk in philosophic dreams, they can contemplate the country and rejoice in the sun and light. But should anything unusual or new approach their vicinity, an extraordinary excitement arises in these pleasure-grounds, and with a sidelong amble the wise epicureans retire during the short period of danger to the doors of their secure dwellings; there they seat themselves, I might almost say provokingly, on the bank at the entrance, rear themselves often aloft, and with eager curiosity await for the monster. When the dreadful object approaches, the prudent master of the house vanishes like lightning behind the door, and conceals himself in the bosom of his family. But sometimes it happens that one of these old philosophers falls into a peaceful sleep on some of the high mangle balconies, in consequence of a sumptuous repast, and that the sun has

not had time to waken him before the noise of the coming danger suddenly startles the sleeper. Help him, ye gods ! What is now to be done ? The old gentleman sees no way of escape ; his sidelong amble is no longer of use ; steps and bridges are cut off ; all his friends are fled from the park and have retired to their inner and safe apartments. He sighs so deeply that his tones of anguish are heard from a distance ; stretches out his fat limbs, makes a desperate resolve, and throws himself over the balustrade of his gloriette, headforemost down below ; from the distance one hears the splash as the fat animal strikes the watery plain ; but, *Fortuna audaces juvat*, like a flash of lightning the patriarch has disappeared, and much frightened, but saved, returns in peace to his family. It is true that the old crab who no longer has strength to hobble up to the gloriette on a fine afternoon, grumbles with just jealousy at the youthful tricks of the venturesome grandfather ; but grandpapa is safe, and the youthful crabs are rejoicing and triumphant. The danger past, the young masters of society carefully put forth their heads from their holes, look about them far and wide for some time, give information to the ladies and the children, and again they emerge into the lively park, until late in the evening, when the moon has risen, they relate with shuddering feelings of congratulation how great the danger was, how they were hardly able to drag the children along, how the cramp had fearfully cut short the amble of one of the ladies, and how even grandpapa, to the anguish of all, was obliged to save himself in an unseemly manner which had disturbed his digestion, and how grandmamma was not yet without apprehension.

Is not this a sweet existence ? These little animals live free and unfettered as in an Arcadian republic ; they have near their rooty homes plenty of oysters for food, and disappear so cleverly, so boldly, so quickly into their holes

that we wearied ourselves in vain for a long time in the heat before we could obtain any specimens for my museum. However, we succeeded, but only with trouble and imperfectly; for we merely obtained some heedless young ones, and those not of every variety of colour. One fat old grandfather we could not catch in spite of our most desperate exertions. It was not until afterwards that I learnt that these animals are killed with small shot. It is said that they are often found at some distance in the interior of the country, far away from the marshes. Their colour is always bright, and may be seen shining at a distance in brilliant hues amid the green of the mangle woods which swarm with these creatures. The speed of their movement at the approach of danger is the more remarkable, because up to that moment they have been lying stiff and motionless; their flavour is excellent when eaten, thus they are consumed in large quantities by the inhabitants of the neighbourhood.

Among the mangle trees which extend over the tracks where the salt and fresh water unites, numberless small oysters are found, which serve as food for the crabs, and are also, and very rightly, much eaten by human beings. The strange life and habits of these animals detained us longer than was reasonable. The heat on the white sand was considerable, yet not more oppressive than at noonday in July with us. At the other extremity of the swamp there stood as a sentinel on the boundary on which the forest vegetation began again, a large and very picturesque tree with wide-spread boughs hanging down to the ground surrounded by almost impenetrable bushes, from which was climbing a beautiful liliacea, unknown to me, and a sort of bean with deep purple blossoms, and brown, hairy pods; we made a struggle to obtain some of them in the hope of seeing them thrive again in our garden. On the knotted stem beneath the boughs and between the bared



roots on the worn earth, some really gigantic specimens of the blue crab were sitting in crowds like gnomes. In the distance they looked as though they were fossilised; but we had scarcely approached them, before they disappeared. With them, some large lizards also took fright, and were lost with the speed of lightning among the bushes.

There are certain things that always imprint themselves especially on the retentive memory of a traveller; and this tree of crabs, with its surrounding flowers, and the beautiful inhabitants of the animal world, was of this number. Could one take everywhere with one a photographer, which unfortunately is still impossible, he would have been obliged to make a shadow picture of this group (with the spot in which the gnomes disport themselves) for my album; it would make a very pretty illustration for a legend of the primeval forest. From this tree the path took a bend directly into the forest, the edge of which derived increased interest from an unusual number of palms. No gardener in the world, no Hügel, nor science supported by wealth, though even that of the Duke of Devonshire, could produce such a group as nature here offers with her lavish profusion, in this place which is scarcely ever visited; scitaminea and aroidea, with delicate bamboo, form the light and airy fringe; beyond them, the myrtacea and capparidea rise with their mysterious shadows and dark glossy leaves; among them the gay children of the sun, the bright palms with their lofty outspread crowns, and golden wreaths of blossom, rise proudly and majestically. Their summits appear to attract the sun's rays with special power, so brightly do they gleam, like favoured beings, on the dark background of the forest. The lower portion of the wood was so impenetrable that, for the first time, I received some idea of a primeval forest; and I began to understand that, amid such a class of plants, the bright axe alone can be of any assistance,

while even that would involve difficulty, and labour indescribable.

The outer edge is magnificent beyond conception. I might call it the outside of the forest; where the crowns of plants meet the sun, the forms increase and extend, and the colours receive a warm and glowing light. Beneath these rows of trees all is dark and confused; the eye must be satisfied with bare stems, with shrubs that are intertwined together, with branches closely pressed, and with coils of leafless lianas. Some solitary slight gleam from the more sunny region can alone make a track for itself through the twilight.

This wood is like a dream: its first visions are sweet and golden; the transition between falling asleep and sinking into the fantastic mysteries of night is delicious; but the light fades, and with dark wings sleep draws on, and all becomes less bright and more confused; memory loses itself; while only now and then, from the far distance, does the sun of life shine upon the leaden unconsciousness.

On this occasion we were fortunate. We had no need of the clearing axe. The path which we were following led us between impassable walls which spread their boughs and crowns over us in rich arches; the fantastic adornments of the tropics grew in profusion in the dusky vaults which enclosed our path, and we might have imagined ourselves in a silent track in our own home woods. With us also, there is the same impenetrable bush in which the leafless tendrils of our clematis are entwined; also with us there is the perfume of moist vegetation thick and green, as here; through the leaves play the beams of the same sun, shining in our beloved home, as in free Itaparica; the earth on the silent path, the slopes of the hollow way are brown, mingled with vegetation; the breaks in the wood have the same form, the same degrees of shade as at home; I turned to L—— and exclaimed,

‘Here in the thick forest shades, beneath the green arches, all has the same appearance as at Thiergarten.’ I expected to hear a crackling and breaking of the trunks of the trees, a rolling noise on the damp earth, and the sudden appearance of a defiant boar, so completely did it seem to me like home in the heat of a summer’s day. Suddenly there was a flicker, as of phosphoric light, in the twilight; a second flicker, and with the speed of thought, noiseless, fairylike, now rising, now falling, now gleaming in the splendour of colour, now lost again in shadow, touched by the inquisitive rays of the sun, flew two immense butterflies, indescribably beautiful specimens of the *morpho mene-laus*; their backs were light blue, the lower portion of the body dove colour; sometimes they looked like night-birds speeding wearily through the twilight, sometimes the beaming rays from the sky were reflected in them in the midst of the darkness of the forest, like a vision of beauty. It seemed as though the silent forest had understood my words, had felt itself aggrieved by the comparison with Germany, and had suddenly sent forth two of its most beautiful children to instruct the new-comers. We were enchanted, and so lost in astonishment that we unfortunately only took up our butterfly net when, notwithstanding all our exertions and wild pursuit, it was too late to catch these visions of the fairy world; they disappeared noiselessly as they had come, in the fathomless depth of the forest; but the remembrance of this lovely scene, of this exquisite surprise from tropical nature, will ever remain imprinted on my heart.

The beautiful sort of palm of which I have just spoken is the *attalea funifera*; its slender stem attains a height of from twenty to thirty feet; the crown is composed of large feathery leaves. The fibres of this plant are used for various purposes. To the envy and delight of the botanist, our sportsman found a wonderfully beautiful orchid

(epidendrum), with deep orange flowers. In the under-wood was growing the pretty anthurium affine, with its large, stiff, glossy leaves. On the more marshy ground our delighted botanist discovered, amid attalea and astrocaryum, the rare aroidea, urospatha desciscens with its pointed, wedge-shaped, long, glossy leaves, together with many other flowers. We were the first people to bring this plant alive to Europe. The forest path conducted us to a roça (a broad, open space, here forming portion of a declivity) on which the forest, with a view to cultivation, has been partly burnt and partly felled; it was a wild scene, but has its counterpart with us in the Alps among the woodcutters and charcoal-kilns. The ground lay bare. Scattered around were some few trees; on various spots on the barren ground we saw the broad giant stumps of the monsters that had been felled; on other places lay some stems from which the branches had been cut; among them, ashes from fires. In spite of man's efforts, nature endeavours again to become mistress of the soil, but in many places man has gained the victory, and the manioca or some bananas (here called plantains) would suffice to announce the beginning of his rule, even if there were no deeper marks.

In the centre of this roça, on a declivity, a negro-hut already rose amid the palm branches and wood. Dirty slaves were sitting round a large pot filled with manioca, and were devouring their scanty meal. On the edge of the roça along which our path led, and by the side of a little stream, grew a profusion of beautiful grasses and weeds, in which green lizards were gliding hither and thither, together with myriads of buzzing insects. A slender negress in light attire came with a graceful walk along the path; in a large basket on her head she was carrying plantains and oranges in the direction of the harbour. We stopped the merry-hearted girl, and purchased some of her fruit to



our very necessary refreshment, and to her joy, which she evinced by a gurgling sort of chatter. Never had a plantain tasted to me so delicious, and after this forced march in the heat of a tropical noon-day I learned to bless the reviving and refreshing fruit. Each of us put some in his pocket for consumption at a future time.

We had still a portion of the roça to traverse, but we were compelled, owing to the advancing hours, and out of consideration for the rest of our companions, to halt at a most beautiful spot of the valley, and to think of return. We stood half in the forest, half on the open hill; the golden sun shone majestically in the open scenery. The valley was still and uninhabited, no trace of the hand of man had imprinted on it the stamp of common life; in its calm, unchanging splendour, it appeared to be a deserted fairy garden; amid luxuriant grass and rushes shaded with flowers and weeds one could hear the cool babbling of a brook. To increase the beauty of this wonderful landscape, some exquisite plants rose from the fragrant turf towards the azure sky. In the distance, various breaks in the valley, shady openings in the forest, gave irresistible invitations to the enchanted beholder to make further journeys of discovery.

To complete the scene of this fairy garden, beautiful and unknown birds flew unconcernedly around us from the copse, and carried on their merry but noiseless game from bough to bough by the side of the stream. There was one of golden yellow and black; near to him soared a large brown bird, like a cuckoo, with a long beak like that of a water-wagtail: another was a most splendid blue: all these flew joyously in their native paradise, free and unrestrained, unconscious of the dangers with which man would threaten them. Fortunately for these birds our sportsman had taken another direction; we could therefore watch their games and their various colours quietly and undisturbed,

without troubling ourselves about their names, which were unknown even to L——.

With longing eyes we gazed down into the valley, beautiful beyond description : so peaceful, so rich in variety of colour, and yet so still. How willingly would we not have penetrated farther into this dreamland of tropical nature ! but necessity compelled our return.

We took the same road back, and it was only now, when the excitement was not so great, that we began to perceive how tired we were, and how extreme was the heat of the unclouded sun. But in general the sky in the tropics is not cloudless and blue : this favour belongs only to the privileged coast of the Mediterranean. The horizon in the tropics is generally cloudy, and there are places, like Petropolis, where scarcely a day passes in the year without rain. The clouds are caused by the moisture of the vegetation, the moisture by the clouds ; they form together cause and effect. According to my taste, which has been formed in South Italy, in Spain, in the sacred land of Egypt, and in the classic land of Greece, these clouds in the true sense of the word form a shady side to the beauty of the tropics ; it is only beneath a perfectly cloudless sky that the soul is elevated and attuned to the pure enjoyment of true beauty. The clearness of the heavens, the unclouded brilliance of the sun in all its beauty of colour, is to me above all things necessary. Only one feeling can make the sadness of a grey country to be forgotten in the soul of man, and that is quiet domestic comfort.

The English, who know and appreciate the south in all its splendour of sunlight, also know how to represent the idea of comfort artificially at home ; therefore England is, in my opinion, the only northern country in which one can for a moment forget the south. In Germany, in gloomy Holland, and in France, so deficient in natural beauty, one is miserable : these countries offer nothing which can

compensate for the discomfort of a bad climate, or give that tone to the body which produces an enlivening effect on the mind. I shall never forget the overpoweringly melancholy impression that I once received at the end of June on the Scheldt. We were sailing in the yacht of his Majesty the King of Holland: the sun sank red in the steaming fog; a cold, comfortless wind blew over the deck. I had just put a thick Scotch plaid over my winter dress, when my good friend Admiral T—— came up to me and said, with patriotic enthusiasm, how delighted he was that fate had just accorded me such a beautiful summer evening in this country, such as they saw at most once in four or five years. I was frozen in every limb, and replied with a melancholy dubious smile and a languid nod of the head, and immediately sought the protection of the cabin.

In Amsterdam, called by the Dutch the northern Venice, to my great joy, I found on my arrival a cheering fire in the large chimney of the magnificent castle; this was the end of June! In the last days of July, I travelled to my good uncle, the Emperor, to his summer residence at Reichstadt, in the fertile fields of Bohemia; and here again, on my arrival, a fire was blazing in the large stove; this was the beginning of August! In far-famed Ischl (where I must acknowledge, in justice, that there are three or perhaps four completely fine days in the year) I remember very well having once gone out in a sledge in the middle of July, which the Germans call their hay-making month. In England all these wretched feelings of internal discomfort are obliterated by the arts of comfort displayed in every-day life; but happy are those countries where one has no occasion to cultivate such an art, where life is passed in unceasing harmony and in an unchanging climate. On our return, we did not forget to collect both flowers and animals as far as possible.

As I have already said, Itaparica afforded us severa

new species for our botanical collections, and various specimens the names of which were known to us in Europe, though we had never seen them. All this afforded a proof that Itaparica is still a *terra incognita*, and that most travellers, in their desire to penetrate quickly to the interior, leave this beautiful and interesting island unnoticed. When we had again passed the mangle swamp, we examined one of the primitive negro-huts more closely. It was round; the walls consisted of branches closely woven together; a roof of palm-straw like a sugarloaf, together with the circular shape, gave it the appearance of a large beehive; one solitary opening served for door, window, and chimney. This negro-hut reminded me of home, because it carried me back vividly to our childish years when, on our beautiful bowling-green at Schönbrunn, similar huts were erected for us in a scientific manner; for each of us brothers such a primitive hut was built, and a piece of garden added to it. It is now twenty years since, on my birthday, my empire, as I called it, was formed, and the reins of government were given to me. I see now (as though it were to-day) the thatched hut standing beneath the shade of large trees, surrounded with stakes, and adorned with weapons imitated from those of savages. In front was a sort of forum for councils of war, and for purposes of worship, ornamented with an immense idol, and with the skin of a boa-constrictor which hung from the trees to the ground. On the side, surrounded by shrubs, and near the waterfall, was a hammock slung between two strong slender trees, near to which sat a handsome and intelligent green parrot, presented to me in those merry days by the widow of Napoleon. To complete the happiness of a cheerful evening, and in imitation of the scientific sketches in the court library, there gleamed in the kraal a charcoal fire; while there was placed, on an immense spit, a large toad, carved



in wood, and destined for the repast. This was a childish amusement, but an omen from destiny. It gave to the young mind a liking for that which was distant and unusual; and now that I have travelled over the ocean, and that the gay visions of childhood are changed into reality, I can rejoice in their fulfilment with the same childlike pleasure as that with which I formerly rejoiced in my imaginary scenes. I now see with my own eyes that a negro family really lives from generation to generation in one of these airy dwellings, sheltered from the wind by logs of wood, sheltered from the sun by palm leaves. One sees how these people have no fear of rheumatism or toothache; but also that their existence very nearly approaches that of apes, and, as regards comfort, is far surpassed by the sagacious and skilful beaver.

As we drew near the harbour, adhering to the hour and place appointed for the rendezvous, our numerous companions emerged from bush and valley in the strangest condition; some in parties, some alone. None came with empty hands; everyone brought more or less booty with him, as a proof of good intentions. The harvest was a rich one, and presented a beautiful and wonderful appearance when heaped together. There lay all the wealth and wonders of nature peacefully, side by side, from the egg still warm from the nest, to the richly plumaged bird; from the seed, scarce fallen, to the fragrant flower and ripe fruit. There, in gay confusion, were parroquets, a love-bird, humming-birds, coloured woodpeckers, pretty doves, woodcocks, handsome butterflies, exquisitely formed beetles, wonderful orchids, bromeliacea and philodendrons, new grasses and aroidea, and countless seeds which will only receive a name at some future day. We might well be content with this first grand success of our energy; the thirst for knowledge, the proud joy of collecting, had made a path for themselves.

As I wandered back through the grass-grown streets which form the town, the inhabitants of this place, previously so lifeless, had already (probably owing to the curiosity caused by the continuous sound of our fire) come to their doors and windows to stare at the strange people from the civilised world.

At one of the houses I bought a very pretty black and yellow bird, which had been caught in the forest only four days before: we kept it on board for a long time, feeding it with bananas. At the harbour, the principal authorities of Itaparica were, to my horror, assembled *in pleno*; among them, the clergyman, a dark-brown and very ugly mulatto. It is not easy to converse for long with the authorities in this place; they know no language but Brazilian, and although strangers might be acquainted with seven languages, they would never forget themselves so far as to learn Portuguese. But let us be just. In the opinion of our sarcastic painter, there is an evident utility even in Portuguese; for as one can only speak it through one's nose, one may at the same time speak in some Christian-like tongue with one's mouth.

A much greater alarm than any that had gone before awaited us when we reached the shore, and perceived that the ebb tide had set in; indeed, according to the view that our captain took, there seemed never to have been anything else. Our steamer was stuck fast in the mud, and on board her, in calm repose and stoical impassiveness, was Herr G——, the wealthy planter, the lord of many sugar-canes and slaves. In consequence of his extreme modesty (or rather of his quiet calculation), he had with good-tempered patience remained in the vessel, unnoticed by us, knowing well that the time was approaching in which he should be able to display himself in the plenitude of his princely grandeur. If this complete disappearance from our party were a matter of calculation,

it was a proof of the wise and business-like mind of the rich Brazilian, who (like a true diplomatist) knew how to hold back his valuables when nothing was going forward that concerned him.

In calling G—— a planter, 'I must, in order to be understood by Europeans, explain what, in ordinary phrase, is meant by the expression. Planting (the Brazilians use the pretty word 'Engénho') is accompanied by genius, and this is shown principally in the preparation of that wonderfully luxuriant crop, *Engenhò de Assucar*. Thus generally, when wishing to convey the idea of property, the expression 'Engénho' is used, and the name of the landowner is added. The phrase, as usually connected in Europe with Brazil, I have never heard here; perhaps it is confined to the French colonies.

The French seem to have a particular talent for confusing words and ideas. Thus, in their romances, they have given quite a different meaning to the word Creole from that which it had originally. Fashionable people now suppose a Creole lady to be a fascinating, ethereal being, with a brunette complexion and gazelle-like eyes, uniting all the refinements of education with a wild, excitable temperament; in short, a child of European parents, whom fate has deemed should be born within the western tropic, an interesting combination of the refinement of Europe and the untutored nature of America, an admirable heroine for the unnatural mould of a French novel. How astonished would these worthy Parisians and their admirers be if they were to see the real, genuine Creole! In the New World the expression refers to all of the negro race who are born in Brazil. It is applied exclusively and solely to such persons; and woe betide the new-comer who should venture, in the faltering accents of love, to bestow it upon a white person born in Brazil: I suspect he would in that very moment be precipitated

over the verandah, into some thorny bush below, by the real Creoles.

Senhor G—— exactly answered in appearance to the idea that I had formed of the owner of an ‘Engénho.’ Small, but strong and muscular, corpulent (a characteristic of wealth), and with a short bull neck—token of strength, and of a strong will—he had the round well-set head of the more intelligent portion of the Roman race, a head that in form and feature reminded one of the busts of the Roman Emperors: his smoothly shaved face, and short, curly hair completed the impression. From his broad shoulders extended a pair of powerful arms, and, notwithstanding his fat, two well formed hands of iron strength. The key to the inner history of this extraordinary man, who is the richest and most prosperous landowner in the whole of Bahia, the Lord of Brazil in the fullest sense of the word, was to be found in his deep, dark eyes. In their restless, unquiet motion lay the whole history of the Brazilian aristocracy: these eyes could be soft, intellectual, amiable, and even have a look of humility; but whilst sparkling with apparent friendliness, they sought with eager restlessness to spy, from behind their dark fringes, whether all was going on right, whether each inferior was doing his duty; and deep within there seemed to lie tiger-glances ready at any instant to dart forth in anger upon some victim. At these moments his firmly clenched hand answered to the electric flash of his eyes.

The owner of numerous slaves, raising himself to affluence by their means, must, in order to reign supreme over such turbulent elements, live in a state of continual uneasiness; he must be incessantly on the watch, and be ready at every moment of day and night (so long as he lives) to quell the slightest symptom of insubordination with the lightning flash of his eyes. If this glance fail



of effect, the strong arm must be raised, and the *chicoto*, the sole sceptre of Brazilian aristocracy, must do its stern duty.

Be it observed, in passing, that the *chicoto* is a long whip made of two pieces of ox-hide, which the keen observer may see lying close at hand in the principal apartment of every Brazilian house.

There is also another instrument which is sometimes shown jokingly to strangers by the master or children of the house; this is the *palmatorio*, made of wood, in shape like a kitchen spoon, and with a long handle, with which they give the slave a certain number of blows, according to the extent of his crime. I tried the effect of this instrument several times on my hand, and can therefore bear witness that the effect is not very pleasant. What is most repulsive is the shamelessness and the mirth with which these instruments are shown and talked of. In the eye of this wealthy man one may see (as I have before said) the necessity for these things at the same moment that one reads in it the most courteous amiability; the searching glance resembles a shuttle ever hurrying from one extreme to the other.

In the dark mirror of the master's eye one could also read a history of the past; a past that concerns the origin of the empire, telling of times when these black eyes gazed frequently over the ocean with eager anxiety, as though their longing looks could hurry the vessels expected from Africa. Now Senhor G—— is the most amiable of men, rich as Cræsus, of importance at court, possessing influence in the province, owner of the handsomest of country-houses; in short, a pattern nobleman, a firm supporter of the aristocratic element, and to foreigners the most agreeable host in the world, one whom in this respect cannot be praised too highly.

But we have still left our steamer in the mud, and there

we also sat immovable; but it was indeed a misfortune to spend so much valuable time in the mud. The captain shouted, and hastened hither and thither; the dirty mulatto and negro sailors threw out hawsers, manned boats, foamed, swore, and laboured. At length, after long pulling and tugging, there came one jerk, then another, and the old machine slid, creaking and groaning, off the mud. We were afloat, the rudder worked in the water, and we crossed the bay to the mouth of the mighty Paraguasù. We returned from our expedition with a keen appetite, and levied a contribution on everything that was eatable in the 'Elizabeth.' The tokens of our expedition were laid on one side, and the long table on deck was spread with a luxurious repast of fruits, champagne, and other exhilarating beverages.

The refreshments began with steaming coffee; the enjoyment of which is only an act of prudence in strange and unknown climates; for coffee strengthens, invigorates, restores the wearied powers of life, and possesses the virtue of frequently averting many evils. In countries in which fevers are prevalent, this Arabian beverage is a real, necessary of life, without which no traveller can exist. Senhor G—— sat beside me, deep in gastronomic study, and allowed the electric light of his tiger glances to rest, whilst his black eyes rolled complacently from beef-steaks to capon, from Strasbourg pasty to veal, instead of from slave to slave. Our conversation was limited, owing to the invincible barrier of the Portuguese language, and thus we were able to devote ourselves entirely to our gastronomic duties. Suddenly I perceived a certain restlessness in the usually impassive slave-prince; he moved about in his seat, and fixed his eyes anxiously on a dish of pounded sugar that stood not far from him, ready to be eaten with the excellent, juicy melons. When he thought me absorbed in a conversation with L——, he suddenly

seized like a cat upon the pyramid of sugar, hastily ate some of the sweet dust, made a still more fortunate essay, and hurriedly put some of it into a folded paper. Deep thought now took possession of the great man, a look of melancholy overspread his features, strong feeling pervaded his spirit. Such might have been the expression of countenance of our father Adam after he had eaten his half of the apple ; or of Socrates, when he had emptied the cup of poison.

The sudden change in G—— did not escape L—— ; and he explained what was to us a mystery. Senhor G—— had, for the first time in his life, met with his deadly enemy. That of which he had dreamed during hot tropical nights, the vision which had caused beads of agony to stand on his brow, had become a reality. The owner of broad, unfailing, sugar plantations, whose wealth consisted in slaves and in the sweet pulp of the green cane, had tasted of the imperial, free-grown, beetroot sugar. One may imagine the blow it was to him. That with which wicked newspapers had so often threatened him—the hideous nightmare—had sprung into veritable existence ; and that which endangered his wealth had traversed the ocean to meet his lips in mockery, and must, indeed, have tasted to him most bitter. G—— was so skilful in his business that his eye at once perceived the difference, and his taste was equally discriminating. He confessed to us afterwards that this was the first time that he had ever tasted the imitation article of civilised life ; he thought our beetroot sugar very white, and was astonished at the small size of the powder. Monsieur Alexandre le Clerc, our cook, or rather *Maître de bouche*, proved himself a great rogue for having provided this dish of beetroot sugar expressly as a satire on G——.

During lunch our steamer glided quietly over the broad, beautiful bay, past the enchanting islands of Santa

Barbara and San Roque. The dazzling mirror of the sea was continually traversed by gay canoes and larger boats. The soft, blue lines of the coast drew nearer; the undefined colours of the distant prospect changed their misty hues for an ever-brightening green, the unceasing spring attire of the tropics; a small hamlet amid gently waving palms, gleamed on the lagoon, reminding one of the island of Lido at Venice. On the south and west the lines of coast extended to the horizon, our steamer passed in safety the bar so much dreaded by the captain on account of the shallowness of the water at ebb tide, and we gaily entered the mouth of the great river, the grand Paraguasù.

These bars play a sad part in the history of Brazilian rivers, and prevent their navigation by large vessels, so necessary for the development of the country. What the bars are to the rivers, so are the rocks, or rather reefs, to the coasts of the empire. A line of breakers runs uninterruptedly along the coast at a little distance from the shore, leaving only in some few places narrow, and unfortunately too often but shallow, passages to the excellent and well-protected harbours. The extensive view of the immense bay, bounded by a broad bright horizon, vanished gradually like a picture on a folding fan, and we were enclosed within the banks of the mighty river. We glided tranquilly up the wide solitary stream, with its wooded shores, and a new and overpowering vision rose before my mind. I was sailing upon one of the rivers of America, gigantic in its proportions as are her forests. I had dreamed of this scene just as it now lay before me. We were moving along one of those lonely tracks which lead to the mysterious centre of this wondrous continent; following one of those arteries which extend noiselessly from the unexplored, undesecrated interior of the boundless forests to the glad ocean.

This river, broad as the Danube, with banks verdant as



those of the Po, has continued its undisturbed and silent flow for thousands of years; its waters, coloured by rich contributions from the primeval forest, have rippled on untroubled and noiselessly between their still and lofty banks, on which no dwellings smile, no cheerful village gives a friendly greeting, but nature in her wild grandeur sits enthroned in impenetrable forests, and groups of palms. All was a dense mass of green so far as the eye could reach; the imposing uniformity which nature has set, like a ponderous seal, upon this land was only broken by the palms on the banks, by the crowns of gigantic trees, and by some projecting masses of granite. On the waters of such a river one cannot feel gay, or in a mood for conversation. The individual unit becomes dumb before the sublimity of nature, and can scarce resist a feeling of complete isolation. But the sun was still high in the heavens, and where he sheds his golden rays man cannot be utterly forsaken by life and warmth.

We proceeded up the river, filled with these overpowering emotions excited by nature; at every fresh turn she seemed to admit us into new mysteries. The general features of the scene reminded me vividly of the Danube; that river must have presented a similar appearance when the Germans first traversed its oak forests, a wild though free people. What will be that of the Paraguasù some centuries hence, when civilised man, with his levelling propensities, shall have hewn down the trees on the banks, and have built houses on the bared heights?

During the first part of our voyage, the only trace of the existence of man consisted of a ruinous granite fort, which has remained unused, a pretty ruin, since the days of the War of Independence. After we had sailed for some distance between two silent banks, the river widened, and was broken into various streams by green islands. It was a picture such as might be seen in some splendid park,

arranged by a master-hand. The first real sign of life gleamed from amid the foliage on the high bank on the left; it was the Engénho of G——, his charming villa standing in the centre of his extensive plantations; below it the sugar manufactory appeared from behind the rocks immediately on the shore. The situation of the house could not have been better chosen; the rocks, which formed a terrace, and were overspread with bright green, rose straight from the water. On this natural foundation, and commanding the river like a watchtower, stood the pretty house, covered with roses and a hundred other flowering shrubs. The terrace widened behind, and on each side of the house, into a broad, fertile plain, extending to the ridge of hills, on which were situated the farm buildings, the large garden, the coffee and cotton fields. There were some few groups of palms and avenues of jaccà near the house, and *o mato* (the Brazilian for the forest) formed an impervious boundary to the lovely scene, as it does in every part of America.

The situation of the house recalled the Lake of Como to my mind, its form and its large verandah reminded me of the east; but the brilliant light and the bright hues of the tropics admit of no comparison with those of other places. At the foot of the rocks to the right, as one approaches, and in front of the sugar-mill, a sort of harbour has been formed, and a wooden quay has been made for trading purposes.

The impression was striking, for we here made acquaintance with quite a new phase of Brazilian life, our notions having been only of the Fazenda and its master.

In silence G—— effected a transformation. He hastened to his harbour in one of the boats of the steamer, which had now anchored, in order, as a prince to receive a prince in his own barge. It was true that we still had

confused notions about the Empire of Brazil, but we entered with surprise into the unlimited territories of G——, an unfettered, independent prince. On the bank all was activity and motion. The stern master had arrived, and, with natural pride, wished to have honour done to his guests. The negroes pressed forward in gay crowds and with joyous expressions; flags and pendants waved merrily in the gentle breeze; everyone hurried to the quay to look at the visitors; but yet everywhere order prevailed, and a certain decorum was maintained by two or three unpleasing white figures, who exercised in G——'s name the harsh duties of slave-drivers.

In a beautiful barge (in which a rich carpet was laid down, and which carried the flag of the empire), rowed by six stalwart blacks in a rather theatrical costume, we were conveyed from the steamer by G—— with the calm composure and self-possession of one used to authority. A few vigorous strokes of the oars, a graceful turn, and we lay alongside the quay, and were received by the white members of G——'s household. To the left of the ascent stood the large sugar-mill, which is worked by steam, the only factory of the kind in the whole empire; on the right stood a large warehouse for the precious products of nature, which were already packed; it also serves as an arsenal for the whole colony, or rather, I should say, for the little kingdom. The steep road to the house and farm lay between these two buildings.

G—— took us first to the sugar-mill, a large enclosed space. Here the wheels of the engines whirled and clapped, the water roared, the boilers hissed and steamed, the overseer shouted his words of command; the feverish excitement, the bewildering noise of these modern days of steam, prevailed everywhere. Large numbers of negroes, chiefly women and children, were divided into gangs; some competent negroes were placed as overseers; the

men of the colony were for the most part at work out in the fields. As the dog comes fawning to meet his master, when expecting either bread or blows from his hand, so these negroes grinned at the appearance of their owner.

G—— seems to be very popular with the blacks of all ages, who, dressed in light loose gowns, and with a kerchief wound round their woolly heads, looked hideously ugly, and very like monkeys. Among the young men there were some well-set, powerful figures; but the old men, with their short white woolly hair on their little round heads, were repulsive. The chocolate-coloured children who were grouped round the noisy wheels looked very comical; but, droll as they may be, there is something very melancholy in the sight of them, when one reflects that their only protection and defence is in the capital that they represent.

The operation of refining sugar is interesting to witness. The cane is put up in heaps, and is crushed by the machine; the husk falls on one side, and is used as food for the pigs, whilst on the other side the thick syrup pours forth in a stream into the boiler. This grey mass is then carefully washed, is passed through various ducts of water in the building, then heated and boiled so that the water may evaporate, and at length a sort of partially refined sugar is obtained from the molasses; but the chief refining, and that which gives it its beautiful appearance, takes place after it is taken to Europe.

But Senhor G—— also extracts two injurious articles from his canes: rum, and the strong, unwholesome cabaça. With this latter he keeps his slaves in good humour. The principal power employed in this factory is water power; the splendid stream flows from the neighbouring forest through an aqueduct, and even the sound of its cool babbling quenches one's thirst. The steam-engine, of which the owner is so proud, is only used as an auxiliary.



The sugar is packed in the mill, and is either stored in the warehouse, or placed by means of a crane on board one of the vessels which ply between the Engénhò and the seaports of Bahia. The activity, the order, the speculative talent, the sagacious calculation, all would afford pleasure, but for the compulsory labour exacted from the negroes.

We climbed the hill in the scorching heat. The steep path was bordered by an avenue of the broad-leaved, dark-green bread-fruit tree (*artocarpus incisa*). On the right were the cowsheds, like those in our farmyards; and on the hill were the negroes' cabins, with their little partitions inside; in front of these walked a large black sow, with a dozen of pretty little pigs that seemed to be merrily enjoying the pleasures of existence.

Half-way up we crossed the aqueduct, and saw a delightful bath-house with three large marble baths overshadowed by cool trees; a luxury and also a necessity which cleanliness demands, and which, to their praise be it spoken, one finds in every fazenda in Brazil.

The Brazilian is generally very cleanly in his habits, quite unlike his Portuguese ancestors; he seldom goes to his midday meal without having taken his cold bath; and the custom of bathing is so natural to him, that the first offer made to a guest is to conduct him to the bath-house. The theory peculiar to the southern countries of Europe, that bathing produces fever, is not in vogue here. It would appear that this wholesome practice was adopted from the Indians, who never partook of a meal without first dipping themselves in the river. Why Senhor G—— has placed three baths side by side I cannot tell.

At length, passing a spacious court, we reached the house. Traversing a hall in which stood the gilded palanquin of its lord, and mounting a beautiful, antique, wooden staircase, we came to a sort of gallery where the palma-

torio before mentioned lay on a prayer-book. From this we went into the light, airy verandah, the centre of attraction in every Brazilian house. This is a long, lofty apartment, resembling a gallery, with a floor of choice wood, and with walls painted with some light colour. When I use this expression I do so only in a partial sense, for the chief charm of the Brazilian verandah consists in this, that according to European notions the back wall, so to speak, can alone be called a wall, in it are the doors of communication with the rest of the house, and also a sort of window communication with the kitchen. The other three sides consist entirely of large windows, supported and divided by wooden pillars, with wooden lattices as a protection against the sun, and for the admission of fresh air, and supported only at the corners with a small portion of the wall-work. Thus, in this delicious climate, where the curse of different seasons does not exist, the room is merely an immense sunshade. The fresh air and the perfume of the flowers are admitted everywhere, and the rippling of the water lulls the soul into pleasant dreams.

If the style of building give one delightful impressions of tropical life, these are still enhanced by the comfort of all the arrangements within. A light hammock finely worked with a gay fringe, and an enticing pillow, is slung between pillars, serving as an airy cradle for its occupant; rocking chairs of fine cane stand ready to rock him gently in the *dolce far niente*; comfortable although uncushioned furniture is arranged tastefully in the hall; in the centre is the dining table, continually tempting the guests with its dainties. An excellent telescope, and the engravings on the wall, chiefly sea-pieces, remind one of the ocean, and of G——'s former profession. One generally finds French pictures in the Fazenda, and usually also the portrait of a wealthy senator, or of the head of some party. An old piano

gave tokens of a dawning love of art, and a large sideboard near the glass door through which the dinner was brought bore evidence of good living. Some slaves of a higher class, dressed in white inexpressibles and blue cloth spencers, but barefooted, like all of their race, moved to and fro in this part of the room, as quietly as cats. Everything betokened a well-arranged strictly-ruled establishment, abounding in solid luxury.

The good taste of the owner was proved by the fact that everything was adapted to the climate, and that there were no useless additions. The Brazilian houses in the Mato are suited to the requirements of active life; they are spots for repose after a day of labour, and contain none of those objects of art or science which excite an intellectual mind, and which could only have a troubling effect upon one in a primitive life. The house is a delightful resting-place, where one can rest almost in the freedom of the open air. There is in this arrangement something healthful and refreshing, contrasting agreeably with the effects of a European house. Our Senhor owns many such residences in the coffee and sugar districts round Bahia.

But turning from the apartment to the large window, and gazing through it at the prospect, the beautiful panorama fills us with surprise. The giant river, its source in the mysterious depths of the forest in the far west, flows past the rocks on which our verandah is placed, calmly and untroubled, on its way to the ocean; at our feet the waters extend themselves into a large, still lake; richly wooded islands rise in beauteous forms upon its silvery mirror; the masses of green, ever verdant as in our springtime, are only varied by occasional blocks of granite, or by the sharply outlined crowns of the palms. No human dwelling with its cheerful column of smoke breaks in among the green forms of the vast forest, no sail gleams

on the distant waters, no sound of life echoes through the wide expanse of country. Far as the eye can reach, it meets only the majestic repose of nature, except on one spot, on the opposite coast, where the outlines of the lonely old monastery of St. Francis rise amid the world of green. Vegetation is everywhere, and in picturesque forms presses down even into the water: it also climbs to our elevated verandah, wreathing it with a garland of fragrant roses and jasmine.

I remained in silent delight, in that state of blissful peace which nothing but the sublime wonders of God, in His world of silent nature, can bestow. I could have remained for hours, sunk in reverie, my limbs rocked to repose, my heart satisfied, my thoughts wandering to the fair and distant horizon. The verandah in G——'s house is a spot that I can never forget: and I shall ever think it a proof of good feeling in the owner that he should have selected such a spot for the central point of his home. For the verandah is the principal apartment of the Brazilian: here he eats his meals with his family and guests; here he takes his rest after the fatigues of the scorching day.

Our party again separated. The botanist and the sportsman were struggling through the forest for spoil. G—— now invited us to walk round his property. Engaged in lively talk, chiefly regarding life in the Fazenda, we began with the garden. Here, as in Vittoria, we were astonished at the richness of the flowering shrubs. Plumiera, lagerstromia, roses, jasmines, and, which was the most interesting of all, tall coffee plants in full bloom with blossoms white as snow, filled the garden. Two humming-birds danced in the air, sucking honey, and seeking for midges from the cups of the flowers. The botanist was surprised by finding large trees, with long eggshaped leaves, and fruit like a palm, with a sour taste: he called them *Terminalia catalpa*.



But, with all its wealth of beauty, G——'s garden has left one painful remembrance behind. Its master showed us the famous pimento, a shrub resembling our paprika. In my misguided curiosity, I seized one of the scarlet fruits which the Brazilians use largely in their dishes, and bit off a small piece. Oh! if I could have foreseen the pain it would give me! A fire had begun in my throat; only small sparks at first, but the glow quickly increased, and it burnt wildly, till it made me dizzy, and took away my breath. It was one of the most miserable feelings I ever experienced. If Senhor G—— had not, with a mischievous laugh, offered me a glass of water, I believe my very heart would have been burned away. Now at least I know that in purgatory there will be American cooking, pimento and cashew nuts.

A gate in the shady garden led into the fields—they were chiefly cotton fields: in the trees I saw with delight how the finest cotton was hanging on the husks; the fields and paths were bordered in regular lines with orange trees, and various European fruit trees, and the boundaries were formed by avenues of jaccà. Every part of the grounds displayed great order and industry. The extreme limit was formed, as usual, by the forest.

The sun was near setting, and as we were strolling along with the master of the place (gaining instruction from his industry, and feeling overpowered by the amount of his wealth), suddenly a brilliant flock of parroquets whirled in the air, as though they had come to scream their farewell to the parting orb of day; soaring now higher, now lower. Pursuit was immediate; the young men came panting from all directions with their guns, and delivered a fire as though they were in action. But the birds were quicker than their pursuers; and half from fear, half from fun, made most graceful evolutions in the air, and a terrible noise. They then vanished in the thick crowns of the

trees, to escape their persecutors; but again rose gaily in the golden sunbeams, in which their plumage sparkled like jewels. A second flock appeared, and now the air was filled with them, and their wild shouts of joy resounded everywhere. The air seemed to be filled with rockets; but our Nimrods could only fire salvoes, not murderous shots. How must the parroquets have laughed in the midst of their evening chatter, at the Europeans, who might fire at them, but were unable to do them any harm! Some small humming-birds were frightened from the crowns of the jaccàs, the favourite tree of the Brazilians. There should be a strict prohibition against shooting this pretty little bird; as a relic from Paradise, the preservation of its life should be included among the laws of religion. But it would be difficult to control the sportsman in the primeval forest.

The doctor and the botanist made search for rare beetles and wasps: but were not more successful than the sportsmen, and the insects escaped merrily from them. Revelling in the enjoyment of tropical life, I wandered with G—— and L—— beneath the jaccà trees (the fruit of which is gathered throughout the whole year) to the ruins of a little chapel standing on the rocky bank of the river to the east of the farm; it was shaded by palms, and overgrown with creepers.

The sun sank in the depths of the forest, but its last beams still painted the broad mirror of the water in purple and gold; cloudless and bright was the sky, far as the broad horizon; the outlines of the silent, uninhabited islands were clearly marked; each palm stood out from the background with its feathery crown. Just as the ebb tide recedes noiselessly but surely from the sandy shore, so did the sunlight little by little fade away from the forest and hilly ridges; the golden hues softly tinged the green plains, then rested on the lofty crowns of the palms, yet ere

long the golden tints vanished, and twilight shed her mantle over the broad plains and vast forest. The river shone like silver, every sound was hushed, no oar plashed in the waters, no voice of man was heard; the stars lighted up their gleaming rays, but no hut sought to rival them with its beaming light. Far as the eye could reach, far as the ear could hear, there was no sight or sound of aught to make the heart thrill with human woe; and I was overcome with a feeling of the awfulness of the solitude and of the desolation of Nature's paradise. I could never have supposed that I should have felt such yearning for something like home, such oppression amid beautiful and magnificent scenes; and it gave me the key to the sensations of weariness common to American life, yet this was only the third day of my stay in a continent separated by the wide ocean from Europe.

I gazed for a long time at the water and at the forest, and sought again and again for some sign of human life; and again and again my eye fell only on the dimly gleaming walls of the distant, solitary monastery.

Our young sportsmen returned, but without success: parroquets and humming-birds had alike escaped the dangers of European invaders. In the boughs of the jaccà tree near the ruins, we found a large nest made by a small bird: it looked like a bagpipe filled with air, and was formed of thousands of little twigs and broken pieces of plants. Some of our party broke off the bough to which the nest was attached, and thus bore away the curiosity for our museum.

The Senhor invited us to a repast, in the course of which my melancholy was dispelled. A princely table was spread in the verandah with every sort of gastronomic luxury that Brazilian art could invent. All the dishes (and the Brazilians always have a great many) were, according to the custom of the country, placed on the

table: there were also delicious fruits, from the delicate juicy melon to the royal pineapple, and an array of the choicest wines. Respectable-looking slaves of all ages (who might vie with any garçon in Paris for skill) were in attendance, but, according to the old patriarchal style, it was the Senhor himself who, in the pleasantest and most amiable manner, really did the honours of the table, and who took especial care to refresh the weary traveller with large draughts of champagne. It was painful to me to be served by him with his own hands, for G—— was no longer the little insignificant man that he had appeared to us in the morning, but a man of the world, and a personage of position and importance. The Brazilian dishes were all very delicate and well-prepared, and rendered savoury with pimento and all manner of spices; their strong flavour is admirably adapted to the hot and enervating climate: the spices are reviving and invigorating.

The strong point of the Brazilian lies in dressing meat and fish, particularly in making savoury ragouts, and other dishes of crabs and similar fish. At our luxurious banquet of this evening I enjoyed especially a dish of minced meat, crab, and other fish flavoured with pimento; also a dish of stewed fresh-water oysters. This fish does not naturally thrive in fresh water: near G——'s house it is found in the mangle bushes. The tide rises nearly to his property, so that the water at this point may be said to be brackish. Of this fish is made the most delicious dish that I ever tasted in the whole course of my gastronomic experience in the two hemispheres, especially when, according to Brazilian custom, it is mixed with roasted farinha.

The farinha is dry but well tasted, the oysters are juicy, so that the two form a combination such as I can recommend strongly to any connoisseur whom fate may send to this country. Farinha plays an important part here: it is continually placed on the table in one or two forms. In



its roasted state it serves as an excellent adjunct to all rich dishes, and is especially excellent with pork ; it is also made into a jelly, which in my opinion reminds one of millet, and has a very insipid taste. In both forms it serves in Brazil as a substitute for bread, which is unknown at the tables of those who live in the country, and is eaten with satisfaction by high and low, rich and poor. It is much to be regretted that farinha will not keep long, and will not bear a sea voyage ; otherwise, in its dried state, it would be a desirable addition in European symposia.

As there is no bread on the table of a Brazilian, so also there are no dishes that require wheat flour ; neither is there a very good supply of vegetables. However, on this occasion, there were two that were interesting to us : yams, already spoken of, which to my taste are rather dry and insipid ; and a plate of excellent palm-cabbages, a luxurious dish worthy of Lucullus. In order to place this dish on his master's table in mats, the negro must kill at least from ten to twelve cabbage palms ; the tender heart in the centre of the crown, when boiled, forms this delicious dish. But the Brazilians will not be able much longer to indulge in this favourite vegetable, which costs them a dozen trees on each occasion ; it is a luxury that must die away with the progress of colonisation : it has a flavour something between asparagus and cauliflower. The negroes, who attended admirably upon us, took a secret delight in our good appetites, and in our admiration of all that was new to us.

When seated in the cool verandah, at this well spread table, Freiligrath's song 'Scipio' occurred to my mind, and as I looked at the Senhor, and then at his head slave, with his grey woolly hair, involuntarily I seemed to hear the words,

Massa, du bist sehr reich ! wer zählte die Gerichte,  
Womit man dich bedient, den Wein, die saft'gen Früchte

Aus deiner Küche tönt den ganzen Tag Geräusch,  
Doch ein Gericht, o Herr, fehlt dir dein Mahl zu krönen :  
Kein anderes kommt ihm gleich an Wohlgeschmack ; die Sehnen  
Stärkt es ; o zürne nicht ! ich meine Menschenfleisch !

Whilst we were at dinner, the botanist and sportsman returned. Their diligence had been rewarded. The botanist had, deeper in the forest, found a feather palm with large green nuts that hung in clusters, in numbers of from forty to fifty, and were of the size of a goose's egg ; but, notwithstanding all his wisdom, he could not tell the name of the tree ; he also brought a large bromeliacea, the balls of which glowed bright red like hot iron.

The sportsman's bag was well filled : four kinds of humming-birds, topaz-coloured, amethyst, and two little birds of emerald green ; a small pipra, snow-white, with a black head ; parroquets, green, with red wings and yellow heads ; love-birds, tiny little things, green, with blue spots at the beak and on the tips of the wings (of these last, Cadet J—— killed two with one shot, and, in his pride and delight on the occasion, fell into the aqueduct) ; two species of snipe, long-beaked and dingy as their European brothers ; the female of a wonderful kind of pipra, which gleamed with the colours of the tricolor, and a paraoria cucullata, grey and white, with a scarlet tuft. They had shot a black water-hen with scarlet feet, but had not been able to find it ; and had seen a Brazilian witwe, a pretty bird with long feathers. The deepening twilight, and the restlessness of our captain, compelled us unfortunately to return. I cast one more glance over the magnificent panorama, so majestic in its repose ; and then went down to the shore with the rest of our merry party, accompanied by our friendly Amphitryon.

At his arsenal, G—— showed us a large handsome canoe, fifty feet in length, which had been hollowed in the Indian manner from the trunk of one immense tree.

These canoes are the best and indeed only craft for use on the river, which abounds everywhere with dangerous rapids and rocks. Twelve persons can be accommodated in one of these canoes, by sitting one behind the other: but the width is only sufficient for one person, and even he must not be very stout. The cost of such a canoe is considerable, for even in the primeval forest there are not many trees to be found large enough to make one.

The inhabitants of the Fazenda crowded down to the landing-place to witness the departure of their master's guests. We were much struck by only seeing three, or at most four, white faces among all this assemblage. The entire management of the slaves, and the whole of the arrangement of the work of all their families, are carried on by two white men. What strength of character must not these possess, to be able to keep such a number of these dark spirits under control by means of their moral influence, which can receive but slight aid from the palmatorio and chicoto. Woe to the whites if their black brethren should once eat of the tree of knowledge, and thus raise themselves to the rank and privileges of thinking men! The black does not know his own power, nor suspect the strength given to him by Heaven, fortunately for the owners of property here. Emancipation of the negroes, and an exertion of self-help on the part of these oppressed beings, would ruin all these rich nabobs, for their property is only a burden to them, and it would very soon be again overgrown by the surrounding forest.

Among the dark faces, scarcely to be seen in the twilight, I was struck by the appearance of two pretty boys, mulattoes, or rather half-castes: they wore fine blue spencers, and even shoes. In their chocolate complexions I detected a strange mixture of white and black, and their shoes afforded me subject for all sorts of speculations. If it be that high and low, freedom and slavery, can be

united, why should not Senhor G—— have formed such ties? When I, naturally enough, asked the boys about their parentage, their answers were rather confused. Such mixtures of colour are only too frequent in the fazendas. What hideous pages in the history of slavery are opened to us in this, that the children of white and black parentage are half slaves, half free, according to the discretion of the father and owner!

The Senhor accompanied us in his state barge to our impatient, snorting steamer; and then sent us, with patriarchal hospitality, an abundance of cocoa-nuts, sugar-canes, refined sugar, rum, cachaça, and a bag of farinha and fruit from his own gardens.

With feelings of heartfelt gratitude for the warmth with which we had been received, and delighted with the interesting scenes which the Fazenda had presented to us, we parted from the amiable G—— with cordial farewells. If this man had no slaves in the present, and no dark story of slavery belonging to the past, I should esteem myself fortunate in numbering him among my friends.

Our steamer pursued her course down the river amid the shades of night. The wooded banks on our right and left now looked doubly imposing; brilliant stars shone in the firmament; and when we reached the broad bay the moon was already rising from the ocean. A fresh breeze blew over the sea, and a heavy dew watered the earth. Stretched on a bench on deck, I covered myself with my plaid, and half dreaming, half waking, returned, after a happy and eventful day, to the seaport. The graver portion of the party slumbered soundly surrounded by their sporting gear, and their rich booty of fruit and flowers. The never-wearied youngsters took advantage of this moment of freedom (under pretext of scientific experiments) to begin a mad chase between the decks for moths, and for such moths as the most glowing imagi-



nation in Europe could not picture. Some of these were an inch and a half in length. Fortunately some of them were caught for our museum.

It was not until late in the evening that we returned to our secure sea-castle and to our downy beds.

Bahia: January 14, 1860.

When travelling, even in a new continent, beneath a tropical sun, and in the confines of the primeval forest, one must (although possessed of the most eager zeal and curiosity as a tourist) have leisure days in which no special object presents itself, in which one wanders about in town and country: lost days, so to speak, which one spends in all sorts of trifling occupations, such as executing commissions, making purchases, and strolling about. Yet one frequently sees more during these seasons of repose than when hurrying to and fro. Such a day was this.

We began by beating up our quarters in the Hôtel Février. Our old Frenchman and the talented Monsieur Henry had been commissioned to bring some of the curiosities of the country to the hotel, where we could examine them closely, and make purchases to take home with us; but what could one take from Brazil? Art does not flourish here; industry as little; therefore nature, living or dead, must supply the want. If we had wished to follow Brazilian customs, we should have been tempted to purchase slaves, in preference to anything else. Indeed, for a moment I had an idea of taking home a little negress as a surprise; but reflecting on the difference of climate, and on the sad effect that it might produce on the health of the child, I changed my mind.

My old Frenchman brought me a long list of prices of parrots, monkeys, fancy birds, and all sorts of creatures. One cannot but be amused in casting one's eye over such a list, and thinking of the large prices asked in Europe

for such curiosities—a green parrot, tame and well-taught, for a gulden, and a pretty vistiti for a gulden and a half! The pipras, with their varied and beautiful colours and charming song, are also very cheap, and may very well be brought to Europe, notwithstanding all that is said to the contrary. I bespoke a perfect menagerie, which was to be ready for shipment by the time of my return to Bahia; the Frenchman gave me some interesting information respecting all these animals. Above all, he promised me a tapir for our menagerie in Schönbrunn, that fine beast peculiar to the Mato Virgem: an alligator was also to be procured before our return; a guati was already named on the list. Vistiti were bespoken in considerable numbers, and I was fortunate enough to bring home some fine specimens, to the great joy of those to whom I gave them; parrots belonging to all the principal species in the district were also included.

I also learned, on this occasion, to correct an error; the word ‘arras,’ familiar in Europe, is not correct. The large bird with the beautiful scarlet-and-blue plumage is called arra; its canary-coloured and blue brothers are called ararun; their scientific names are *Psittacus macao* and *Psittacus rauna*. To this same family also belongs a wonderful green bird with red-tipped wings, but the original bird of the race is the *Psittacus hyacinthinus*, the largest of its species, with blue plumage, and canary-coloured round the eyes and beak; it is very rare, even in the forest, and only some two or three specimens have been brought to Europe alive. It is far superior to all others in intelligence and docility, and its beauty induced the Indians to worship it as a god. All these birds build their nests in hollow trunks of trees, and it is very droll to see the long tails hanging like a flag from the tree, whilst the body is completely hidden.

According to Brazilian notions, the name ‘parrot’ is only

properly applied to the green-and-yellow species so common in Europe—the *Psittacus ochrocephalus*; all other species are included in the name ‘parroquet.’ To enumerate all the little birds that belong to the pipra family would be impossible; they are of every colour and size. The most beautiful, indisputably, are the azulaos, in shape like our finches, and of a blue like lapis-lazuli. It is always said in Europe (probably from a feeling of envy) that all these lovely feathered beings are mute; but, as I have before observed, there are, on the contrary, in Brazil many exquisite songsters which are much valued, and for which even here one is obliged to give a high price in the market. The notes of the American birds are soft and delicate, but clear and silvery in tone. There are also Brazilian canaries of a bright yellow with dark orange spots on the head; but, like all birds of this species, they moult once a year, and then become of a dirty green like our siskin; most of the canary tribe are brown in colour.

Henry brought some feather-flowers for our inspection, but these are very roughly made in Bahia, and only suited to the woolly heads of the blacks. We reserved our purchases in this branch of industry for Rio. Hammocks also were offered for sale, but they were only of the coarser kind, and were exceedingly dear.

At length we went through the town down to the street on the shore, with the intention of looking at the shops ourselves. There we visited the shop of an old Frenchman, who had a large number of insects and stuffed animals for sale, and who had really brought his traffic in these goods to perfection. Everything here was well-arranged; the animals were in condition for the voyage, and chests and boxes were prepared in which to pack them. On entering his shop, one might almost have fancied himself standing in a jewelled vault, so brilliantly did everything around gleam and sparkle. It is only

in such a place, where there are stuffed humming-birds in thousands, that one can, by quiet examination, form an idea of their beauty. They possess every shade of colour, and a rich brilliance such as one only finds elsewhere in polished jewels. What it is that imparts the radiance to the feathers is an unsolved mystery; and one must deem it among the greatest of nature's marvels, that these exquisite colours should be developed with such rapidity, as is the case, from an egg of the size of a pea, and containing a very fluid yolk. We also saw some fine specimens of the woodpecker and thrush, with which Brazil everywhere abounds.

Of mammalia there were very few, as the southern continent is deficient in these. The only interesting specimen of this class that we found was an armadillo, common in all forests—a disgusting beast, which must have had its origin in the pre-Adamite times, when monstrosities ruled the world: notwithstanding its repulsive exterior, the Brazilians eat it with satisfaction.

Among the insects were many brilliant butterflies and curious beetles. A large collection of shells formed an object of interest, and even the vegetable world was represented by orchid bulbs prepared for travelling. I was in my element, but could not enjoy these treasures of nature undisturbed; for an impertinent and inquisitive crowd, attracted by our primitive but convenient travelling costume, began to besiege the shop in large numbers. Now nothing in the world is more painful to me than to be stared at; the criticising gaze of strange eyes exercises a magnetic influence over me, and makes me feel uncomfortable; and, notwithstanding my Anglomania, I have not yet attained the art of receiving this moral cannonade with proud composure and impassiveness.

I left the Frenchman standing in the middle of his curiosities, and meanly took to flight, climbed the steep



hill, and took refuge within the cool precincts of the hotel, where I complained bitterly to its old master. He was indignant at the want of courtesy shown by his townsmen.

We had still one other plan for this day. We ordered our sailors to bring three tropines to the Tich, that we might traverse its waters. But here an explanation of the tropine is necessary, in order to make the feasibility of our undertaking clear. The tropine is used at home on our beautiful and interesting Marenta, and serves the people who live on its banks as a means of communication upon the river, and in the canals branching from it. It is the very smallest boat that can be constructed; one inch smaller or lower, and the man in it must sink. The tropine is made of the slightest planks possible, is easily carried, and is most convenient for use if one but know how to sit still, and possess the art of guiding it; but a violent breeze, or the slightest motion of the body, suffices to make the tropine fill with water, and to lead to an inevitable upset. To travel in a tropine is certainly venturesome, but he who ventures wins; and when once master of it, one has the advantage of being able to go anywhere where there is water; the narrowest passage, the most shallow river, becomes navigable, and he who possesses the art of sitting still may pursue his way very comfortably; with his double paddle, he can speed quickly over the mirror of the water, and has space in his tiny craft for his gun, his ammunition, and his game.

I saw this pretty little boat for the first time in the autumn of 1853, when I anchored in the corvette 'Minerva' at Kleck; I purchased one, and took it to Trieste. As time is required for the development of whatever is good, so years passed on before anyone paid any attention to this invention. However, all at once, several tropines made their appearance; they were to be seen traversing

the roads of Trieste, flying down the Canal Grande; the admirable idea was adopted, and the pretty tropine became the fashion. Improvements were made in its construction, and a graceful appearance given to it. Everyone now was eager to possess a tropine—no one could be content without; the Saxenburg Lake was covered with boats, and the astonished Viennese beheld even the court-ladies with their immense crinolines travelling over the brown mud. The tropines were sent to all the Italian lakes, and no wealthy Englishman or American thought of leaving Venice without taking one home with him; this southern invention even found its way to the lakes of the Alps. All hail to the tropine! But history has not yet disclosed to us how many colds and fevers have been the result of the use of these graceful boats. It was exactly suited to our present excursion.

After partaking of some refreshments, we once more mounted the calèche with its four snorting steeds, and drove along the familiar road to the Tich. In gay spirits, and fearing no evil, we were traversing the lively streets, when suddenly, near Vittoria (just at the spot by the fort where is the beautiful prospect over the green valley), we perceived the botanist and sportsman, who had hurried in advance on foot, engaged in a warm argument with a mean-looking person in the dress of a civilian. I immediately augured no good; a mouchard is easily distinguished from other people, even beneath the hot sun of the tropics. When our annoyed countrymen perceived our four horses galloping towards them, the sportsman shouted with all his might to our black driver. I gave orders to stop, and now the mouchard, though burning with anger, began, in a state of the greatest excitement, to ask us for our firearms and ammunition. His dispute with our sportsman had threatened to proceed to extremities. In his nasal Portuguese, which sounded ten times more ludi-

crous when uttered at this high pitch, he tried to make us understand that there was a prohibition against carrying firearms without the permission of the President. Some of the servants flew into a passion, and said the man was insulting us, which ought not to be allowed; the sportsman snorted with rage—the botanist began to philosophise about Brazilian civilisation. I took out my ‘London-smoke’ spectacles, and looked at the fellow for a long time with German composure and calm, which seemed to disconcert him completely. After I had shown him that he could not succeed in disturbing my equanimity, I quieted my own people, and told him that law certainly was law, be it ever so senseless or uncourteous, and that everyone was bound to submit to give an explanation of the facts of the case.

Three points presented themselves to my mind. First, that the Brazilian order did not apply to the present circumstances; for in those parts in which the forest extends to the town, and the monkeys come to pay visits to the palace of the governor, the arms of every free-man are required for defence and for the chase. Secondly, that the institution of the police had found its way from across the ocean, and therefore there need be no alarm. Thirdly, that this proceeding was a mean trick played upon us by the piqued authorities; they plainly could not forgive us that, on a point of etiquette, we had ignored them, and that they had not found us on board the ‘Elizabeth’ on the first day. This measure was plainly one of petty revenge, for we had already been going in all directions for three days quite unmolested; and it was no secret from anyone in Bahia—who were the four men, in a peculiar dress, who drove about the town with four horses; the narrow passage by the fort had not been unintentionally selected as the post of the mouchard.

As neither our Consul nor a native interpreter was with

us, and as I did not desire to enter into a longer discussion with this ignoble placeman of the tropical empire, I gave orders that the arms should be delivered to him, once more took measure of the excited mannikin through my 'London-smoke;' and with a benign smile, as a proof of our entire submission, offered him our butterfly-nets, as being most dangerous and illegal weapons within the realm of the democratic empire. The worthy looked ready to burst with passion, and the people, who had assembled round us, chuckled with delight at this acknowledgment by Europeans of American laws. We had the laugh on our side, and the foreign mouchard, who had apparently calculated upon resistance, went away amid jeers and jokes.

As there are differences between continents, so also there exists a feeling of continental patriotism; and I was really annoyed that, during this argument, a hot-blooded Italian entered into the dispute, and unasked, and with expressions of the greatest indignation, took upon himself to act as our partisan. He even accompanied the mouchard, who, with the sportsman and the *corpus delicti*, proceeded before the imperial authorities. This solemn promenade occupied three hours and a half; but the official intelligence reached the Great Mogul earlier than he expected, or than perhaps he desired: for in the course of the day I sent the youngest officer of our vessel to the President, desiring him not so much to express my surprise at the circumstance, as to demand why we had not been made acquainted with this law earlier, and why the necessary permission had not been sent to us, when we had already passed through the imperial arsenal several times, carrying our firearms? At the same time, I ordered that he should be informed of my intention to acquaint the Emperor with my astonishment at what had passed. This had an electrical effect; the Great Mogul laid aside his dignity and his plans



of revenge together, and made the most ample apologies. Poor mouchard!

We drove to the Frenchman's house, laughing heartily over the whole affair. The botanist accompanied us in the carriage.

Our party again separated. The painter found a beautiful little spot, surrounded by arums and bananas, under a tree, where he could exercise his art in peace; the doctor kept him company, enjoying the stillness of tropical life; and both, together with an old negro whom we had hired for the day for fifty kreuzers, kept watch over the provisions which kindness and liberality had provided for us.

T——, the botanist, and I went to the shore to seek for our tropines. We shouted loudly, but no one replied; the sailors had evidently passed: at length we found our three boats among some water-plants in a secluded creek. A little instruction in the management of the tropine was given to the botanist, who was courageously occupying one for the first time; and then forth darted the three swans, with the speed of an arrow, into the sunlit flood. It was indeed delightful to glide over the broad glassy mirror, we the only travellers on the waters of the vast, gorgeous lake. The tropine gives one a feeling of free independence; one sits there alone and undisturbed, ruling the watery element. Except in such a boat as this, it would be impossible to see the individual beauties of the Tich.

Viewed from the lake, the whole prospect was much grander and more interesting than when seen from isolated points on the shore. The outlines appeared more beautiful, the deep creeks doubly enticing, the hills surrounding the unequalled panorama more rounded, the expanse of water larger, and its various branches, overshadowed by the rich vegetation on the banks, became more plainly visible. Everywhere this vegetation grew to the very brink of the water, where it joined the aroidea, canea, and waterlilies.

Amid all the monotony of these masses of green, there was such a variety of shade and form, such powerful contrast between the deep shadows and the brilliant sunlight, that the eye could not become weary. Besides, in these lay a grandeur peculiar to nature in the tropics. Man, in his lonely palm-huts, appears only an object accidentally placed in the landscape.

After crossing the broad plain a few times, and discovering how one creek after another disclosed itself, like fairy visions in a dream, I began to follow the windings of the shore, keeping close to the bank, and gliding beneath the drooping foliage of the overhanging trees, through the narrow passes between lianas and mangle-bushes. We were often completely hidden in the leafy grottoes, and stopped to rest beneath shady boughs, with no eye to see us save those of the flowers. In these secluded spots one might fancy himself within the regions of enchantment: below, was the clear water rippling around the tiny bark; overhead, were the waving branches of the palm, or the drooping boughs of a wide-spreading ficus; while the golden sunbeams strayed between the feathered foliage of the palm, and gleamed upon the leaves of the ficus. Orchids and Bromeliacea dipped into the lake, and around the little boat the large leaves of the giant aninga fluttered with a fan-like movement. Mangle-roots either rose like natural columns, or were interlaced like lattices, around which twined the tendrils of the lianas; brilliant insects flew hither and thither among the shady groves, dragon-flies circled over the cool waters, whilst ever and anon some rare bird would rise from its nest into the air.

I could not tear myself from these scenes of still life, and whenever I perceived such, I immediately guided my little bark thither. I discovered several inlets so richly endowed by nature with a profusion of vegetation, that it seemed to me that the heart of man could dream of

nothing more delightful than to build a house in such a spot, on the verge of this lonely lake; but the Bahians have no taste for these beauties of nature.

With the exception of a few miserable negro-huts, I found no human dwellings on the shores of the lake; indeed, the majority of the inhabitants of Bahia have never even seen the Tich. Money, and the means of increasing it, may be needed in this land, but no addition is wanted to the splendour of nature.

The Tich lay in the calm repose of noon: not a sound was to be heard, save the splashing of the washerwomen, and an occasional exclamation of surprise from the black labourers on the banks at the sight of our tropines; or, if we approached any spot where the hideous women were employed with their washing, they would begin to chatter with delight, and to laugh at the unexpected apparitions, which also caused great delight and excitement among some negro boys and girls—the former of whom swam as boldly as fishes, whilst the latter bathed their pretty, dusky forms more timidly. The daring of the boys convinced me that the alligators cannot here be so ferocious and dangerous as was said.

As we advanced into the more open portion of the lake, the view was enchanting, but the heat most intense. I had been thoughtless enough to shorten my trousers (which were of white linen) to the knee; and my bared legs received so severe a sunstroke, that I suffered very much from it for a long time afterwards, and for a year the spots on which the sun had struck with the greatest force were as brown as though I were a gipsy. It was true that I felt pain during our expedition, and a burning like fire, but I was too much interested to pay any heed to it. The sun in this tropic is not so dangerous as in the South of Europe or in the East, because it is frequently clouded over; yet it is very necessary to protect oneself from it; for

where it shines it does so with great power, and it is prudent to follow the maxims of the wise Orientals, and defend oneself from its beams by thick covering.

We sometimes regretted that the over-watchful eye of the law had deprived us of our guns on this day's excursion; for, besides various species of prettily-coloured pipra, we saw some curious water-birds—among them a peculiarly large kingfisher (*Ceryle torquata*), like our kingfisher in shape, but as large as a wild duck, with bright-blue back, reddish-brown breast, and white throat—its head covered with a long dark plume. As is always the case when one has no gun, the birds perceived the want, and at every turn of the creek, from behind every bush, they continually reappeared.

The botanist was in ecstasies; the tropine was a godsend to him; notwithstanding the alligators he could make his way everywhere, and the boat served him also as a receptacle for his collections, which he was usually obliged to carry in his tin box, or even upon his back. But he was not always quite successful in the management of his boat. As an old gentleman who has an attack of paralysis has not full command over his powers, but must leave his limbs to their own discretion, so was it continually with the man of science: some rare plant enticed him to turn to the right; he became eager, and a false pull at the paddle turned the tropine to the left. I was therefore obliged constantly to come to the rescue.

The disciple of nature received from my hands, with deep emotion and sparkling eyes, the large fruit of an aninga, which, with no small trouble, I succeeded in obtaining for our respected superintendent of gardens—Schott. If I had presented the botanist with a nugget of Californian gold, I do not think he would have felt such delight as at this fulfilment of his most earnest wishes; and as for the last three days he had viewed the mere plant with heartfelt joy,



the obtaining of this large specimen of the fruit formed the crowning-point of his boldest aspirations. The Montrichardia (aninga) with its ivory-white stem, its large heart-shaped leaves, its yellow blossoms, and its fruit, resembling the pine-apple, has long been known to scientific men, but no living specimen has ever been brought into Europe.

Among the aningas we found shrubs of *Anona paludosa*, with dark-green leaves like the camelia; the fruit is much smaller than that of the common pine-apple, and is not palatable. On the edge of the lake were also a combretum with lovely red flowers, and a schrankia, resembling the *Mimosa pudica*, with delicate pink blossoms. Here and there an exquisite waterlily lay extended, rising from the depths of the lake, and its white flowers and large red-veined leaves floating on the surface of the water.

I was still buried in foliage, when I heard T—— exclaim from the centre of the lake. I glided quickly from my lurking-place, and distinctly saw him shoot down the lake, after some object, with all the speed and skill of a practised sailor; a few quick strong strokes, and I was near him. He called out to me that he had seen something swimming in the water, which, owing to his being short-sighted, he took for an alligator. What joy! the animal was still free: now I perceived that he was making attempts to catch some object with his paddle, and very soon he triumphantly raised aloft on this paddle a long hideous snake, and thoughtfully threw it into the forepart of his tropine, maintaining that the creature was dead, although I warned him, and drew his attention to its known tenacity of life and to its poisonous teeth.

The horror that I have of snakes is, as with most men, invincible. Whether this arises from the ideas associated with it in my mind, or from mesmeric causes, I do not know; but its restless creeping, its long smooth body, its icy skin, its hissing noise, the spreading of its head, and

nervous motion of its cloven tongue—all these give me a cold shudder. A greeting from such a form must have been repugnant from the beginning, and one cannot comprehend how Adam, or rather Eve, could have allowed herself to be tempted by a serpent. However, the serpent would appear to have had a totally different nature at the beginning, otherwise how could this be recorded in the Bible: ‘Be ye wise as serpents,’ a characteristic which, in modern times, we attribute to the fox. Cleopatra, daughter of wisdom, far surpassing our first mother in civilisation, knew how to form a just estimate of the serpent; this queen of life and love caused the treacherous poisonous animal to be brought to her concealed in a basket of fragrant flowers, and covered with delicious buds, in order by its bite to find death amid sweet perfumes.

The horrid creature that T—— drew out of the water was certainly a fathom in length, if not more, light-brown with black spots, and must, from what the people said, have been poisonous. What I foresaw took place: after a little while the warm rays of the sun revived the snake, which was only numbed: it began to move, and suddenly it hissed, and raised its head at T——, between whose feet it was lying in the boat. A few inches, and the poisonous fangs would have seized the bold fellow; his position was an anxious and a critical one; ninety-nine men out of a hundred would have precipitated themselves into the water. But T——, endowed with rare courage, did not for a moment lose the presence of mind so necessary in foreign travel; he took a steady aim with his paddle, that he might crush the head of his foe. We had hastened to his aid, and the botanist was already so much at home on the water that he inflicted several blows on the reptile. At length he was really dead, and was carried off as a trophy. In such moments as these, a man shows of what he is really made, and the coolness, composure, and

presence of mind displayed by T——, filled me with astonishment.

The sun and long paddling tried us; and as soon as we had explored the whole of the lake, we returned to the quiet creek around which the aroidea and bananas grew, and ran our tropines on land, at the spot where the painter and doctor had remained. Here a large tree afforded us most agreeable shelter; and, spreading our plaids on the grass, we rested amid luxuriant plants. The painter had been diligent, and had made a lovely sketch. The spot on which we found ourselves was well chosen. Bordered in the background and on the right by the forest, the ground before us (the sun shining full upon it) fell in gentle undulations to the lake: these, partly cultivated, partly covered with turf, or with groups of green bananas, offered a pleasing variety to the eye. The bank was fringed with the choicest plants; the lake glowed like molten metal in the noonday sun, till it was lost in the soft outline of the distant creeks. On the opposite bank rose the ridge of hill, richly covered with masses of wood presenting beautiful lights and shadows; whilst some single giant palms rose on the loftiest point against the deep-blue sky. No park in the world could present so fair a picture, and the unbroken repose was in harmony with the scene. The surgeon had been dreaming away the hours on the turf, calmly philosophising in a reverie of enjoyment: the negro whom we had hired stood still in the cool shades, and occupied himself in wondering at the doings of his masters.

A 'déjeûné à la Frühstück,' as history calls it, was spread to refresh our exhausted frames; excellent salmon, well-seasoned *pâtes de foie gras*, and a magnificent pineapple, formed a very invigorating repast. The company were all exceedingly lively and merry. The negro also had his share, after bringing us some deliciously cool water from a neighbouring spring.

It was with some astonishment that I saw skeleton heads of cattle raised on long poles in the fields near us, on which were some negro dwellings. They may have been scarecrows, but I am inclined to think that they were traditionary relics of the Fetish worship on the other side of the Atlantic; which survives strangely and silently among the imported negroes, and preserves a mysterious bond between them.

After we had finished our meal, and were revived by rest, we turned our steps towards the beautiful forest, from which resounded a long shrill whistle, such as one hears on the railway; three times these strange tones are heard in the tropical forest—at early morning, at noon, and eveningtide. We called this the ‘noonday train.’ The creature that heaves these long sad sighs is the *Cicada manifeira*, never seen, and never to be discovered; it gives its regular and unerring signal, which echoes through the forest, and troubles the silent air by its harsh discordant tones. Nothing is to be seen, nothing is audible: not a bough stirs, not a leaf moves; yet, on a sudden, the shrill whistle resounds, now close to one’s ear, now in the far distance like a watchman’s call: the stillness of morning, in which even the hum of insects is scarce heard, is at an end, and in every variety of tone a gladsome lay is poured forth, to greet the sun as he rises to the zenith. The long cry is followed by tones like the notes of an instrument; these increase into a melody, until in full accord bursts forth the volume of sound that fills the halls of the grand dome of nature. The effect is overpowering. Man has felt himself isolated amid the solemn beauty of the vegetable world, and has wandered in silent awe amid its splendours, when lo! on all sides unseen minstrels pour forth their lays! The fragrant forest, the mysterious shades, beneath which strange plants took their midday repose, and above all, this wondrous harmony, awakened



again within my breast the rapture of admiration which had made me happy from the first moment in which I had placed my foot on the new continent. Hours of enchantment such as these I had indeed occasionally experienced before, but never in such perfection.

As I wandered through these verdant halls of nature, visions of former travel passed before my mind, and I came to the conclusion that he who admires nature should behold three grand scenes, in order truly to know what there is of sublime upon earth: namely, an early morning in the Alps, amid the clear atmosphere of one of their mountain-chains, far from the noise of the world, surrounded by the splendour presented by the flora of the Alps—by the deep-blue gentian, the lovely Alpine rose, by pansies and forget-me-nots, by pinks and violets—a morning in which the rays of light beam forth, before which the silvery stars pale one by one, before which the mists of the valley roll away, while the eastern glow deepens, the glaciers and snow-drifts sparkle in the rosy dawn, and the boughs of the fir-trees rustle, when suddenly the sun bursts forth above the giant mountains, shedding his beams (like glad tidings of joy) over the green valleys and gleaming lakes; while from every hollow rises the grateful cry of birds, the gladsome sound of matin-bells. Next, the hot noonday in the paradise of the tropics, with its wealth of fragrance and of colour, of life and sound, its joyousness of existence awakened by the culminating sun, and kindling a feeling of gratitude, as it ever does within my breast. Again, and lastly, an evening in the desert, when the fiery ball disappears beneath the vast horizon below a glowing sea of sand, when the sky is clothed in purple, and the broad plain in gold and silver sheen, when the tints gradually fade, when the firmament becomes clear as a diamond, when the circling vultures float through the shimmering air, when the camel moves along like a phantom, a

wandering ghost, when the faithful turn towards Mecca and chant their monotonous hymn, when the star of the east sheds its light in the deep-blue sky, when a cool breeze, the balsam of the night, sighs with reviving breath over the gleaming sand, and when the moon, rising at first in giant form, shines bright and full in the holy east. To him who has beheld these three scenes the worship of nature is no longer merely permissible, it has become his bounden duty.

To-day we found a very fine specimen of the *ficus dolearia*; the stem is tall and strong, as with all tropical trees, the large crown so covered with a world of parasites that one can scarcely distinguish the form of its leaves; the large gnarled roots rise above the ground and join the stem: from these the settlers make wheels, and cut excellent planks. I have never before seen anything like it in nature; it is the strangest thing that meets the eye, and looks as though made expressly for the service of man. It is impossible for people in Europe to form any idea of such wonders of nature; for what are here large trees, are, in the specimens in our hothouses, mere petty plants.

We were fortunate to-day in our discoveries of plants; we proceeded more systematically; the botanist had partially recovered from his first excitement, which had prevented him from distinguishing accurately the trees of the forest. He began to introduce some plan into his investigations; in arranging the various families, the names suggested themselves, and each individual plant became familiar. Among those which we particularly noticed to-day was a large buhinia, one of the immense lianas of South America, of which we afterwards saw beautiful specimens in the primeval forest.

Among the aroidea we found the moncterea with its symmetrical dark green leaves and large white blossoms. These leaves, which are notched as though cut

with a penknife, have so peculiar an appearance, that one is tempted to believe that Nature created them as a fantastic ornament. We also found the *philodendron pedatum*, with its slender leaves and long roots, which are as smooth and bare as the cable of a vessel hung from tree to tree, from bough to bough—together with *anthuria*, some with pointed, some with heart-shaped leaves, true fairy forms of luxuriant nature.

If science should ever advance into America (which will not be for some time to come), she will find a profusion of models for ornamentation, which will leave the *acanthus* leaf far behind. Here were grasses of different kinds, the blades of which were so fine and sharp that one could not pluck them with the hand—also grasses growing from one to three feet in height, which would be lovely ornaments in a winter garden. There were also in the forest some of a species of palm called *desmonus*, with a fragile, thorny stem; the fan-like crown feathery, and the leaves terminating in split points like whip-lashes; the fan also has hooks at the extremity, alike dangerous to one's skin and one's clothes. We also found, here and there, a *moræa* with light-blue blossoms like those of the iris.

Botanising as we proceeded, we arrived at the opposite extreme of the forest, and at the mill. We traversed the fresh fragrant meadows by the side of the peaceful stream, went round the hill, and came to a long, large, marshy, grass plain, forming a pretty valley between the forest and the wooded declivity opposite, and extending to the house of the Frenchman. Notwithstanding the scorching heat of the sun, the grass in the meadows was as fresh and bright as with us in May, and the entire of the wooded valley, with its calm, its sweet repose, had the peaceful character of our native country; we might have fancied ourselves in Germany on some open spot in a large forest, on the boundaries of some ancient chase. The principal

forms, and indeed the prevailing tone of colour, was European ; the palms alone, and the deep shadows, recalled our thoughts to the tropical world.

I had often formerly tried to paint in fancy the splendour of the equatorial regions ; I had made some approach in my imagination to the luxuriance of plants and blossoms ; but that such beautifully green meadows could exist beneath the burning heat of a sun that never becomes less scorching throughout the whole year, was to me quite a new discovery, and can only be explained by the vigour of the virgin soil and the moisture produced by the vegetation itself.

Beside a stream which we found in the meadows, we again met some Brazilians ; merry-hearted negro maidens were busied with their washing, and were joking and chattering on the bank ; they amiably presented us tired wanderers with draughts of fresh water in their calabashes. Loose horses and mules were galloping about the meadows, and were so erratic in their movements, that in avoiding the swampy ground we came into uncomfortable proximity to them, and could only proceed on our way by paying the greatest respect to their rights of freedom. In the marshes we found some beautiful light-blue angelonia, and some very interesting insects, which were disporting themselves in the grass.

The sun was so strong (although not hotter than with us in the dog days) and we were so tired, that, forcing our way through everything, we took refuge in a thick part of the forest, to stretch ourselves like heated dogs after a day's hunting. It was the first time that I had really felt the full strength of tropical heat ; even among the shades in which we were lying it was very enervating. The expression ' as hot as a baker's oven ' would be correct. In Egypt and Syria, where the sun strikes upon sand and bare rock, the heat is dry, but here it rather reminds one



of a hothouse of a high temperature ; there is the same scent of moist vegetation. We rested among scitaminea and aroidea, damp ferns and herbaceous plants, reposing on flowers which would have enraptured a gardener at home ; and the leafy dome above us was formed by numerous unfamiliar trees, with here and there a graceful palm. The noisy concert of the birds continued, and would have been our cradle song if we had had time to lull ourselves to sleep.

Some of the gentlemen devoured oranges that they had brought ; I sent the negro to fetch me some water. The poor old man obeyed all the orders of the men, who were in his eyes such strange foreigners, with exactness and punctuality. We felt ashamed to make this white-haired negro toil in the heat for us. Despite our weariness, his journeys to and fro gave occasion among us to a discussion on slavery, the evil to which one involuntarily recurs. By many it is defended as a necessity ; to me the sight of our old black was very melancholy. We had hired him of his owner for fifty kreuzers ; he was for this day our beast of burden, and we had a full right, by law, to do with him as we would. He must needs comply with all our caprices without murmur or hesitation ; and all that would be allowed him would be to thank Heaven, at the close of the day, for having sent him kind masters.

In my opinion there is nothing so bad in society as a contract that supersedes free will. No institutions that have not free will for their basis can exist for long ; they must produce wounds that will fester, and consume the strength. Even Europe has some similar contracts, which have in them too much of moral slavery, and these form the bases of discord. With us, at least some form of law is found, and such contracts are with us justified by their universality and what is termed the common good.

In this capital military service is required, as in the

old continent. I have ever deemed it one of the greatest excrescences of our times. But with us at least the lot decides who shall serve, and the welfare of the state may almost be held as sufficient excuse for inveigling the mass of the people out of the best years of their youth. On this point England appears to have arrived at a better principle, owing to her natural energetic instincts. And why should not the principle of expensive armies be given up, and be replaced by an universal Landwehr, established by patriotism, and worked by a few skilful and well-educated officers? Time and the financial necessities of Europe will, sooner or later, form something of this kind from the unnatural state of things at present existing. It is one of the imperfections of men, that they bind themselves to the faults of their times, and imagine that things cannot be otherwise, and indeed are alarmed at the mere suggestion of change.

Another grievance in Europe, reminding one much of slavery, is the manufactories. Steam works according to mathematical rules, and man becomes secondary; his energies are as limited as the involuntary motion of a shuttle; he is no longer the controlling power; he is but a stop-gap in the great mechanical power, and his intelligence is kept down. This is but a refined slavery, a separation between the sort of intelligence of the machine, and the untutored mass of half-starved subordinates, who transmit their curse from generation to generation. But here, at least, it is possible to separate, and the power to rise exists, even if seldom exercised. This power is completely absent among slaves, and herein lies the germ of destruction.

When we had refreshed our wearied spirits with some oranges, I offered the poor old negro my snuff-box to cheer his heart. It was strange to see the astonishment and uneasiness with which he received an act of kindness,

such as probably had never been shown to him before: after hesitating for some time, he took the box, and seemed much revived and rejoiced by his prize.

Whilst thus resting, we suddenly heard a cry in the forest; the voice sounded familiar. The botanist shouted in return, to give notice of the direction of our retreat; the branches and lianas were parted, and the sportsman appeared with his gun on his shoulder. We rose and proceeded to the edge of the forest, and along a well-beaten path, to the declivity on which stood the charming villa of the Frenchman. It was the most perfect, park-like road imaginable, winding and shady. In one of the bushes we found a pretty little nest, with two eggs buried in the down; we were barbarous enough to take it with us for our collection.

To us accustomed to the regular succession of the seasons in Europe, it seems strange, that in the tropics, the birds should build their nests throughout the whole year, that their song should never cease, and that flowers also should be ever in bloom, fruit ever ripe. This disregard of seasons exists in everything—all blooms and ripens according to its own sweet will. In our country man alone possesses this privilege, because he can warm and clothe himself, and hence he fancies himself the lord of the creation. Here, in Nature's home, he ceases to be supreme, and must share his privileges with all around him. Thus the tropics bear some resemblance to Paradise, and Adam is as suited as in ancient times to the verdure around him. Why did he ever seek for colder climes? Why did pride make him desire raiment?

The road and valley led to a steep hill, which, owing to the loftily situated house and some care bestowed on the ground, had an appearance of civilisation. Here man had really laboured to some purpose. Yams and cotton trees were planted in regular rows over a portion of the ground,

and presented that park-like aspect that the English so well know how to create; so that one does not know where art ends and nature begins, beauty and utility are so artistically combined. The owner of this villa is a man of taste, as one may see at the first glance; he has preserved all the large trees and has followed the soft and beautiful outlines of nature. He has also improved nature by planting flowers and rare and fragrant shrubs around his house, has strewn buds and perfumes over his daily existence, has wisely retained the view over the valley and towards the hills, and has advantageously made use of the swampy meadow.

A man with a long dark beard and a straw hat was at work in the field; he was likewise a Frenchman, a genuine strong-built son of the Faubourg S. Antoine, apparently tamed here by hunger and tropical heat. There was a peculiar interest in seeing such a figure on this side of the ocean, and in imagining the circumstances which had combined to bring such an one, whether voluntarily or not, to a resolution to emigrate. His blue blouse, his stern, dark features, plainly indicated him to be a 'character' in the most literal sense of the word. His countenance wore no expression of cheerfulness or happiness; but was that of one who has learned the necessity of labour. The sight of Europeans was evidently a pleasure to him; possibly it reminded him of his loved Paris, and of the bustling streets of that gay metropolis of the world. And what could have been the crime which had stamped his character upon him, and had driven him across the salt ocean to sun-scorched Brazil? Born in a wild district, brought up in godlessness and ignorance, grown to man's estate amid cries in favour of the restored republic, perhaps he forgot himself, and, in some hour of want and excitement, shouted 'Vive la République!' in the Champs Elysées or on the Boulevard des Italiens. Poor



man! He greeted us in a friendly manner, said a few words, and returned to his work.

We climbed the hill, which was very pretty, and from which the prospect was fine. The broad expanse along which the road wound was shaded by a great number of large jaccazeiros trees. Their giant stems rose like steps of a ladder against the hill. The moist ground was covered with ferns and low underwood; only some occasional sunbeams broke through the leafy roof, and trembled on the verdant carpet below. Above, in the crowns, waved the bright green *tilandsia*, that wondrous plant, which scarce touches the boughs over which it droops, and which finds in the humid atmosphere sufficient nourishment for its splendid blossoms.

This sight possessed such attractions for the botanist, that he could not resist the temptation of trying whether something of the monkey nature were not in his composition, as, only a few hours before, he had displayed his amphibious powers so well. Providence seemed to have formed him to live in the forest, and to have decreed that the efforts made by his iron will should always be crowned with success. He mounted the stem with the skill of a chimpanze, and ran gaily along the flattened branches, on which he looked like a pigmy. This manœuvre succeeded, but the *tilandsia* are not so easily obtained as the *aroidea*, but rear their heads high aloft. Our botanist is active, but bony and heavy, and, in order to advance farther, he ought to have had the long tail of a monkey, to give him some support in addition to his hands and feet in case of a sudden break of the boughs. In consequence, therefore, of the imperfection of the formation of man, the bold pioneer of science was compelled to turn back, and to leave the sportsman to try to shoot down a specimen of the plant.

Before the house of the Frenchman a humming-bird

was fluttering on a bignonia ; it was of emerald green, with a white breast, and one would never have grown weary of admiring it.

Our four horses brought us back, tired and sunburnt, to the Hôtel Février, the standing rendezvous for the travellers from the 'Elizabeth.' To-day, after our no small exertions, we had still to make the greatest that can fall to the lot of a traveller of rank ; namely, to attend a *soirée* at the house of our good Consul, on which occasion I was to make the acquaintance of all the Germans in Bahia. I was obliged to summon up all my powers to enable me to endure this storm with dignity and good temper. Therefore, knowing my own nature, and that of a southern climate, I resolved to pass the remaining portion of the day during which I should be free in the grand *dolce far niente* on the one hand ; and on the other, in refreshing my powers with an excellent repast.

I lay in a balcony looking on the Theatre Square, and allowed my mind to revel in the magnificent prospect of the extensive deep-blue bay, with its lively sails, with its forest of vessels at anchor, with its glow in the evening sun ; I seemed to myself to be like the ruler of blessed Samo on the lofty battlements of his palace.

An open view over a broad expanse, when enjoyed undisturbed, affords the best refreshment to the mind and spirits. But that life should not be wanting in the scene, I also amused myself in my watch-tower by looking at the coloured people in the Theatre Square. A fat, hideous old negress, with her turban twisted jauntily round her head, her bosom, shoulders, and arms bare, gave me quiet amusement : quiet, because I looked on without speaking ; but loud, nasal, and unceasing was the chatter of this dusky daughter of Eve. No brother in colour could stand or pass near her that she did not overwhelm him with her jocose hilarity ; it was like a thunder-shower in summer.

She never ceased gabbling for a second, and must have been esteemed by the blacks as wonderfully witty, for her husky tones were always interrupted by the laughs of the bystanders, in which she joined heartily.

She was selling dainties for her lord and master, who had sent her out to earn money : but in this line she did not seem to be very successful ; her master would drive a better trade if he employed her to make public orations or theatrical representations. If some negro, in passing, purchased a sort of marcipan of the old witch, and some few coppers fell into her apron, she would waddle like a hippopotamus, as quick as her legs would let her, across the square to old Iago the brandy-seller, and pour a glass of cahaça down her leathern throat. Presently she would return, and begin her chatter with renewed energy. I watched her for a long time, both astonished and amused, and could not repress a regret that I was unable to understand the flashes of wit of this untiring talker. Such people are very happy, and spend their lives in unbroken gaiety. Shall not one own, then, that the Brazilians are right when they call cahaça the balsam of slavery ?

The movements of the rest of the crowd also amused me. I was struck by the excess of the black population over the white. The very few white people visible belonged to the higher classes ; in them one perceived hurry, and a restless anxiety for gain. Their motto is here, as everywhere in America, 'Time is money,' an axiom which I also approve in theory, for it is the foundation of all effort, the spring of both mental and bodily activity ; it is that which makes society a possibility, and improves the human race ; for when all agree, jealousy is banished, and justice is even-handed. But this principle is not suited to slaves, and thus the subject presents a difficulty which is ridiculed by the people of Southern Europe, the Italians and Spaniards. According to this practical

principle, man must labour with unceasing energy in the sweat of his brow, as the angel at the gate of Paradise commanded him; he must weary himself with work, scarcely allow himself any recreation, and in restless haste increase his possessions. But although fortune may smile upon him, and the bag of gold swell ever more and more under his hands, yet he can never find the moment for rest and enjoyment of life; he only ceases to labour when his back becomes bent with age, and joy can no longer dwell with him.

I was struck at seeing scarcely any clergy among the passers-by; the appearance of one of the servants of the church is quite an event. Is this occasioned by the piety of the good men, who would fain shun the world and its tumult? Alas! one is not justified in making such an assertion in Brazil.

It was pleasant to look at the southern fruits carried by the negresses in the baskets on their heads. One of these baskets, filled with pineapples, guavas, cocoa-nuts, and plantains, would, if brought into the market at Vienna, create a sensation among young and old; they present, both in form and colouring, some of the prettiest pictures of still life that can be imagined.

The arrival of the much-desired dinner hour summoned me from my post of observation. I passed through the verandah, rendered gay by numerous French ladies and gentlemen, where champagne was sparkling, and strange figures were laughing and talking, to the cool dining-room, where an excellent dinner formed a cheerful point of union for our vagrant party. All that the ocean, all that civilised life, all that the forest could offer that was dainty and delicious, was collected here by the hand of French science, and set before us with artistic taste.

Whilst we were spending our time very pleasantly in German fashion, the 'blagueurs' in the neighbouring hall,



elated by the foaming wine, carried on an unceasing talk about nothing, genuinely French. Some of the gentlemen, with their bright watch chains and rings, bore a strong resemblance to 'chevaliers d'industrie,' whilst the French ladies present reminded one of the 'dames aux camélias' of the Rue Joubert in the Quartier Bréda. There was abundance of champagne and ice. To refresh themselves with these is the principal occupation of the wealthy Brazilians; so soon as these languid personages have risen, the venetians of the verandahs are opened, and the cool sea breeze brings a fresh air blowing beneath the starry sky.

After dinner it was necessary to make the giant resolve, and (in spite of the lassitude produced by the tropical day and the consequent weariness), to dress in a black coat, to put on a dress waistcoat, and to exclude the air by a stiff white cravat, *en règle*. If these inflictions of etiquette are difficult to endure in ceremonious Europe, they become real miseries on the borders of the forest, on the free soil of America. But L—— had a large party, and the swallow-tail was indispensable.

But there was a mystical significance in my reluctance to go to this entertainment. L—— had told me that I should meet at his house the representatives of the various German states and their families, and I fell into a train of thought too grave to conduce to a comfortable siesta. As regards individual distinctions and general union, the sons of the great mother, politically, are as opposed to each other as cats and dogs. If one touch in general terms on these peculiarities, wonder is expressed why Germany has not long ago been one powerful and united country; but let one touch on personal questions, and all is changed; each man thinks his own state the best and most important, for the interests of which all others ought to be sacrificed. Whilst other nations fight and struggle, barking and biting at each other, the German holds sentimental

discourses, philosophizes, and sings lays of lamentation, with which, in the end, he lulls himself into the sleep of patience.

A feeling of grief came over me here on my balcony, a quiet sorrow, such as I have ever felt when travelling in various directions in Germany. Such a mosaic of states as Germany presents needs to be cemented together firmly, in order to possess a powerful influence over the politics of this century, in which railways penetrate everywhere, and the telegraph unites continents. When one travels in the world, one sees, with regret, how little the German race is respected, how it lacks everything that has regard to extended policy, and how the German everywhere plays an inferior part; indeed, how often he is the servant of others, and stands at the footstool of more sagacious men. The German will never rule fate so long as he remains a mere philosopher, wearying his spirit with unpractical theories, and lulling his heart in sickly sentimentality instead of stirring it up with pride and enthusiasm.

The Germans are the best poets, drawing, as it were, the most touching strains from the *Æolian* harp of the world's sorrows. Unsurpassed as musicians and as sages, they shine in lays of love and in poetic strains, and excel in all that makes life attractive; but they neglect higher things, and, when once they meet in numbers to hold council concerning their political existence, they generally become purely theoretical. But that Germans, when unfettered by political conditions, show practical sense, is proved by the success which has ever attended them in commerce; in this school of activity they have always met with approval. The German merchants in *Bahia* are great people, and have raised themselves to a position of importance.

This being premised, no one will wonder that I went to L——'s party with a beating heart; a select number of our

travellers accompanied me. It was a fine calm night ; all was excitement in that part of Vittoria in which the consulates are situated. Palanquins were to be seen in the streets, gentlemen in black coats were walking, and that we saw one of the fairest flowers of the aristocracy of Vittoria, with her waving plumes and large crinoline, also on foot, shows that manners in Bahia are less stiff than in Europe. It was the 14th of January, but the degrees of warmth here must have been high in proportion to the cold in Europe. Our carriage passed these groups, so that we were the first to enter the hall.

The lady of the house was charmingly dressed, and would have graced any company in either London or Paris by her appearance and fascinating manners. There was no difficulty in keeping up a conversation until the company arrived, for the characteristics of Bahia afforded ample material, although the knowledge that the fashionable world possesses of them is very limited, since probably not one of these fair ladies had ever seen the Tich.

Meanwhile the hall filled ; the men were, for the most part, well bred and manly specimens of the German race, who certainly did not spare me on the point of compelling me to listen to all their individual opinions ; but I heard much that was interesting. The ladies belonged to the order of fair-haired and blue-eyed beauties, yet one Brazilian among them took the highest place. She was pale as ivory ; slight as a Hindoo ; her large, dark, sparkling eyes were veiled with a beautiful expression of melancholy ; her hair shone like a raven's wing. Her beauty was enhanced by the simplicity of her dress, which was without ornament ; her figure was that of a sylph, and she possessed that lovable timidity bestowed often by nature.

A pair of Brazilian twins, children of a Brazilian father and a European mother, also interested me much ; so young, that with us they would still have been in the

schoolroom; yet the girl was already a bride, and the boy a gentleman in a black coat and white tie. There was one most remarkable difference between them. He was black as night, with all the characteristics of tropical nature—she fair as a lily, and yet both the offspring of the same mother, born on the self-same day.

At last, amid the presentations, came the moment when the musicians from the 'Elizabeth' warned us of the next duties of the evening. We entered the spacious oval dancing-room, which L—— had had tastefully decorated. The musicians did their best. The ball opened with a 'quadrille d'honneur,' which I naturally danced with the lady of the house; but instead, as is our custom, of finishing as it began, it changed into a lively roll of the drum, having in it something Indian, and presenting some movements of interest, but never ending without some injury to the crinolines. But Bahian civilisation has not kept pace with the speed of our German waltz, which is danced at a measured pace, and when I led forward the pretty lady with the ostrich feathers, whom I had seen on my way hither, and would have danced a rapid waltz with her in Viennese style, she remained, almost fainting, in my arms.

I must here notice another fault which I found with these ladies. I maintained that, according to European notions, their crinolines were much too small, as large expanse was esteemed above everything in Europe. If, by these means, I should have prepared a grievance for the men of Bahia, yet the modistes will bless me. One of the ladies immediately seated herself on the sofa with such dexterity that the air swelled out her crinoline and made up for all shortcomings. Remarkable, indeed, was the appearance of a lady, of whom I enquired from what country she had come to Bahia. She replied, 'From America.' I heard afterwards that the Bahians do not call themselves Americans; but indulge in the belief of be-



longing to a separate continent; just as, on the other hand, the citizens of the United States claim the exclusive privilege of being called Americans. One hears America spoken of here in the same way as Australia or Japan.

It gave me sincere pleasure to make the acquaintance of Dr. W——, among the people assembled here on this evening, a noble man, in every sense of the word, whose skilful and successful study of the symptoms of yellow fever have deprived it of a portion of its terrors; and who, last year, with rare self-sacrifice, saved the lives of the sailors of our corvette ‘Caroline.’ His amiable wife, who had the extraordinary courage, when every one fled from our sick countrymen, to go to their bedsides, and herself daily to take them food, was also at the ball; and I was delighted to dance a quadrille with this benevolent and unassuming lady. An incident that occurred at this moment was interesting to me, as characteristic of life in Bahia. I remarked to Madame W——, that I did not any longer see her husband among the company; she replied, quite gaily and naturally, ‘He has been summoned to the harbour, where some sailors are lying at the point of death from yellow fever; he will return immediately.’ It is with the yellow fever as with snakes: people become used to it.

A pause took place in the dancing, during which time a lady played the piano, whilst the others rested themselves, and only set their little tongues in motion. The gentlemen became thirsty, with real German thirst, increased still more by the Brazilian climate. In a side room was a whole battery of bottles containing inspiring beverages, and here the six-and-thirty representatives of Germany were quite at home, and found occasion for continual toasts which, according to Brazilian custom, were proposed unceasingly. My poor treasurer was one of the victims that Austria was compelled, *volens volens*,

to sacrifice at these mighty potations ; his stoical composure, his cool temperament, aided him in these great dangers.

The thirst of the Germans in Bahia is worthy of record. They would seem to possess some peculiar barometer marked with degrees of the various grades of hilarity, with the hundred names which may be found in the German dictionary to represent the different degrees of excitement. Even the grand Exchange is only visited for a short time by the Germans in order that they may find themselves all the more speedily in the 'sharp corner,' a snug nook where they can discuss their affairs amid libations of beer and champagne. This 'corner' is the peculiar rendezvous of the Germans in Bahia, and there they gave a sumptuous breakfast to a portion of our wandering colony, to which all went, though all did not return in gay spirits. The treasurer, a complete stoic, requested leave to remain away for a day during our stay in Bahia. I thought the worthy man wished to go into the forest to gratify himself with the sight of humming-birds and orchids, and to learn something of the wonders of the new continent ; but lo and behold ! he lost his way ! in the 'sharp corner,' where he passed the hours with his boon companions in a cool cellar. There must needs be such people.

I sank down upon a soft leather-covered sofa, and had a very agreeable conversation with a gentleman who wore an emblem which has found its way even across the ocean, I mean the oak leaves. This gentleman appeared to have travelled a great deal and to be a man of talent. True, he expressed himself in set phrases, and talked of privileged ideas ; but he also had much that was interesting and instructive to say respecting Brazil, regarding Germany, and upon commercial subjects. The short time during which I was talking with him formed an agreeable portion of the evening, and also aided to bring me to the conclu-

sion that a journey into tropical countries is far from a disadvantage.

All the windows and doors were opened wide, and warm as it was, we continued to dance in the fresh evening breeze. The large hot moon rising from the forest beamed in through the windows; and below, in front of the house, the palanquin-bearers were dancing their wild, primitive dances, accompanying them with nasal songs. An excellent supper with every kind of luxury, every delicacy that the five continents of the world can produce, was served in a large room on the ground floor, and formed the last portion of the evening's entertainment.

I left the company still occupied in dancing, and thanked my amiable hostess, in a foaming bumper, for her cordial hospitality, threw myself into my calèche, and drove home through the summer air of this January night, amid the perfume of flowers, and beneath the gleam of brilliant stars.

Tired to death, and already feeling great pain in my legs (the uncomfortable consequence of the sun-stroke), I returned, partly in the carriage, partly on foot, from the Hôtel Février to that spot on the shore on which I had, three days ago, first set my foot on American soil.

A few hours later, the 'Elizabeth' was steaming and rolling along the coast towards the south—to the real home of the sacred, undesecrated, primeval forest.





MATO VIRGEM.



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Snõ. Jorge os Itheos: Jan. 15, 1860.

I WAS aroused from a heavy sleep by the uncomfortable pitching and rolling of my hammock, and by violent pains in my shins. The disagreeable motion of the hammock showed me that the old 'Elizabeth' had taken our place in the amusements of the previous evening, only that the dance in which she was engaged on the ocean, was still more unconstrained than the German waltz of the worthy Bahians. The intolerable pain, half pricking, half aching, in which I was, reminded me only too forcibly of my imprudence in not having protected myself from the sun; and made me feel not only sorrow and repentance, but even despair; for I feared lest the condition I was in, should prevent my expedition into the primeval forest. My visit to America was now to be reckoned by days and hours, and for one who, like myself, had a mania for travelling, the slightest loss of time from indisposition was intolerable. One cannot cross the broad ocean every day, and when one has once tasted the sweets of paradise, every hour within it becomes more precious than gold. A due apportionment of time (such as I have systematically endeavoured to make) is indispensable in travelling. If all fits well, then (I speak from experience) one can see an incredible amount in a short time; of course for this, one must, in addition, have energy, nerve, and will.

Thus I wandered over Rome—grand, eternal Rome—in three days ; and in the course of these three days, was three times in the Coliseum, three times in the Vatican, three times in St. Peter's, visited all the churches, museums, and monuments, examined the chief books in the splendid library at the Vatican, and have now a vivid recollection of the individual gems among the statues and pictures. Some years afterwards, I also enjoyed the triumph, at an exhibition of photographs, of being able to correct a lady who had lived in Rome for more than thirty years. During these three days I visited the holy Father twice, and received the Holy Communion from his hands ; accompanied him twice to mass, and breakfasted with him afterwards ; attended a long high mass in the Sistine Chapel, and also went to several large dinner-parties, and found time to pay and receive a multitude of official visits. Certainly my labours began about five o'clock in the morning, and, thanks to the full moon, were continued until one o'clock in the night.

On the present occasion, even amid my pain and anxiety, I still had faith in my good star, which has ever shone kindly upon me during my journeyings. It was already late in the morning when I came (as well as my lameness would permit) on deck ; a heavy vapour—such as the sirocco produces with us—lay upon the broad surface of the ocean. Grey was the sky, grey the leaden sea, which rose and fell, not in waves, but with heavy sobs ; and with that motion which we term *mar vecchio*, and which is so peculiarly unpleasant. On our right lay the coast, which, throughout the whole day, presented one unbroken appearance of monotony. And yet I felt no small interest in gazing at it ; the never-ending masses of forest covering the gently-swelling hills ; the walls of cocoa-nut, growing to the very brink of the ocean, all presented a fascinating picture to a new comer. Occasion-



ally the colour of the water betokened the presence of some river which, flowing from the interior of the forest, and mingling its dark waters with those of the ocean, renders possible the advance of the lonely settler into the unexplored country.

Among the rivers (the mouths of which we passed to-day), the Rio Contas is of some importance; it flows from the first chain of mountains, directly behind which lies the province of Minas. A few towns, as they are called (in reality nothing more than little settlers' villages), may be seen at intervals along the shore, as also the following places; Cayrù, Camarù, Marahù, and Contas. All these make an imposing figure on the maps; but they are really, for the most part, only composed of a few miserable houses, grouped at the mouths of the rivers, which render trade feasible between the larger seaports, and the settlements in the interior. At home, such towns would be called fishing-villages. I only mention their names, because they are generally of Indian origin. It was not until later times that the names of saints were introduced, and mixed with those of earlier date. The government is now endeavouring to search out the ancient names, in order, as I was told, to avoid the great mistakes that arise from the too frequent repetitions of those, especially of favourite saints. The Indian names have a peculiar sound, and are harsh when pronounced by Portuguese tongues; their meaning is generally not without poetry. How pretty is the Indian name Nighteroy (still waters) for the large town of Rio Janeiro; how absurd, on the contrary, is the Portuguese name, Rio Janeiro, which bears, in truth, the meaning of *lucus a non lucendo*; for at this point no river runs into the bay.

When these hamlets disappeared from view, a long, green, uninhabited expanse of boundless forest succeeded. As on the ocean the gleam of a distant sail awakes in

the mind of the sailor a longing desire to reach the spot where his unknown fellow-men are living and moving; so is it also with the white columns of smoke rising high to heaven from the green sea of forest, and telling the traveller how yonder, among the distant leafy willows, some fellow-man is leading a self-sufficing existence, and, unknown, is fighting the battle of life. The gaze of the passer-by lingers enquiringly on these signs of lonely existence; and not without melancholy does wild imagination paint the life of those who, far from the world, separated from all whom they love, thus seek an asylum in the impenetrable forest, from motives indefinable.

These columns of smoke are the landmarks of civilisation in the forest; they are the watchfires of the outposts, provided by the thoughtfulness of courageous pioneers, who have exchanged the griefs and sorrows of the old world for the axe of the settler; and who, though unconsciously, are the tools of ever-advancing civilisation. But when we reflect on the causes that have driven so many of these struggling spirits into the lonely wilderness, the sight of these pillars of smoke fills one's heart with sorrow, and an involuntary feeling of sympathy turns the eye once more in the direction of this hidden life; and when one has seen these settlers and conversed with them, this sympathy gives place to a deep melancholy, which causes one's glance at parting to linger long on these heavenward directed signs of life.

There are in nature mute and lifeless forms which speak powerfully to the reflective heart, on which the eye rests with an enquiring gaze, and which fill the soul with memories and with poetic imaginings. They who look at the wonders of nature by rule, and, according to a prescribed plan, never return to these images—they require constant change of object: they would exclaim at the monotony of the scene if they did not behold groups of

trees, pretty huts, a church tower (wherever possible), a stream fringed with flowers and shrubs; and, to enliven the whole, some well-dressed and well-fed people. I, on the contrary, who have not moulded my taste by any set laws or rules, find these monotonous scenes very interesting and attractive. A pretty landscape of prosperous, civilised life merely excites in me a sensation of peaceful enjoyment, gives an impression of prosaic happiness. But in more extensive pictures, the imagination can exert itself; in these, everything is not arranged and in order, but poetry and feeling have a wide field open before them.

The coasts of Brazil present such a field. Here, an impression of vastness overpowers one, on beholding the boundless forest, like an ocean, sending forth its mighty waves into invisible space; all power of thought is lost in gazing at the wide expanse, whether the gaze rest on the foam-covered plain or on its kindred image—both alike unchanged since the days of creation. Memory travels back to the world of books, to the descriptions of the splendour of America, the historical records of the discovery of the new continent, and the gradual opening of the new world. Once more the tales arise before us that excited us in early youth, and that implanted in us the germ of a desire to travel, and gave a spur to noble aspirations. At these moments we paint a picture in fancy; we see the wearied wanderer following the buffalo, working his way with his knife through the thick vegetation; we see the settler as he fells the giant trees with his axe, and makes his lonely hut; the Indians, as with bow and arrow they traverse the hunting-field which is theirs by long inheritance, bringing down with their poisoned barb every enemy, from the howling ounce to the white invader.

These visions of the vast, free forest, create a new feeling of immortality in the soul; and the thoughts they

suggest, serve to elevate and strengthen us in our first entrance into the world of the *Mato Virgem*.

Mato Virgem (or, for short, Mato) is the name used by the Brazilians for the real, virgin forest; and to this we were now proceeding. As before mentioned, it extends in this district to the coast. But all that is forest is not Mato Virgem, properly so called, although the new-comer is inclined so to name all the forest that he sees; and not without reason. There are forests which are so impenetrable, so netted over with lianas, that the European looks upon them as virgin forests; but they are, in reality, only 'capoeiras;' that is, districts which have, at some time, been cut, but which have in later days become again overgrown. Long practice alone can distinguish them. Those who are really well acquainted with both the mato, and the capoeiras, know the difference. In the virgin forest there are gigantic trees, thousands of years old, and specimens of underwood of immense size, which are peculiar to those forests. The practised eye also discerns a great difference in the age and thickness of the lianas.

Our course, as we proceeded, lay rather more in-shore than otherwise, until about five o'clock we anchored, by the direction of the pilot—whom we had brought from Bahia—in the roads of São Jorge dos Itheos, outside the reefs, near two small islands, and within sight of the town, which is really nothing more than a village.

The country was of the same character as that which we had seen all along the coast; on the gleaming sand before us stood a group of houses crowded together, with a church in the centre, and forming a small line of buildings along the shore. The coast on the right was undulating, and there were some low groups of rock covered with verdure. In the distance, the white foaming waves marked a long, bright line; above the general mass of vegetation, some palms reared their graceful crowns,



whilst near the town, on the hilly ridge, was a small, old church, half in ruins. On the left was a tongue of land, covered with beautiful and luxuriant vegetation, which, with the reefs beyond, formed the enclosure of the harbour. The sea broke over these reefs, roaring and foaming. The islands of which I spoke also terminate in rock; they are richly covered with verdure, and crowned with palms.

In Itheos, a place that looks as though deserted by God and man, the sudden appearance of our large steamer made a great sensation; a white flag, floating from a lofty flag-staff, greeted us. The moment in which we anchored was a glad one for our poor friend L——. He had suffered so much during the whole voyage, that he had not ventured to quit his cabin for an instant. With his usual kindness he had accompanied us, notwithstanding his large amount of business, that he might himself conduct us to the entrance of the Mato Virgem. He had entered into our views, and had carefully calculated the time required. His plan was, to conduct us to the fazenda of a friend of his, Herr St ——, a German Swiss, situated on the confines of the forest. St——, a man full of energy and of talent, who had been living in this part of the country for fifteen years, was indisputably our fittest guide in this expedition.

Immediately on our arrival, L—— took a boat, in order (accompanied by a local pilot) to enter the inner harbour.

He had two objects in view: one, instigated by his friendly zeal, to push on this very evening, if possible, to the fazenda of his friend, St——, and to advise him of the coming of his guests and of their wishes; the other, to escape as quickly as he could from the watery element, so hateful to him. In this latter respect L—— was very judicious, for the 'Elizabeth' rolled most relentlessly in the roadstead.

I passed the evening in my hammock in great pain;

and longing impatiently for coming events. My whole being was on fire with the desire to begin the adventurous essay, to push my way into the virgin forest, and thus attain the chief aim of my travels. It was not without vexation that I found how the slightest movement produced torturing pains in my feet, in consequence of the sun-stroke; and it was with feelings of melancholy that I anticipated the moment when I should probably be obliged to stop in some settler's hut, or in some corner of the forest.

Fazenda do Vittoria: Jan. 16, 1860.

Already with early morning that feverish excitement reigned on board which is peculiar to those sons of man who are endowed with strong nerves, at a time when they anticipate great events. There was that restlessness which betrays itself in making all kinds of small preparations for the expedition. Feelings and hopes then mingle together; one image chases away another; one generation follows close on the other. Each man animates the other; speculates whether anything will be forgotten by his friends; reckons up what will be wanted; bespeaks help in emergencies; and yet, notwithstanding all this activity, no one can patiently await the expected moment.

Such seasons of anticipation are, according to circumstances, the sweetest or the most dreadful of our lives. If they precede some great banquet at which one must appear, and where one will have the misfortune of being obliged to make a well-expressed speech, or to propose a toast; or if they precede a solemn examination, when in well-chosen words one has to show that one really knows nothing, then the moments of expectation, the morning hours, are the most dreadful trial of the nerves to which a man can be subjected. If, on the contrary, we expect something pleasant, something that will enrich our store

of enjoyments, which will add another triumph to our list, then these moments are above all things sweet, although they often put our patience severely to the test.

But nowhere does one experience such delightful moments of expectation as on foreign travel; and with feelings of gratitude and happiness I now recall such minutes, standing forth as landmarks on the roads of my experience. How exciting was my first journey to the sea-coast, my visit to the sublime Acropolis, to that mountain of the Gods, where the fire of Greek genius still burns in ever-enduring memory, living, inextinguishable; with what anxious expectation did I climb Vesuvius to view the awe-inspiring activity of the never-weary earth; with what eagerness did I enter Florence, the sanctuary of immortal art, to gaze in rapture on all her wonders, from the days of Phidias down to the brilliant era of Raphael Sanzio; how did I speed me through the woodland, amid bowers of roses, and amid fountains to the Alhambra, to admire the dreamy vision of Arabian enchantment; how did my heart throb when I passed beneath the Porto del Popolo of eternal Rome; when I mounted the steps of St. Peter's; when, beneath the beams of an Italian moon, I first entered the Coliseum; what ardour of curiosity burned within me when I visited the vast desert, and flew on my courser over the hot, glowing sand, to view the mysterious Pyramids; how endless seemed the hours that I spent in wandering over the mountains of Judah, a pilgrim to the Sepulchre of the Redeemer; how overpowering that moment in which I crossed the last line of rock, and in which the domes of Sion first rose before my eyes!

Moments such as these belong exclusively to travel; they are among the purest, the noblest, in the life of man; they are the sweet recompense for fatigue and struggles. With eager expectation we were thus waiting impatiently on this morning. All were ready; everyone was recalling

to mind what he had read of the primeval forests. The botanist prepared boxes and baskets; and packed up blotting-paper for drying his new specimens; the sportsman put his gun in order, ready to wage war on all living creatures, from the humming-bird to the tapir. Indeed needles, corks, bottles of spirits and chemical preparations of all sorts, were not forgotten, by means of which to preserve all that creep and fly. The painter fresh-pointed his many coloured pencils, arranged his sketch-book, but took very little with him; this experienced traveller had been in forests before; the doctor cleaned his lancet, ready to open a vein; and mindful of the bite of the snakes, he put all sorts of antidotes into his pockets, and arranged a complete little apothecary's shop, in order to do his best to bring us alive out of the Mato Virgem.

I employed myself in arranging a store of European contrivances, costumes of white merino, light as air, made after suggestions of my own; an immense straw hat with a veil, such as I had seen worn in Egypt by the English; an immense knife in a blue case, to cut down lianas, and, if need be, to scalp some audacious wild-cat; two revolvers were loaded, to enable us to fight to the death, and a pretty toilet cover contained every possible requirement, from razors to a looking-glass. A lantern was not missing, books and writing materials were packed, rugs and plaids rolled up. In addition, we were to take coffee, chocolate, sugar, biscuits and wine. That which we should need above everything, experience—the great teacher of all travellers—was yet to show.

Three of the ship's officers were invited by me to share in our projected excursion; each had his private stores, which were principally filled with requisites for the chase. We limited our servants to the lowest number possible; in addition to a sailor who had sailed round the world in the



‘Novara,’ and who was said to be acquainted with the mode of preparing and stuffing animals, and who was loaded with everything necessary for mummy art, we only took one man, skilled in shooting, a servant of one of the gentlemen. European servants are torments in such undertakings; for it is only when taking the deepest interest in that which he sees, that the traveller can cheerfully endure the attendant fatigues; and as these inevitable hardships are not included in the agreement made with one’s servants, so the principle of never requiring from anyone that which it is not his duty to do and bear, becomes grievously violated.

In such expeditions each man is simply a man; whilst they last, rank and position must be set aside. Amid the scenes of primeval nature, man also must return to a primitive state; and ardent zeal, not orders, should prompt those who share in them, to endure their dangers and toils. He who would attempt these undertakings, must make it clear to himself that all personal distinctions must cease, that the individual must depend on his own courage and prudence, and that cold egotism must reign supreme. He who will not depend on himself, or protect himself, but seeks aid from others, should remain at home; he who would penetrate into the mysteries of nature, undisturbed since the creation, must have two strong arms and legs, and a clear head, must set his object steadily before him, and trouble himself about nothing on the right hand or left, ‘Forward!’ must be his watchword, and ‘I’ his parole. If a man have the disadvantage of being born in a rank in which he is, as a necessity, ever surrounded by attendants, in which everything is arranged and prepared for him from the cradle, in which his movements are regulated by etiquette; then it is especially pleasant to him, if he possess freshness of mind, to find himself in circumstances in which he has to depend on his own will, and on

his own energies, and to visit countries in which no gentlemen-in-waiting are to be found, in which he must cut away the lianas with his own hand, and take his chance of being bitten by poisonous snakes.

In perfumed drawing-rooms this would be termed seeking for adventures; but I believe that such a life is very good for the mind, and is indeed that which is needed to form a strong character. If a man who never has had opportunities of enduring fatigue and danger, find himself in some circumstances unusual in ordinary life he is, without any fault of his own, unable to cope with them. Europe has unhappily reached such a pitch of refinement, that a man is seldom in a position to rely upon himself. Hunting in the inhospitable heights of the Alps, is perhaps the only way in which to see real hardship and danger. Since the era began in which the pig-tail emerged from an aureole of powder, and swords became toys for ladies' drawing-rooms, since tournaments and passages of arms gave place to pretty speeches and courtly frivolities, the man who wishes to learn self-reliance, must himself search for adventure, and thankfully embrace every opportunity of meeting with it.

Whilst the final preparations were being made, Cadet J—— made his appearance on the shore in front of the houses of the little town, making signals to us with his handkerchief. He had been sent on shore on the previous evening with L——, and had been unable to return at night between the reefs. Everything was quickly stowed in two boats, and we made our way through the rough sea to the opening of the harbour, though not without some difficulty. As we, with some little anxiety, approached the reefs, the cadet's boat made her appearance with the local pilot on board. They stationed themselves behind the reefs, and made signals to us with a flag; following their directions, we passed the breakers in safety. It was

not until, rising and sinking over the large waves, we entered the harbour, that we became aware (by seeing it for ourselves) how narrow was the entrance between these dangerous and deceitful rocks. It was only when close to them that the weird white foam betrayed their presence; and, as the waves retreated, we could see the dark forms of the granite peaks below. If the pilot had not come at the right moment we might very easily have been thrown by the turbulent waves on one of these rocks, and at least have had to swim for a considerable distance. We had scarce passed the breakers before we found a difference; we passed into the calm, still waters of a large pool surrounded by verdure.

The view of the harbour was very pretty; it was the realisation of one of those quiet pictures which fancy creates, of tropical bays, into which the discoverer enters with wonder and admiration. The little town, with its wealth of human life, covered the peninsula, and was surrounded by palms; the whole scene was one of fairy enchantment. On all sides the rich luxuriant vegetation, of every shade of colour, dipped into the very water; lofty palms, and thick mangle bushes formed the more distant ornaments of the landscape, in which we tried to trace the windings of the river that was to guide us to the mysteries of the interior. As our boat glided round the peninsula, the houses of São Jorge dos Itheos gradually appeared, a picture of poverty.

We landed on the inland side of the peninsula (where the vegetation grew in rich, picturesque masses, reminding me vividly of the lovely peninsula of Traunkirchen), passed by a wooden bridge to the mainland, and then walked along the sand to the town. At the landing-bridge we were addressed by a kindly-disposed man in tolerable German.

Don Pedro K —, a sort of manager at the Fazenda

St ——, had been sent to meet us, and to accompany us up the river to his master's estate. This good man from the forest spoke with some shyness; he was not accustomed to converse with people from the eastern hemisphere; and, as he himself said, found considerable difficulty in expressing himself in German. Don K —— is a citizen of the new world; he has already cast aside some of his German nature. His parents remembered their German home; they crossed the ocean and settled in Saõ Jorge dos Itheos, where Pedro was born and brought up. The German element has died away in him, and his descendants will become completely Brazilian, and will have no idea of their real origin.

It is interesting to study these changes of nationality. The transition is perceptible in K ——'s light-brown hair and dark eyes. He, naturally had no acquaintance with Germany, or with our connection with Europe. With his Panamá hat, and his light jacket, he is completely the free son of the *Mato Virgem*, grown up among palm-trees, the man of the undeveloped country. Such men are happy; they have a grand task before them, and their minds are not agitated by a yearning for the continent left behind. His parents must certainly have brought a bad character with them from Europe; their only excuse for their entire separation from their native country; and must have been anxious to avoid arousing suspicion in their children as to the cause. Therefore the new generation look with indifference on the old country.

We were much indebted to the kindness of Herr K ——; from him we collected a great deal of information; and he related to us with innocent *naïveté*, much about which many travellers among his people have been silent. K —— is beginning like all young men in America; he has to work under a principal for a certain number of years, and in carrying out orders, seeks for an opportunity



that he may deem favourable, of making a footing for himself. K—— conducted us to the houses fronting the harbour; he then took us straight into a sort of watch-house, for rain was pouring down from the grey sky.

The houses in Itheos resemble very much those in Itaparica; there are the same unglazed windows, the same style of building, reminding one of a child's toys. All the houses in Brazil bear the marks of a migratory people; they are merely places of shelter against sun and wet. The delay caused by the rain was, owing to my burning impatience to hasten on, very annoying to me; not so to the practical K——, who employed the time in making arrangements for the packing of the canoes by some sturdy slaves.

I occupied myself in looking at the coloured figures on the shore, and at the houses. The painter repeated them on his paper. Among the children were every colour of skin and tribe; one could perceive every variety of shade, from the white complexions of our race to the coal-black of the sons of Africa. There were yellow Brazilians, hideous mulattoes of every hue; and, for the first time, we also saw copper-coloured Indians with broad features, and black piercing eyes. As in Bahia, so here, though with less of coquetry, the negresses were dressed in a loose white boddice, and coloured calico gown, with kerchiefs twisted round their heads; they had generally fine figures, but hideous faces, with white mouths, from which their dazzling white teeth gleamed with an air of impertinence. The negro boys wore short linen trowsers, blue shirts, and finely-plaited straw hats on their woolly heads.

I was particularly struck by the thin, pale children, with eyes blue as forget-me-nots, and fair yellow hair, who reminded me of our German villages. I went up to two big boys, and spoke to them in German; they looked shyly at me, and were unable to reply; it was with difficulty

that they could even pronounce their own German names. They were the children of German emigrants, of whom there are many in Itheos. But it was not without a feeling of indignation that I found them complete Brazilians, who, together with their parents, were quite unable to speak their mother-tongue. . And yet the Germans wonder that they cannot anywhere maintain an independent footing; that, instead of ruling, they must submit to be something between slaves and freemen. What a disgrace to German parents to converse with their children in a foreign tongue; how must family ties suffer when the parents have a language unknown to the children, when the sick mother speaks in unfamiliar accents to her own offspring!

These ever-prevalent causes may afford one great reason for the look of melancholy which always overspreads the countenances of German colonists. I have never, in the course of my travels, seen a really light-hearted German emigrant; there is a look of secret sorrow in all. The children alone sometimes benefit by the changed existence of their parents, whose want of individuality confers on them a different nationality. Such is the source of the sorrowful expression of these foreigners who prosper by the dependence of their own children, and see themselves surpassed by the new generation. Things are different when the immigrants marry prudently with the people of the country; there is then a warm and close tie between the races, and the new generation do not then behave so rudely to their parents.

Amongst the living pictures that here excited our attention, I was especially struck with a strong negress, as black as a coal, who was carrying a very pretty, but very pallid little child, fair as ivory. The contrast was so strange, that the painter did not fail to sketch them. The whole place gave evidence of poverty; it is merely an ephemeral

town, built to serve the necessities of the moment. Fate, and its situation, alike deny it any promise for the future; and the people only continue to vegetate here, because the place exists.

The harbour was discovered, and the river consequently, which, owing to its numerous rapids, is called *Cachoeras*; intercourse with the interior was then plainly feasible. A clue was given to the emigrants; they naturally made their first settlement at the harbour, and kept it as a *depôt* for unloading, and a spot from which to make expeditions for further discoveries. If the colony should flourish, then there might be another use in the *depôt*; it would serve as a mart for the goods from the interior, and might look forward to a bright future. But colonisation has not thus advanced here; there is nothing prosperous in *Itheos*; merely some few tradespeople, an apothecary, and some counting-houses, belonging to the owners of the few *fazendas* in the interior, are to be found, and intercourse between them and the forest is carried on by means of canoes; whilst every month a melancholy steamer makes her way into the harbour, giving the good people the impression that they hold communication with the great world.

This little place has one church, and one clergyman, who performs all the duty required, even in the forest; but according to the ideas prevalent here, churches and clergy are only luxuries, not necessities; so that the office of the padre is by no means an onerous one; indeed, it may almost be called a sinecure. His sole duty is to baptise; this is the only sacrament acknowledged, and it only on this spot, so that the newly-born children in the districts around are brought down here in canoes for the purpose. All other religious ordinances have fallen into disuse, and, indeed, owing to the long distances at which the people dwell, it would be very difficult to observe them. It is impossible that religion can exist under such

circumstances; the mass of the inhabitants have been collected too much from different parts of the world, and are too much occupied with their worldly affairs. The white people from Europe belong to every variety of creed, or have no creed at all; the blacks are slaves, in whose minds their lord and master is the representative of the ruling spirit, good or bad; the redskins, who are numerous in these parts, have no religion at all; if an opportunity offer, they show zeal in receiving baptism from the hands of the padre; but this done, they wander back to the forest, wild as ever. Unfortunately also, the clergyman here is ignorant, and is employed in trade, thus rendering any observance of the rites of religion almost impossible. The distances from the fazendas to the church are enormous, and the padre himself, from the moment at which he comes to this station, is, as it were, lost; and as he can have no assistance from any other clergy, he can hardly fulfil his duties.

When the canoes were packed and partially pushed off the shore, our impatience overcame the difficulties of rain and K——'s representations. Armed with umbrellas we were carried by our sailors and by the negroes to canoes in which seats from the neighbouring houses had been placed. Before we start on our journey, and the last push of the negroes sends us forth on the waters, let me explain what a canoe is, and how it is worked. To anyone who knows the Alps and our blue lakes, the explanation can be quickly given. He has only to recall to mind the long slender 'Waidzille' and he has before him a true picture of the Indian canoe. The trunks of immense trees, such as grow in these forests in full splendour, are stripped of their bark, and hollowed; and then guided over the waters of the river with small, short paddles. The craft is so narrow, that each person has to sit behind the other, and even so is crowded; the goods are packed



in front of, and behind, the passengers; in the larger canoes two men stand at each end to paddle; it is understood that those who paddle are not to talk. When the canoe is heavily laden, the water rises to within a few inches of the brim, and any hasty movement is (as in our tropines) much to be avoided; in passing the rapids one is kissed by the foaming waters. Even when provided with seats one sits but uncomfortably in a canoe, and patience is very needful in this mode of travelling.

The canoe is characteristic of the whole of the new continent, wheresoever the red-skin has penetrated. As I entered our canoe, the accurate and fascinating descriptions in Cooper's Novels rose before me, and gave me a feeling of satisfaction and poetical enjoyment. I was floating in the slender means of communication between the ocean and interior, the only one existing in this wild region. The canoes diminish in size and length the higher one proceeds up the river, as the rapids become quicker, and the water more shallow. Though the negroes possess considerable skill in guiding these canoes, the Indians show very much more dexterity.

A few strong pushes, and the giant trunk that formed our canoe grated over the sand; the negroes swung themselves into it like cats, dipped their short paddles into the glassy mirror, and the pale sons of the east started forth on their voyage to the mysterious forest.

In spite of the rain, I could not help feeling triumphant and joyous. There we sat under our umbrellas, like mushrooms, and looked round us with curious eyes. The air was hot and humid; but we scarcely felt either rain or heat to be a grievance. We only regretted the loss of the sunshine.

We crossed the harbour quickly, and entered the broad mouth of the river. The scene which presented itself to us was one of silent, peaceful nature; mangle grew around

the silvery flood, extending into the water, and only permitting one to imagine the real line of the bank; behind the mangle bushes rose slender cocoa-nut palms, with fruit-laden crowns; beyond, gently rising hills formed a basin filled with beautiful, gleaming, and brilliantly green foliage, on which the lights and shadows were playing, a picture of solemn repose.

At the mouth of the river there was not a house to be seen; no open space betokened a settlement, and there were but two canoes (laden with natural produce) to give any sign of life. According to the current, the negroes took a course, sometimes near the right, sometimes near the left, bank. I was always delighted when we passed close to the mangle bushes, and I was enabled to admire the peculiarities that they display, and to glance into the mysteries of the vegetable world. Following the course of the river, we looked attentively into the shady groves, to descry new plants and animals. So long as the water was brackish, the mangle bushes occupied the banks almost exclusively, in specimens of various sizes from bushes to trees. Wherever the roots and stems of the mangle were bathed in the water, the crabs mentioned before made their homes in the hollows; they were of all three colours, yellow, red, and blue, large and small, old and young. In many places where the roots beneath the water were covered over with mud, these animals were in swarms, and the sight was as interesting as it was droll. In vain did I peep in the nooks of the mangle wood for snakes.

Among the *Rhizophora mangle* we saw the *malpighia*, with its bright yellow flowers, both as a shrub and as a tree; and here and there were specimens of the *inga*, with its long-pointed leaves divided into five, and its short-stemmed white blossoms, from which the stamina hung in rich tufts. These flowers, strewn amid the dark

foliage, are very pretty and picturesque, and the richest fancy of a skilful gardener would fail in presenting so exquisite a combination as nature offers in this tropical soil.

Advancing up the river, beyond the point to which the tide rises, the masses of mangle give place to a more varied and richer vegetation; shrubs and flowers of all kinds grow down to the water's edge. These shrubs, covered with a mass of leaves, bend their boughs into the very water to participate in its coolness. Above these, waving palms rear their stately forms, overtopped again by the giants of a thousand years. The various kinds of vegetation, from the ground up to the dark foliage of these giants, were here linked by a profuse growth of lianas. On the moist green banks, where the water covered the rich soil, playing with the broad leaves of the aroidea, crabs were disporting themselves, whilst around the gently-bending flowers, beneath the leafy groves above, large butterflies were dancing from blossom to blossom, their beautiful wings gleaming in the sunbeams. The splash of our canoe frightened many gaily-plumaged birds, among them a splendid sangue-do-boy, with its exquisite ruby hues; also a considerable number of black and yellow weaver-birds (*Cassicus icteronotus*, *Brazilian Japu-y*), whose artistically-formed nests we saw hanging like bags from the lofty boughs.

As we crossed the centre of the river, in passing from one bank to the other, we had lovely views of the forest, which extended to the very banks, and unfolded its beauties in the bright sunlight. It is only from the river that one can obtain such views. We also beheld, for the first time, the glowing sea of colour produced by the lavish luxuriance of the tropics: there were whole masses of deep, gorgeous purple; the brilliance was so great, the colouring so rich, that even the botanist could not decide whether

the blossoms were those of creepers or of trees. Near these were silvery masses of cecropia, glistening like snow in the sunshine. And these beauties of nature have bloomed and flourished for thousands of years, after their own wild will, and to the praise of their Creator; and yet man imagines himself to be the sole legitimate lord of creation, and fancies that the Creator's works during the six days were for him alone. Thoughts such as these vanish before the primeval forest, and there man feels how he is but an unit among the thousands and thousands of the works of God, and that, alas! to him only was given the power of bringing destruction into the world.

As we pursued our course up the river, gazing around us from beneath the umbrella which protected us now from the rain, and now from the sun, we perceived an open spot; cocoa-nut palms and banana trees (certain tokens of the presence of man) rose from the turf. There was a cut made in the moist earth and among the wild bushes; a canoe, drawn halfway up the bank, lay in the shade; musk ducks were quacking merrily in the water; the green wall opened for a moment, and we saw the palm-leaved roof of a settler's hut. The slaves in our canoe shouted a joyous greeting towards it, and a pale, white man, in a plaited straw hat, stepped forward to the opening and nodded gravely to his white brethren from the far east. In a moment our canoe has shot past, the walls of the rich vegetation have closed again, and the transient vision has disappeared.

I have mentioned the musk ducks. We Europeans have seen them in the gardens of the rich, where they generally divide with the swan the task of stirring up the mud in the ponds. By us they are improperly called Turkish ducks, and it is supposed that they come from the East. The large musk duck, half white, half dark green, with scarlet-coloured flesh round its beak, and the same



round its eyes, is the only domestic duck of Brazil, and is peculiar to that country. It affords an example of how various animals may, without trouble, become acclimatised among us.

The river became narrower, the vegetation more luxuriant; large trees grew down on the very banks, and their crowns even waved over the water, bestowing a cool shade; the bushes became larger, and fell from the high banks into the water, like cascades; some beautiful groups of bamboo climbed again from the water up the bank; the scarlet blossoms of the heliconia rose, glowing like fire, from the grass; here and there the *mucuna urens*, depending from the trees, dipped into the water, and with few blossoms and as few leaves, and chiefly recognisable by its pods, like those of the bean, had an appearance like pieces of rope; the pods are covered with a quantity of stiff hairs, which are very prickly, and cause a burning sensation if touched.

Still as the river narrowed, the more lovely was the scene that unfolded itself, the greater the feeling of loneliness, the more isolated the position of our Indian canoe. I was more and more struck with the truthfulness of Cooper's descriptions; although we were travelling beneath the sun of the tropics the characteristics were the same as those described by him. There was the same overpowering sense of loneliness, the same feeling of the supremacy of nature. Each moment presented something new; one picture succeeded the other, all without the intervention of man, all preserving that wildness of character presented by the grand work of the Creator when untouched by man.

We stopped at a shady portion of the river beneath the overhanging boughs of trees covered with lianas, and were resting amid the splendour of Nature and blessing the shades that protected us from the increasing heat, when a

little noise attracted our attention ; a small canoe appeared round the bend of the stream ; a large strong man, in a blue blouse, with a flowing beard and with the indispensable straw hat shading his face, was guiding the slender craft with his sinewy arm ; behind him, sheltered by one of the large umbrellas of the country, sat a lady, with a fair complexion and light hair, in a simple blue dress ; amid the verdure around, the dancing sunbeams, and the perfect stillness, the picture was one of peculiar beauty. When they arrived close to us, the fair lady looked up and fixed two large, melancholy eyes upon us ; she seemed to be astonished to see white men amid these dark shades ; astonished at the blue eyes which on the banks of forest met hers like an echo—she smiled mournfully, nodded in a friendly manner, and a ‘Guten Morgen’ in the purest German broke from her heaving breast. Its tones as they floated over the still waters, thrilled through our German hearts ; a hearty ‘Guten Morgen’ burst forth from every voice in cordial tones of thanks. This interchange of greeting in our own language on the still waters of the primeval forest, between people who had never seen each other before, who would never see each other again, made a powerful impression on me. Here, far from home, I first learned the depth of meaning contained in these kindly words, this homely greeting. And how had this poor grave lady, this lonely settler in the distant Mato Virgem recognised her countrymen ? By the inexplicable force of home-sickness ; for in the tones of this simple ‘Guten Morgen,’ the ear of the heart could distinguish a strain of joyful recognition mingled with the trembling melancholy of a spirit broken by fate. The man with the paddle remained silent, and did not greet us ; one could read in his grave features that he was overpowered and stupified by the same feelings. The canoe proceeded, and vanished behind the thick green walls of the overgrown bank ; it

went towards the colony. But should I live for eighty years to come I can never forget that 'Guten Morgen' in the forest; the trembling accents of the poor German emigrant still vibrate in my soul. Why are all these emigrants so sad? To give up one's own country for ever must then be very painful, that the strongest heart either breaks or becomes ossified.

After waiting for some time in the pleasant shade, under the united influence of the breeze and the water, until the temperature became so cool as to make us forget that we were in the tropics, we proceeded in our canoe.

Nothing is pleasanter than a river under all circumstances. As with the Thames which when near and in London bears whole fleets of trading vessels on its bosom, and which above London at pretty, peaceful Richmond, is a still, lovely stream fringed with gardens, which charms us by its gentle windings, by its verdant, shady banks; and which is looked upon by all the inhabitants of the cottages on these banks as their own property, so was it here with the Cachoeras. But a short distance hence it had flowed a gigantic river; and though calm, wide as a lake, imposing in its broad expanse of water as it traversed a fruitful plain; now its stream was narrow, winding, its strong restless currents speeding between lofty banks, and giving warning of rapids and cataracts.

The banks were no longer green, level boundaries, between which the water rippled gently; they were now bolder objects, and the immense plants formed dams compelling the river to flow according to their will, to turn its course around the large trees and to narrow its track between the masses of bush and shrub. Large blocks of granite half concealed by vegetation, half covered by spray, stood on the banks; the water lost its mirror-like appearance, and became of the dark hue peculiar to the Mato Virgem; that strange dusky brown which one only finds in

the tropics, and which is produced by the fertility of the soil and richness of the vegetation. The effects of the lights and shades on these dark waters are wonderful: the bright sunbeams dancing on the water, the brilliant green of the foliage and the colours of the fragrant flowers, all produce an exquisite glow; beside and mingled with these, and deep down in the water, are the trembling shadows of some magnificent, leafy crown hanging far over the river, while the cool dark depths of thickets of shrubs press down the banks and even into the water; here bright, equatorial day stands side by side with dark, mysterious night.

He who wishes to study the effects of light and shade should seek them on the rivers of America; whether with his dead colours he could ever succeed in repeating the glow of the sunny rays, and the brilliance of the colours, or the weird darkness of the deep shadows, is a question. I believe that many an artist would fail in the attempt.

One more bend in the river and we reach the first cataract, which from its regularity of formation looks as if it were made by the hand of man rather than by that of nature. The river is here narrowed by blocks of granite, and a chain of these blocks crosses the stream obliquely like a barricade. The river runs on each side; it dashes angrily against the obstacles opposed to it, foams with impatience, and hurls itself against the blocks of granite, puts forth its whole strength against the impediments, is here and there forced unwillingly to retreat, but finds openings and passages, and forces a passage for itself in roaring, foaming waves to the bed below. In some places it pours forth with lightning speed in large troubled masses; at others it falls from rock to rock in cascades; again, at other points, the lofty granite walls are so high that the waters cannot rise over them, but divide and flow right and left foaming beneath the dark barriers, or forming still deep pools



among them. It is beautiful to see how the luxuriant vegetation, unchecked by any obstacles, plants its wave-washed sentinels in the midst of the white foam, and in the hollows and clefts of the black granite. We see the most beautiful spots amid the spray of these cataracts; small islands, on which large trees have grown up, arching over the cool flood, linked together by lianas, and their drooping boughs covered with bromeliacea and orchids. One sees the most delicate shrubs, fair ornaments of our hothouses, growing in profusion from the refts in the rocks, and bathing their boughs in the torrent. In the midst of this luxuriant vegetation, and amid these leafy groves in the centre of the stream, brilliantly-plumaged birds make their nests.

Where the space between the walls of granite is the broadest, and where the streams flowing around unite in one, there is sufficient water for the canoes to shoot through.

At the first and inconsiderable cataract that we passed, it was not necessary for our conductors to spring into the water to drag the canoe between the masses of granite; the paddles were sufficient, and this first impediment in our road attracted our attention, particularly for this reason—that, although so skilfully guided, we bumped against some of the rocks covered by the water. These rocky passages are great obstacles to all attempts at colonisation on the Cachoeras, as they naturally render steam-power useless; and without the intercourse which this facilitates, successful colonisation is not to be thought of in our times. The slender canoes cannot bring the raw produce into the market in large quantities, or quickly enough, and productive agriculture is not practicable here; the European settler must make his profits by the export of sugar, coffee, and cocoa, destined for the European market; but as he cannot live in the trees, and feed himself on cocoa,

he must also, in return, supply his own wants from distant countries. If, therefore, he have no steam-power available, he will be beaten out of the field, by those who have settled in a district in which the rivers are already navigated by steam, or soon will be so. Emigrants, such as are to be found beginning a struggle with nature on the banks of the Cachoeras, may be compared to soldiers in the front ranks in a bloody conflict, whom their leader has called to self-devotion, that over their bodies the advancing columns may win their way to victory. In this case Fate is the commander, and the broken spirits of the emigrants the corpses. If ever a time should come when, as in North America, railways shall be laid down, then the hard labour of these pioneers will be appreciated. In these districts, in which progress is kept back by want of means of communication, only the owners of large fazendas can carry on a profitable business. They are able, with their number of slaves, to trade upon a large scale, and have the means of triumphing over circumstances. Such fazendas, with capital laid out upon them, and under good management, cannot but prosper. But settlers on a small scale—and such are most of the emigrants—cannot thrive. One individual can perform but little work; the small plantation of coffee or cocoa does not repay the trouble expended on it; fields cannot be cultivated here as in Europe; and the sad result is that men here drag on as melancholy an existence as they did in Europe, and in addition mourn the loss of their beloved country. If they attempt a trade, their success is still but small, for trade depends on the numbers and prosperity of inhabitants. These inhabitants must first be provided, and money there is none in these primitive places; it is only to be found in the seaports.

With a few strokes of the paddles we passed the second rapid; after this the river became wider and calmer,

and the thick wall of vegetation on our left less dense; a little farther on a broad open green meadow, like one of our pasture-grounds at home, lay before us. The large trees, affording shelter and shade to the shepherd, were not wanting, and the cattle were here wandering peacefully over the grass in search of their sweet food. It was quite a home scene. The expanse of forest in the distance had an appearance like the dark rounded forms of our mountain-woods, and it required the signboard on the landing-place, with the words 'Porto da Vittoria,' to recall to us the fact that we were in Brazil.

K—— announced our arrival to his master, the canoe lay at the landing-place, near to which was a warehouse much like a cart-shed. We gladly sprang on shore, delighted to escape from the cramping position necessary in the canoes. These were drawn halfway up the bank, and our packages were taken out by the sturdy blacks under the direction of K——. We ourselves proceeded by the pathway through the meadows to the fazenda. We could have fancied ourselves in one of those farms which hold a medium position between a really large farm and an Alpine hut.

Among our beautiful mountains there are loftily-situated plains, with extensive meadows intersected by streams, their banks overgrown with rushes, and enclosed by the high walls of the evergreen fir-woods; these afford a beautiful prospect over the surrounding hills and valleys. Cattle feed in these meadows, the several grazing-grounds being divided by strong fences. The entrance from the brown muddy road leading to them is formed by the wood, a bough serving as an archway. This rudely-constructed gate groans as the traveller opens it, and closes it again quickly after him, to keep in the cattle and horses that are roaming about. The farmer to whom the ground belongs preserves some few large trees, such as ash and maple (fine specimens, which rejoice the lover of nature), when the forest is

cleared ; they serve either as boundary-marks, or for the cattle to stand under in the heat of the day and during storms. In places where giants of a similar kind have been felled, the fibrous roots are still to be seen among the grass. Higher up on the hill stands the house, built of stone and wood, together with the stables, granaries, and sheds. As the farm is some distance from any village, and is surrounded by thick mountain-forest, there is a peculiar repose and calm pervading the activity of everyday life, very invigorating to both mind and body. Assuredly man should be less wicked when leading so tranquil a life. Self-reliance here reigns supreme. It is a world within itself, with its own joys and sorrows, knowing little of what goes on beyond it. Such is our home-picture ; and such, transplanted to the tropics and enlarged to a grander scale, is a picture of the Fazenda da Vittoria. Even the duplicates of the crows and ravens that frequent the pasture-ground were not wanting ; for here there was the *Crotophaga anù*, which, similar to our crow, also performs the same useful services for the farmer. As we were traversing the meadows, admiring the grasses and various wild flowers, and looking for butterflies and beetles, our friend L—— came hastening towards us accompanied by a gentleman, dressed in white with a large panama hat. It was St——, the fortunate owner of the large fazenda, far surpassing many German princes in territory and power, notwithstanding his deficiency in title, etiquette, and court attendants. He advanced frankly and cordially, and received us hospitably. He is a man of merit, and one of those prepossessing people whose characters one can read at first sight ; of middle height, broad-shouldered, strongly-built, with well-cut manly features, fresh healthy complexion, fair hair, and honest blue eyes ; his appearance is imposing, and at the same time pleasing, from its expression of kindness. He is one of those men whom in our



hurrying, bustling, over-refined Europe, one seldom if ever meets, because it is only in the New World, and in the struggle with nature, that such characters become fully developed. St—— is one of those men whom Cooper has drawn so well. With such, we quickly become acquainted, and intercourse with them is ever instructive and pleasant; in their society the over-civilised mind recovers its natural tone. There was a link between us and St——; he called himself half-Austrian, for his venerable father, although having property in Bohemia, had spent the greater portion of his life in Austria. St——'s elder brother, who served in our army, and who made a rich and good marriage in Prague, has settled in Bohemia with an uncle of his, Colonel of the Kaiser-Jäger, an excellent and talented soldier I had been well acquainted; and a cousin of our host had fallen in the Austrian ranks on the mournful day of Solferino. There were therefore sufficient reasons, both of joy and sorrow, why we should meet as friends; and St——, familiar with the present state of Austria and all connected with her, evinced an undisguised and hearty pleasure in welcoming and extending his hospitality to natives of the country in which so many of his relations are residing. St—— himself was a lieutenant in the Prussian Guard, and he related (pleased at the remembrance) how he was on duty on the lovely banks of the Rhine, on the occasion of the visit of Queen Victoria in August 1845. Shortly afterwards (to the by no means agreeable surprise of his father, and excited, as he said, by Humboldt, to take up the idea), St—— decided upon quitting civilised Europe, and seeking his fortunes across the ocean in the New World. His relations, and also numerous old prigs, shook their heads in disapprobation, and lamented over the lost son. But who that sees St—— in the full vigour of his strength, surrounded by a blooming family, the owner of a considerable property, possessing authority

and talent; who that looks attentively, and sees how he receives deference from all around him, how his word is respected, how he lives so completely the lord of the fazenda, how, living in freedom and independence, he is responsible to none, save to God and his own conscience, how he is, so to speak, a king without the weight of the purple: who that beholds all this must not applaud the clever and persevering man for having discarded his uniform, changed his shako for a panama, and resigned the honour of perhaps obtaining the command of a regiment, after forty or fifty years' service? Under such circumstances, it is right to quit one's native country and to form a future for oneself, by one's own energy, will, and perseverance. And St—— has the right, when standing in his own dominions, to ask of astonished strangers how all is going on in 'fossilised' Europe?—an admirable expression, which I learnt from him, and which pleased me by its aptness.

But he has not yet succeeded altogether in giving up old ways in the school of the New World. When L—— announced our sudden visit, to my delight, St—— could not find excuses enough for having no black coat or white tie in which to receive the Prince in proper order on the boundary of his dominions. Having a misty recollection of the journey of Queen Victoria, he probably expected that we were making our visit to the primeval forest, decorated with crosses and stars, accompanied by chamberlains, plumed adjutants, and a gorgeous retinue. L—— reassured him from his own experience; but it was not until St—— actually beheld us walking in our primitive attire that the load was removed from his breast, and he breathed freely.

Slowly advancing through the unshaded meadows, beneath burning heat, he conducted us to his fazenda. Before we reached the house, we passed through a short but beautiful avenue of jacaranda-trees, which gave a cool

shade, and formed the approach to the inner fence of shrubs. The gate was opened, and we entered a valley in which the fazenda was situated. On our left, on an open space on the eminence at the termination of our path, stood the mansion, with a verandah at the back ; and with its kitchens and servants' rooms on the edge of the forest, in front of which the accustomed verandah was not wanting. On the right, at the opening of the valley, was an old disused sugarmill, with its wheels and wooden channels, reminding one in form of our mountain-forts. The water for working it was turned on from a pond at the extremity of the valley, which derived its supply from the neighbouring forest. On a hill on the left side of the valley, stood a long narrow row of buildings on the ground floor, reminding us in form and situation of our cattle-sheds at home ; these were the abodes of the slaves, partitioned off according to the size of the families ; all the windows and doors were placed directly facing the mansion ; at the back the dwellings were inaccessible, to prevent the escape of the slaves. Between the mansion and the pond, and forming a path to the Mato, were some beautiful specimens of coconut palms and bread-fruit trees, which over-shadowed a pretty bath-house, in the cool basins of which flowed a never-ceasing supply of cool water. The character of this little log-house was more than simple ; it was utterly devoid of all ornament, and quite unlike that which I had imagined would be found attached to the houses in these forests. The realities of life, with which these men who contend with nature are occupied, repress all poetry and all ideas of comfort. Hence the universal custom of leaving the houses unencircled by the slightest token of vegetation : no beautiful trees to afford shade, no flowering shrubs, none of the countless beautiful creepers twining round the supports of the verandahs, not the slightest possible sign of a garden ! And why should there be this want of taste ? There are

two reasons for it. The danger of poisonous reptiles, which might conceal themselves in the shades ; and the constant life out-of-doors, amid the luxuriance of nature which overpowers the owner by its profusion, and leaves him only the night-time in which to seek the shelter of his home.

The fazenda itself, therefore, cannot be described in anyway as pretty or poetical in appearance, but, on the contrary, is bare and prosaic. The view of the surrounding country is, however, magnificent, as are the masses of the cloud continually towering over the far-extending forest. The whole atmosphere in this country has in it something of poetry, as has also the free unfettered life of struggle, the seclusion from the world at large, the complete dependence on individual vigour, on individual mind ; all these elevate the soul, even though the details be insipid and devoid of attraction.

A life of activity prevails among the buildings, with the bustle inseparable from large property. Overseers go to and fro ; the mechanics repair the tools and set them in order ; slaves move in various directions, mutely following the sharp look of the master ; slave-women carry back and forwards all that is needed for the kitchen, fetch water, or wash the linen ; negro boys amuse themselves with the games allowed ; neighing horses ascend and descend the hill ; pigs with rings in their snouts poke about in the ground round the house, looking for food ; everywhere there is life and activity, with a certain air of prosperity and good order. Everything is, directly or indirectly, a part of the great machinery of the fazenda.

Before we reached the mansion, we and St—— were the best of friends. In these secluded regions, where all moves in one groove, where the outer world causes no distraction, acquaintances are quickly formed ; and here, in the mato, one feels none of that embarrassment which cha-



racterises a first interview in Europe; that reserve which is rendered necessary by the distrust engendered by circumstances in Europe does not exist in this country where interests do not clash, where there is room enough for everyone to move at will and to go his own way without jostling his neighbour.

Passing through the verandah, St—— led us into the principal apartment, the chief room of the house, and presented his family to us. Senhora St——, a genuine specimen of a Brazilian, refined and delicate in figure, but endowed with a strong determined spirit, womanly and retiring when she ought to be so, full of courage and decision when these are required, is the daughter of St——'s neighbour, an old Brazilian, Colonel Egidio Luiz de S—— B——. Gothic blood flows in her veins, and she belongs to one of the few families forming the historical nobility of Brazil; their ancestors are mentioned in connection with the ancient history of Portugal, and were presented by the Queen with extensive grants of land on the discovery of the country. But few of these old families settled in the New World, most of them returned to their native country; of the few that remained, the larger number are to be found in the province of St. Paul.

The family S—— is one of the best among them. I shall hereafter have occasion to relate the romantic circumstances under which they came to the virgin forests of Bahia. Born of high-souled parents at a period of stormy excitement, the Senhora possesses that firmness, that calm imperturbable cheerfulness, so indispensably necessary in life in the Mato. Simple in her habits (as the wife of a fazendero ought to be), she knows nothing of the luxuries of the great world, and the whole aim of her life is to help her husband, by her industry and activity; to rule her house well, even to the most minute

trifles; and to bring up her children to be useful men in their position in life. On first glancing at the slight figure, dressed plainly in a simple cotton dress, one could never suppose that it was this modest black-eyed lady, who (during St——'s absences on business) lives in the fazenda, in the midst of the forest, ruling a hundred and fifty slaves with despotic power; that her strength of character enables her to keep these blacks diligently at work, without their uttering one mutinous word. The Senhora has five fine children, three boys and two girls. Amalie, the eldest daughter, is a very intelligent child, and already accompanies her mother when engaged in household duties. Next to her come the three boys, Fernando, Alberto, and Gerubino; the first named after his father, the two latter after their grandfathers, living at the Antipodes. The youngest girl (a baby) was carried about by her black nurse. Little Amalie is like her mother, and is a complete Brazilian; in the fresh complexion of the boys, their fair hair and black eyes, one sees the mixture of German and Lusitanian blood.

The open-hearted children soon made friends with the strange guests, and showed their undisguised pleasure at all that was new to them. The one child who causes anxiety to his parents is the little Gerubino, who, apparently in consequence of intermittent fever, is sometimes quite lively and gay, and full of merriment; then suddenly he is seized with convulsions, and hovers for a certain time between life and death.

Immediately that the Senhora had extended to us her unembarrassed and cordial welcome, she returned, like a true housewife and anxious hostess, to her duties, and especially (to our great joy) to the kitchen department. Our long journey made her attention in this direction doubly acceptable. Meanwhile, St—— took us over his plain and simple home, to me an interesting type of a real

Brazilian fazenda. The large apartment, of which I spoke before, runs across from one front of the house to the other, dividing the building into two parts, the dwelling-rooms opening into it. At each end of it doors and windows open into the verandah, which is simply a wooden-covered passage, supported by pillars like those of our Swiss houses ; through the verandah, which affords shelter from the sun and wind, and protection against the entrance of animals, we pass into the house. This principal apartment is simply whitewashed, without any ornament ; long wooden couches run along the walls ; a large clock is placed against the wall on the right ; cupboards occupy the space between the windows and the glass door on the wall opposite to the chief entrance, and are filled with bottles, cups, and various miscellaneous and necessary articles ; a long table in the centre of the room serves the family and guests as a dining-table. More simple the room could not be ; a healthful tone of freshness pervaded it, which one might seek in vain in our Parisian salons. There are three rooms on each side. The Senhora and her children occupy the first two rooms on the right ; the third is the special room of the master, his writing-room, library, collections of seed, little armoury, receptacle for various tools, in a word, the all-in-all of this active-minded man. The writing-table was covered with papers, apparently referring to business connected with his coffee and sugar plantations ; in the library was a selection of excellent books, adapted to strengthen his mind in the solitude which enforces self-help. The collections of seeds consisted of very valuable specimens, which in these countries promise grand results ; everything affords proof that here man, be he ever so refined, must attempt everything himself, must manage everything for himself. The weapons are essential to a secure and comfortable existence in the Mato. They afford protection

against wild beasts, are useful in the pursuit of game (so necessary here), and also are a defence against the Redskins, who make their dangerous raids as far as this point. Only a few days ago, so St—— told me, to my surprise and pleasure, the Indians appeared before the fazenda. St—— prudently avoided any altercation with them, but by his firmness prevented them from carrying anything away with them. The Redskins are said to be particularly deficient in all clear idea of the difference between *meum* and *tuum*. Such visits naturally throw the whole fazenda into a state of feverish excitement, for one never can be sure how they may terminate. On this occasion the free sons of the forest were very civil, and only asked for cabaça, the password in South America. St—— ordered the coveted beverage to be brought, and hilarity speedily reigned among the elated savages; the danger evaporated in a national dance, in which they expressed their thanks, performing, in a very primitive attire, a pantomime with their bows and arrows. But these visits do not always terminate so pleasantly; and it not unfrequently happens that the unfortunate white man, when engaged in hunting, is suddenly disturbed by a poisoned arrow discharged by some man-hunter, and may consider himself fortunate if, by his prudence and courage, he escape with a whole skin. In my ardour for adventure these statements excited in me renewed resolutions, as may easily be supposed.

We were now in the vicinity of the sacred walls of the real primeval forest; we were within the haunts of the Botokudes and the Bataihos, who live here wild and free, levying their tribute by hunting and fishing. I was by degrees approaching the full realisation of my traveller's dreams.

A black table near the entrance-door of St——'s apartment attracted our attention; on it were recorded the



extraordinary and romantic Christian names of his slaves. This table forms a sort of primitive guide-book, which must cost him not a little trouble, and make the study of martyrology essential to him; for the superstition of the blacks demands that the name of one who has died shall never be given to the newborn child. One finds names such as Ida, Rosalie, Prudentia, and Clementina, which are in direct opposition to the looks of the hideous owners. Men and women are placed in different columns, and, in addition to the name, each has a number, which marks them at once as saleable goods.

Simple as everything was in this house, yet every step afforded some fresh object of interest to us newcomers; on every side we obtained a glimpse into forest-life, around which ever lingers the aroma of poetry.

Opposite to St——'s apartment, and opening on the other side of the hall, were two rooms which were prepared for us. I selected one, with the doctor for my companion. In accordance with the custom of the country in which we were, the entire furniture consisted of two low bedsteads, on which were spread coarse linen instead of mattresses. Near these rooms a small staircase led to a room in which were some other bedsteads. The apartment on the left of the entrance was our host's dispensary; amongst his other acquirements as a settler he is also a surgeon. He has obtained the very necessary knowledge of this art by his own diligence and self-dependence, by careful study of books, and by bold experiment. He had scarcely opened the door of his dispensary, and shown my doctor all the yellow, red, and blue bottles, phials, and cups, with their unpleasant odours, before the power of habit and the instincts of the profession led them into conversation, in which the self-educated surgeon, the man of practical learning, was able to take his own part. St—— has so great a reputation as a surgeon, that he is sent for from great distances,

and is often obliged at night to mount his horse and hasten through the Mato, in spite of all difficulties, to some distant plantation. To a noble-minded man like St—— there must be great satisfaction in such labours, even though sometimes they may be a little severe.

Added to this, by his knowledge of surgery, he possesses a prestige throughout all the country among the blacks, and even among the Indians; this is the privilege of a superior mind. From his medicines it was easy to see that St——'s is sharp practice. He thinks strong measures the best in this country.

In front of the verandah, on the spot where the garden should stand, was an enclosure in which the children had some of the forest animals as pets. On taking leave, St—— presented me with two wondrously pretty pheasants, dark-green, with scarlet round the eyes, and with red feet. I was the first person to bring such birds alive to Europe, and I placed them in the menagerie at Schönbrunn. A very lively little pig, which he had brought home not long ago from a hunting expedition, and a land-tortoise, were also living happily here. In a cage in the verandah we saw, for the first time, a native of the Mato, whose melancholy lay everyone knows who has passed but twenty-four hours in its sacred groves—namely, the tukan, or pepper-bird, an extraordinary creature, with a beak that resembles the snout of a tapir; it may indeed, and not improbably, be a remnant left from primeval times. The family of the tukan (*Rhamphastus*) is divided into three or four species, and may be found in almost all parts of South America. In its wild state it lives almost entirely on the fruit of various sorts of capicum, and from this it has doubtless derived its name. In captivity, this bird does honour to its snoutish beak, and devours food more greedily than any animal I ever saw; so that this beak resembles a large sack, in which

edibles of every kind (for he refuses nothing) disappear. The bird that we saw here belonged to the species *Temminckii*, was as large as a jackdaw, and its hooked beak (which was black, with yellow feathers round its root) was very sharp, strong, and about half the length of its whole body. Its back and wings were black, its throat and breast bright orange, and its short tail purple. The most remarkable point in this strange bird is its eye, the large iris of which is of a delicate blue like turquoise, forming a beautiful combination with its brilliant plumage. The restless movements of the bird, and its immense beak, have a curious effect, and, notwithstanding its beauty of colour, give it a droll appearance. It looked to me as if masked, and ready to play a part at the carnival. St—— did me the favour to present me with this bird on a future occasion, and I brought home two of them, alive and tamed. One of them remained for a long time in Europe, and when our store of farinha was exhausted, it was fed with potatoes and oranges. The peculiar cry of the tukan is (like that of the mountain cock with us) a pleasant forest-sound to the ear of the traveller; once heard, it is always recognised when it resounds amid the solitudes.

But to return to the description of the fazenda. The situation of the mansion is fine, and has been selected with an object. From it the whole establishment, and indeed the whole portion of the forest around it that has been cleared, is distinctly visible; nothing can move in or out without being seen from this central point. This overlooking is very necessary under the circumstances in which a man lives in this country, the owner of so large a number of slaves, and surrounded by forest, in which both wild men and wild beasts abound. The first duty of the fazendero is never to allow himself to be surprised, and never to forget that he must rely upon himself alone to resist all opposing events. He is on continual outpost duty, which, however,

when well-performed, has in it less of danger than one would suppose. Whilst we were inspecting the house and its immediate surroundings with some curiosity, St——, ever thoughtful of his guests, ordered beer and some other invigorating beverages to be brought. Beer finds its way even into the forest; indeed, one may say that, wherever German lips are to be found, thither extends the empire of the mighty Gambrinus. In Brazil, however, it is the custom to drink brandy at all hours of the day, under the idea of modifying heat by heat. No one ever dreams of using water here for any purpose but the bath; and I certainly think that to drink a large quantity of water would be very injurious in these climates.

According to the excellent Brazilian custom, St—— offered us the use of his cool bath-house, in which to take a cold bath before lunch, which I, who am not yet fully acclimatised, declined with thanks.

The botanist and sportsman, who had followed in the second canoe with the heavy baggage, now arrived at this hospitable house; each, according to his vocation, laden with booty. The botanist was quite unlike himself in the silent rapture which he evinced on finding himself so unexpectedly on ground that seemed peculiarly his own.

Meanwhile the Senhora and her attendant black maidens were not idle; and a sumptuous lunch was spread on the long table in the hall. When all was ready, our kind host invited us to be seated; the Senhora, after she had hastily seen the final arrangements made in the kitchen, took her seat at the head of the table in the good old fashion, and with a certain aristocratic dignity of manner. She summoned me to sit on her right hand, and all the rest of the company, and every one of the family, great and small, ranged themselves around the well-spread table. She then coquettishly addressed some few lively words of apology to me, in the prettiest manner possible,



respecting the repast she had prepared for us. In a house in which order and good manners prevail—where each one, from highest to lowest, is obliged to work to earn his bread—where industry is rewarded by cheerfulness—where everyone brings a good appetite to the table;—in such a house there ever rests the blessing of an atmosphere of peace, of good temper, of contentment, which cannot fail to refresh and invigorate even a stranger. Among people who are labouring diligently to maintain their existence, according to the first principles of nature, one immediately feels oneself a better man, and also obtains the blessing of calm and restful happiness. Such was the case now; and a tone of gladness pervaded this company, assembled together from different quarters of the globe. The merriment of the children was as enjoyable to us as though we had seen them growing up from babyhood; very attractive also was the amiability of the young mother of the family; and everyone was all attention to the pleasant and instructive words of the father, who had so much that was interesting to tell to us new-arrivals.

The Senhora had a right to be proud of her repast. Primitive, simple, but admirably dressed, it was really excellent; and our hearty appetites best expressed our thanks, and gratified her. Every description of bird was seasoned with pimento and herbs; delicious palm-cabbages cooled our heated throats; yams appeared as an excellent vegetable, and the indispensable farinha was mixed with rich meats. But the crowning achievement, the best thing of the sort that I ever tasted, was a tender, fat, sucking-pig, dressed in the old Brazilian manner. My mouth waters even now when I think of this delicious dish. It is to be premised that the Brazilian pig is very superior to the European in excellence. Imagine then, this animal, quite young, brought up in the fresh

forest air, fed on the delicate roots and plants of the Mato, and then dressed in a manner worthy of its early nurture. The inside is filled with spices of every kind, fresh from the plants; spices which only find their way into an European kitchen after having been dried and packed, and after having undergone a long sea-voyage, are here the natural products of the forest; to this *mixtum compositum* is added some of the useful farinha, which, by its dryness, takes off some of the richness; and thus one has the most savoury dish upon earth, in the enjoyment of which there is but one cause for regret—that it is only attainable in the primeval forest, and that all the culinary art of Europe, directed by the most minute recipes, can never produce anything at all resembling it—for the fragrance of the Mato would still be wanting. As this stuffing is roasted with the pig, the whole of the meat has the delicious flavour. St——’s cellar also was well-stocked; the best European wines graced the table; I confined myself to that most popular in this country—a sort of lisbon, new to me—a deep red wine, almost black, something like port, which is very quenching to the thirst, and is a very pleasant beverage. It is the only home-made wine that one meets with. Some absinthe was also brought, intended to be mixed with water; but I do not like these compositions.

During our repast, plans were arranged for our expedition into the forest. My object was to make as much as possible of the short time, to penetrate as far as I could, and to travel over the greatest possible distance. St—— would not comprehend that we wished to explore as much of the forest as we could: he probably thought that this was the privilege of the colonists, and that we Europeans had no claim to it. According to his powerful descriptions, the labour was indeed not light; for through the forest one cannot be said to go—one must jump, vault, and lose half one’s skin. His wish was that we should make short excursions from his house, taking it as our central point,

and returning after each to his hospitable roof. I suspect that the instigator of this plan was our good friend L——, who, with his comfortable habits of life, dreaded pressing his way into the forest. But these walks did not answer my purpose; I had already taken such in Bahia, and other such awaited me, in endless number, in the country round Rio. I had bent my steps hither in order to see something of real adventure, and to earn my impressions of the sublime Mato with toil and hardship. I therefore urged that a plan of advance should be traced; but, since no precedent for this sort of thing existed, and other Europeans had limited their search for plants and birds to the vicinity of the settlement, the good people seemed quite unable to understand what it was that I wished to do in the heart of the forest. Probably this seemed to them as strange as it would seem to us, if an inhabitant of some inland country were to come to the seaside for the first time, and to express his wish to go out many miles to sea in an open boat: or if, at Cairo, a stranger should ask to mount a dromedary, and ride out into the desert, without knowing the track, and without any plan, merely for the sake of seeing the desert.

At length we came to a compromise, and agreed for to-day to yield to the wishes of St—— and L——, and only to make a short afternoon visit to the entrance of the Mato Virgem; and to begin our real excursion on the morrow, under the direction and guidance of a German settler, the most noted hunter far and wide. My great desire was to avoid all inhabited districts—to see the various portions of the forest, its dry and its swampy soils—to come on the track of wild beasts, and, if possible, to fall in with them also.

As soon as we had refreshed ourselves, and the great heat of noon had subsided, we prepared, under St——'s directions, and armed with all sorts of murderous instru-

ments, for our visit to the Mato. Passing down the short avenue, we went part of the way down the road by which we had come; we then turned through a sort of fruit-garden with the ubiquitous cashew-tree; the path was bordered with pine-apples, which make a great impression on the European eye, as they prove the luxuriance of nature. The pine-apples were of a reddish colour, and of various degrees of ripeness. The path led round a wooded hill, down into a valley, and the fruit-garden terminated in a coffee-plantation, which covered the whole of the low ground. Five years had not elapsed since St—— had cleared the forest in this part with axe and hammer, and had made a ‘roça;’ and already coffee-bushes, five feet in height, were growing thickly in large numbers. There was nothing of a regular plantation, and it was only by careful observation that one could discover it to be a field of coffee-plants; it looked like a sea of green glossy leaves, and it was only by the white blossom that one could recognise the plant. Already wild shoots of the original vegetation were visible between the coffee-plants, and in no long time, so St—— assured us, the ground will be left to itself; the capoeira will be formed, the soil will put forth its strength, and a fresh piece of forest will be turned into a ‘roça.’ These instances of the immense power of the soil have in them something almost incredible to the European.

For cutting the forest the fazenderos generally employ the half-tamed Indians, whom they hire from time to time, and who perform their work with wonderful skill and rapidity. That must be a grand sight when the axe is brought for the first time into these spots, untouched hitherto since the days of the Creation—when the giant of the forest begins to totter, and when its immense crown, as it bends and falls, brings masses of vegetation with it to the ground. At first a rushing sound is heard, and then, as with the roar



of thunder, the monarch of a thousand years lies low, and in his fall brings down a vast number of flowers, lianas, shrubs, and palms.

The view which lay before us in the valley was very beautiful, and brilliantly lighted up by the rays of the sun. The lowest part was full of coffee-bushes, interspersed with flowering shrubs and bright blossoms. The boundary of the valley on the hill-side was formed by the forest. This rose in towering masses, clearly outlined by the gorgeous sunlight; in some parts there was a golden shimmer on the leaves; in others, the dense foliage produced deep shadows, among which the silvery cecropia gleamed in the stray sunbeams. Next might be seen the giant form of some ancient tree, with its massive crown ornamented by brilliant bromeliacæ, and by lianas hanging in festoons from bough to bough. Beneath the crowns, through which the rays of the sun could not penetrate, all was deep shadow, amid which we could only distinguish some few silvery stems; thus there was an endless variety of light and shade, of darkness and brilliance. Over the whole scene lay peace and repose. To complete its beauty, the sky towards evening became cloudless, so that every outline was marked sharply against it. When we gaze on these fortresses of forest, we are lost in wonder and admiration at the grandeur of nature, and at the fertility of the soil that nourishes so gigantic a mass of vegetable life; we seem to stand at the entrance of an unknown world of mystery and enchantment; we are filled with wondering of what dwells within, of what goes on in this vast world. We know that trees grow and bloom, and bear their fruit, within these spacious halls; that bright birds with gleaming plumage trill their lays in the leafy domes; that imperial butterflies of brilliant hues float in the perfumed air; that shy lizards and glistening snakes glide through flower and bush. We know that

such as these have lived and dwelt here from the days of Creation, have sung and bloomed, and yet the forest is a mystery which man wonders at and admires, yet may not understand.

As we descended into the valley, two different kinds of pipra flew from the bushes near us. From the way in which they flew, one might know that they had no fear of man. Why, indeed, should the inhabitant of the forest shoot these innocent creatures? Powder and shot are such necessities of life to him, that he reserves them for moments of danger, or for real use. The practical resident in the Mato only shoots a fat boar from some herd of swine, or a woodcock from a bough; or in firing at a dangerous ounce, he may perhaps shoot down an Indian woman. To-day the poor beasts had peace—not so the birds; the eager eye of the lover of curiosities was fixed on them, and many of them fell in their paradise beneath the fire of the sportsman. In the lower portion of the valley, where the ground was swampy, the path was overlaid with loose sticks (as in our Austrian forests), to prevent our sinking. A bridge (made of pieces of wood put roughly together), over a piece of narrow rush-covered water, reminded me vividly of the salt districts. These reminders of the beautiful mountain-country at home were very pleasant, and awoke in my mind many happy reminiscences of the peaceful hours that I had spent in that land of poetry. It is remarkable that, even in the remotest depths of the primeval forest, I discovered a similarity to our Alpine scenery. Its districts only, in the whole of Europe, bear any resemblance to the wildness of nature in this country. In them only can we find the same repose, the same half-entrancing, half-awful stillness, the same brilliancy of vegetation; and in the beauty of their wild flowers, the gentian and the liliacæ, something of that luxuriance which prevails in the primeval forest.

One finds a hundred trees, which fall merely from old age, giving nourishment in their decay to new vegetation; one sees nature existing for herself, and for the glory of her God, and not blooming exclusively for man. Thus, in my wanderings in Brazil, the Alps frequently recurred to my mind, from the similarity presented in form, in colour, and in general character. There is a great resemblance between different portions of the great creation; and where the hand of man has not interfered, the likeness is very marked—only varying in detail, according to the varieties of climate and soil.

We had scarcely passed the bridge, before we reached the boundary of the valley. By a cut, which is plainly intended to be a forest-path, we entered the Mato filled with that sweet awe which takes possession of a man when mysteriously surrounded by that which is both new and grand. When this feeling of reverence and wonder pervades the expectant soul on entering a large Gothic cathedral, or in the vast Catacombs, or amid the granite halls and passages of the Pyramids, when the heart beats more quickly, then does one ever aspire to press forward more boldly. If the eye rest in wonder on the bold columns, the beautiful vaulted arches, the splendour of ornament of the vast minster, what emotions must not stir the soul when one enters into the world of giants created thousands of years ago!—and when one sees them in their pristine image, and beholds the living pillars, the green sunlit vaults, and nature's wealth of form and colour; as with the monuments in the interior of the cathedral, so also with the forest, the view is limited; but although bounded to the eye, both are replete with suggestive thoughts to the mind. Here the mass of vegetation rises on all sides of the spectator in endless variety, and meets high over his head in a thick shady roof, from which depend lianas and creepers of every kind. The eye cannot discern whence

each plant springs, or where it terminates. Around the roots of the trees is an immense growth of these creepers; when the crowns begin to spread, there is again a fresh world of these plants thickly intertwined; and the brilliant sun can scarcely penetrate through the rich verdure of these vaulted roofs, and only sheds a dim mysterious light into the halls below, in which the atmosphere is ever cool. The eye, not yet accustomed to this splendour, is lost among the thousands of individual plants, and seeks for some arrangement among them; the impression, as a whole, is overpowering. Here and there some blossom of more than usual splendour attracts attention, or some novel form excites admiration; but one has scarce gazed at either for a moment, before the waves of verdure meet above the vision of beauty. These are moments which cannot be described, and in which one can only admire in silent joy, not unmixed with reverence. The space over which the eye can wander is very small; it cannot penetrate more than a few fathoms into this chaos. How vast, how varied, how boundless, must not that world be, which has the power, even in such a limited space, of thus affecting the lord of the creation!

St——, our kind and talented guide, respecting our emotion, announced to us, in a subdued tone, that we were now in the real, genuine, undesecrated, undisturbed virgin forest, visited by but few Europeans. There was not a word now of Capoeras; here the empire of man ceased—here that of immortal nature began; here was the grand reward of my Transatlantic voyage; and with just pride I, a zealous pilgrim, could enter the sanctuary of which so many talk, but which so few have visited. Here one discovers, from the few inhabitants, how many false statements are connected with the Mato Virgem. Every traveller who has set his foot on the soil of America, and has seen a couple of palms—who has seen the immediate



vicinity of one of the seaports, fancies himself entitled to talk of this sacred land, and to trumpet forth his raptures to the world; but if one question him minutely, as regards the details, his grand descriptions end in nothing.

St.— did the honours with much tact; the forest is in truth his world, in which he carries on the struggle of life, as though he were its owner. He drew our attention to the beauty of the vegetable, and to the wonders of the animal world. It is not until one becomes a little accustomed to the splendour, that one begins to feel enjoyment; new visions of wonder succeed each other with such rapidity. There were three species of plants, that rose one above the other in three divisions: on the ground, the luxuriant and beautiful aroidea, with their variety of form, and beauty of hue; the scitaminea, with their gorgeous blossoms; the musaceæ, with their large folding leaves; graceful ferns, reminding one of home; and mingled with these, rich fantastic philodendrons, which, as their name implies, seek the friendship and support of the trees. Amid this profusion of luxuriance, there is an immense growth of plants (thriving and flourishing in the cool shades, on the moist rich earth), which the eye hardly notices individually, although in Europe they gleam as stars of the first magnitude in the firmament of flowers. I will only name the bignonia (with its exquisitely-formed and beautifully-tinted leaves) endless varieties of grasses, and dwarf palms. From this mass of splendour and richness, peculiarly the home of the insect world, rises the more slender growth of the next stage. This consists principally of trees with feathered and broad leaves; here large quantities of cecropia are found, and here also some few light palms unfold their leaves, and expand their delicate crowns. Above these, the lofty trees with slender stems, and crowns of laurel-like and camelia-like leaves, thickly twined around by lianas, form the first portion of

the densely-leaved roof. Philodendrons, or beautiful creepers, frequently twine in luxuriance around their stems; others are bare, displaying the hard, smooth, red or yellow bark; these are generally trees, the wood of which is used for dyeing, or is invaluable in shipbuilding. This region of the vegetable kingdom is the least known to the botanist; most of the trees have glossy leaves, and bear delicious fruit, on which the birds and monkeys feed. At this stage of vegetation we find, immediately beneath the leafy roof, beautiful bromeliaceæ, those curious plants which lie on the boughs and stems like birds' nests, and display some of the most exquisite and perfect blossoms known in the vegetable creation. Highest of all, the giants of the forest rear their proud forms; their growth of a thousand years has enabled them to force a path through the leafy world below, and to reach the light, where, stretching forth their patriarchal arms, they shelter and protect all beneath them from the rays of the sun.

These are the monuments that give evidence of the antiquity of the forest; these great landmarks form the chief attraction of the Mato; but, like all that is grand and sublime, they are removed so far above our everyday life, that we can only dream of—not fully understand—these wondrous forms. They are a mystery to the botanist, for they bloom and bear fruit in a region to which he cannot approach by any ordinary means; he is still unacquainted with them, and has not ventured to name them. Just as the ornamentation of the loftiest part of a building differs from that below, so in this exalted region there is a new world of plants quite different from ours. Here it is that the orchids generally unfold their splendour—that the *tilandsia* bloom and flourish. All these various stages of vegetation are united by countless lianas, which, taking root in the earth, twine their bare tendrils from bough to bough, from stem to stem, often extending

across considerable spaces, and at length, when attaining the highest point, and meeting the air and sunlight, bursting forth themselves into leaf and flower. The struggle of all plants towards the light, throughout the whole forest, is very remarkable; hence the straight slender form of the stems of those trees that support the leafy domes, through which one sees the sunlight as from a far-off land. In the cool shades below, the atmosphere is peculiar; having, from the moisture of the luxuriant vegetation, a most fragrant perfume, which is quite overpowering. The earth, never kissed by the rays of the sun, is always damp and soft, yielding under one's tread; in the course of centuries, the withered leaves, the peeled-off bark, the dropped-off fruit—all these have combined to form a rich soil; so that, from the decay of nature, new life is ever springing. In the limited space between the ground and the layers of vegetation where man may wander, the air is ever still; there is no great heat, yet no breeze can ever penetrate. It is this strange twilight of the daytime, this silence in the air, this absence of sunbeams, these never-rustling leaves—all this it is that excites in man a feeling of oppression, of strange loneliness.

As the plants have their world, in which they must remain, bound by the law of nature, so is it also in the animal world. On the damp earth, beneath the arches formed by the large leaves of the aroidea and scitaminea, amid the various grasses, snails, and a sort of crab have their abodes; and here lizards disport themselves, here snakes lurk, and armadilloes wander. The deer of the forest speed over the lower vegetation, pursued by the hungry jaguar; the heavy tapir noisily breaks a path for himself; whilst above these, beneath the vaults of the lower growth of palms, humming-birds fly from flower to flower, and giant butterflies merrily chase each other; in the crowns of the trees, the tukan wets his horny beak, and utters his

peculiar cry, and the mutun sleeps during the noonday heat; high in the vast domes above, live the monkey tribe; lovely vistiti and nimble squirrels bound from bough to bough, whilst the air is filled with noisy flocks of parrots. The traveller can only see the lower and middle portions of the forest; that which stirs the loftier part he can but hear, for his eye cannot reach so far. It is only near the bed of a river, or on some rare occasion, that he is able to look at the inhabitants of the heights. Animals and plants both live free and unrestrained as they were on the day of their creation.

Pressing on, we came to a spot where the trees grew less thickly, and we could see to a greater distance; here we were able, for the first time, to examine the lianas more closely; in both size and strength they greatly surpassed our expectations. They sometimes hung in festoons from tree to tree; some depended from a single bough, like ropes for gigantic bells, and sometimes hung down from some lofty crown to the ground, looking like the ropes and cables of a vessel. Two kinds particularly attracted our notice—the first, a species of *bauhinia*, which the countrypeople call the ‘monkey-ladder,’ because it aids this animal in mounting the immense trees; it looks like garlands of roses, is brown in colour, and has little balls of blossom; the second, a rope-like creeper, which was wound round and round like a thick coil of rope. We obtained specimens of both, which I have preserved in my museum.

As we proceeded—sometimes speechless from astonishment, sometimes shouting with delight—St—— pointed out to us a narrow opening—not more than a crevice in the thick wall of green—looking like the track of a tapir. This he told us was the Emperor’s highway—a track in the vast forest, by means of which, travellers, following the instinct of its natives, may avoid going astray. This is



actually the only means of communication between the provinces of Brazil; it leads direct to the province of Minas. Messengers use it when running through the forest with despatches and imperial orders, perhaps carrying at the same time a bag of diamonds. Occasionally a small party of soldiers traverse it, in going from province to province; but usually this royal road is only used by the wild Indians, or by some bold hunter from a distant fazenda.

We had scarcely turned from this sign of Brazilian civilisation, when we met with an unwelcome resident in tropical regions—our first snake: it was not a long one, its skin was brownish-yellow, and it did not move quickly. St——, who instantly perceived that it was of a poisonous species, went quietly up to it, and killed it with his stick. We remained at a respectful distance, remembering that the snakes of the forest must be treated with deference. The European, rendered apprehensive by numerous descriptions of this animal, cannot repress a shudder, though the man of the forest looks at it with indifference. Here again we see the truth of the proverb in Bauernfeld's 'Deutschen Krieger,' 'One becomes used to it.' We soon began our own experiences. Stories of snakes and other poisonous reptiles contain great exaggerations. There are many snakes in this country—that cannot be denied; but accidents seldom occur. St—— told me that in his neighbourhood there are not more than three, or at most four, cases of persons bitten by snakes in the year.

We had but just secured the snake, in order to preserve it in spirits of wine, for the museum, when we perceived a large odious-looking tarantula (*Mygale nigra*), an immense spider, which, including its legs, measures two inches and a half in diameter; the whole of the body is covered with hair. St—— wished to catch the horrible creature, and made several attempts to do so; but it disappeared hastily among the foliage.

The path now led us out of the Mato, to one of those open plains called in this country 'roça,' and which are prepared for cultivation by burning. The stumps of the immense trees were visible through the ashes, and already the young vegetation was springing up in various places; plants were everywhere to be seen, and the fertile ground had within it the germs of future life. It is scarcely a year since St—— had this place cleared by fire; and if he does not take care, it will soon be covered with what the Brazilians call 'capoeras.' In this reproductive power of the soil consists the wealth and beauty of this land; at the same time, such fertility gives endless labour to the colonist.

This open space, bordered by charred trunks of the forest, and lighted up by the rays of the setting sun, recalled our Alps to my mind.

We forced our way with difficulty through the sprouting vegetation, in order to press on farther into the Mato. On this occasion St—— had to cut a way for us with his knife (*fação*), a sort of hunting-knife, which the settlers always carry by their side when making expeditions into the forest. It was not until the bushes and lianas were cut that we could follow him. Here, in the thicket, in the midst of the rank vegetation, St—— pointed out to us the calm still waters of a disused canal, flowing beneath the eternal shades of the forest. It is a remnant left from the early days of the colonisation begun by the Jesuits. When these wise fathers made these distant lands their own, they set before them a double object—the salvation of the Indians, and the establishment of colonies on a large scale. Wiser than the present government, and belonging to a disciplined body, they began by making good roads and canals, the only means by which to rule a country well, or to develop its resources. By means of canals, the produce of the country could be con-

veyed to the rivers, and thence to the sea-coast. Pombal's decree banished the Jesuits, but provided nothing to compensate for their loss; and from that time, it must be owned, that everything has gone back considerably. That this is the case, the disused canal, which is now almost lost in the thick growth of vegetation, affords a proof.

All endeavours after improvement, in the present day, lack method and good direction; they are left to the inclination of individuals, and will therefore take a much longer time to carry out.

A fortunate shot of our servant now brought down a magnificent woodpecker (*Picus flavescens*), rather larger than our European woodpecker, with a rich golden crest, and spotted red back—a handsome and rare specimen for our increasing collection. During our wanderings on this day, we often heard, in the lofty crowns of the trees, the peculiar noise made by a bird called in Brazilian 'rendeira'—a small brown bird, with a white head, whose powerful voice in no way corresponds with its delicate form, an anomaly that one often finds in the tropics. We also heard the cry of the 'não ten agua,' which follows the traveller, with its mocking tones, during the hot sunny hours of the day; one hears him on all sides, from every tree, but can never see him. The loud notes of his voice resemble the sound of the name given to him by the inhabitants of the Mato, which means, 'Have you no water?'—a question often distressingly ironical during the heat of noon.

Among other insects, we saw a beautiful butterfly of sapphire-blue; it escaped our nets, and was soon lost in the thicket.

The profusion of the vegetation was too great to admit of any detailed enumeration of plants. I will only name a few, which have dwelt in my memory from their great luxuriance. I leave it to some scientific work to mention

all the new and beautiful objects with which our little expedition abounded. I have already spoken of the *baubinia*: in addition, we saw some creeping *apocinea*, and splendid *cucurbita*, besides wreaths of *combretaceæ*, and numerous other creepers not yet named. In the interior of the Mato we found numerous *bombacea* trees; among them, the lovely *carolinia*, the *anda pisanis*—a large tree, with a smooth slender stem and pointed leaves; *bixacea* trees with heart-shaped leaves; the *jacaranda* (the wood of which is beautiful), with large leaves like those of the *mimosa*, from one to two feet in length; the *lecitis*, a sort of small tree, the fruit of which is used for various purposes; *cacolobea*, of the family of the *poligonea*, with leather-like leaves; *lasiandra*, belonging to the *melastomea* tribe—a species of tree, the blossoms of which resemble the rosy blossoms of the Indian *azalea* or *pontin rhododendron*, and which, rising above other trees, attracts one's eye at a distance by its splendour; various *solanea* and *asclepias*, all twining and intertwining in a bright confusion, which forbade minute inspection.

Here was, indeed, superabundant happiness for our botanist; he was in a heaven of rapture, and in an Eden of flowers; he had not hands enough to collect, to cut, to pluck as he wished. He very soon vanished completely from our sight, and did not return to the *fazenda* until late, laden with treasures.

With the setting-in of twilight we came to an open space, where the hand of man had already made a track; various forest-paths intersected each other near an immense tree, which the good feeling of the settlers had left unmolested in its splendour; straight, firm, and strong, the giant trunk rose, like a grand column, towards heaven, till high over the other trees it spread out its giant crown into a broad vast canopy; in it flourished whole generations of parasites, and from its summit, hanging from bough



to bough, parallel with the trunk, and reaching to the ground, were the smooth tendrils of a liana.

We rested at the root of the giant, and watched the last rays of the sun as they played in his leafy crown; the evening was lovely, and the balmy air had the elasticity peculiar to the twilight hours in the tropics. We were very happy; we were enjoying that peaceful calm which is the reward of an eventful day spent among the beauties of nature. In a short space of time we had become rich in experience; our eyes had seen that for which we had longed. Our friend St—— was delighted at our happiness, which he was able to understand, because he also had once crossed the ocean, in the vigour of youth, and with a soul filled with ardour.

Whilst we were lost in contemplation of the beauties of nature, the hot blood of the youngest of our party, Marine-Cadet G——, could no longer be restrained; and suddenly, thinking of his ship, he seized one of the liana ropes, and, imitating the monkeys, swung himself up with uncommon dexterity. I turned giddy at this boyish frolic, for no one knew what was the strength or the toughness of the plant: a peremptory order brought the youngster down again. By this acrobatic performance we were able to form some idea of the immense height of the tropical vegetation; and it is no exaggeration when travellers say that the eye cannot distinguish the form of the leaves on the separate portions of the crown.

We heard the sound of shots: St—— listened attentively to them, and then turned to give us the information that they were probably fired by a runaway negro, a murderer, who was roving about in the forest, and supporting himself by hunting. The man is known to the whole neighbourhood; but as he has not committed any more murders, and has known how to excite a certain amount of respect towards himself, so a sort of quiet

neutrality is preserved towards him, and a certain social position has been accorded to him. He is now the wild hunter *par excellence*, and affords a striking proof of the primitive condition of imperial Brazil. Looking candidly at the existing state of things, one sees that a man may do what he likes here; no real government exists, still less any justice; criminals can only be punished by Lynch law.

The sole restraint upon a man is the loss of his bodily strength; his protection is his personal courage; his means of protecting his rights, or of persuasion, are on the one side his rifle, on the other, his bow and arrows; with these a man may live very happily, but he must of necessity possess strength and courage.

As the population of the country is so small, this state of things may continue; it is a decided advantage to intelligent and clever men that they should be unmolested in their undertakings; the burdensome restraints that exist in over-populous and over-civilised countries are unknown here. The power of the government is limited to the narrow circle in the immediate vicinity of the towns; its arm cannot reach into the forest. Here taxes are unknown; here are no courts of justice, and the wealthy fazendero, with his army of slaves, is absolute ruler and master over all his broad lands; the emperor in distant Rio is to him only the lord of the coast, the receiver of dues, who has no power to trouble him in any way. This state of society has its romantic side, and one can easily understand that it is a good school for forming strong characters, as well as an excellent scene for exertion to those to whom civilised Europe, with its luxuries, is too confined.

The shades of evening stole over tree and hill, the sky looked like opal, and stars were already beginning to twinkle in the dim light; the air was soft and cool, and

the calm of night fell over the whole country. We passed over the same bridge by which we had entered the Mato; in the coffee-plantations, and around the golden pine-apples, lovely humming-birds were dancing, like gleams of poesy, and were sipping the first sweets from the opening buds of night.

The stillness of evening reigned also in the fazenda; the negroes were already shut up in their own huts; axe and saw were silent in the workshops; the old mechanic of the fazenda, a venerable man, eighty years of age, who had come across the ocean from Suabia, a true vassal and faithful assistant to our energetic friend St —, was sitting before his workshop, quietly eating his evening meal; and only the lady of the house, and her black hand-maidens, were still all activity, preparing the evening repast for the returning travellers, and scarce finding time to say a word of cordial greeting.

Night had set in; night in the vast-forest: more and more fully did the dreams of my youth become realised. I was now the guest of a fazendero, in the real Mato Virgem; far from the civilised world, far from all relations and friends, surrounded by boundless forests, which stretched from the foaming ocean far as the snow-capped Andes.

The watchman of the forest-night already made his voice heard; the fereiro, that extraordinary frog (*Hyla palmata*), which is the never-absent companion of Brazilian night, and which marks the hours with as much regularity as the cicade, with its railway whistle, before-mentioned. The people of the Mato call it, on account of its peculiar tones, the hammersmith. In a short time the forest-lights began to appear; a large beetle kindled its phosphoric rays in the open space before St —'s house, and with its brightness illumined the entire space. We went to the door to look at the phenomenon. I had often heard of

the phosphoric rays emitted by this insect, but had never believed that they were so powerful.

At nine o'clock we travellers united in a cheerful meal with the amiable St—— family, Consul L——, and Herr K——; St——'s man of business. The agreeable lady of the house presided, and, with friendly curiosity, made enquiries about our wanderings. Like a true daughter of the Mato, she was delighted with the raptures which it had excited. The table was again spread with excellent dishes; but unfortunately, true to my hygienic system, I could not indulge in them according to my wishes at so late an hour of the evening. Among the delicacies, a savoury dish of red crabs (the lively animals we had seen in the mangle bushes) especially attracted my attention. After supper, we sat in the verandah with our fragrant cigars, and enjoyed some friendly conversation, to which St——'s talent and knowledge mainly contributed. The night was mild and calm, and refreshing in its coolness. The principal subjects of our talk were the negroes, with questions about slavery. None could give us better information than St——, a well-educated man of intellect and strength of mind, who had now for fifteen years been toiling in the midst of the primeval forest.

St—— has made the blacks his study as a philosopher, from every point of view, which has been the more easy because of his knowledge of medicine, so that he attends his own slaves as a doctor. In this way he has a double interest in the life of the negroes, and also obtains a great moral influence over these human wares; indeed, he has from experience come to the conclusion, that every fazendero of importance ought (on account of the great number of his slaves) to be able to act as their doctor on emergency. To our question whether the negro were rather man or beast, St—— answered rationally, that he was altogether a man. He is a man, but it is evident



that he stands much lower in the scale of creation than the other races of the earth; indeed, the supporters of slavery maintain that he is born to servitude, and ease their consciences by recounting the mysterious curse pronounced upon wicked Ham. This inevitable necessity for slavery is also proved by the capability of the negro for labour beneath which the white man would sink; such as the cultivation of the sugar-cane, beneath the burning rays of the sun, in which the white man could neither bear the heat, nor the sharpness of the canes. That which goes on on the opposite side of the ocean, does not enter into the arguments of slave-owners; they do not trouble themselves with the source whence the negroes come; they only think of the useful results. The kidnapping in Africa, the fearful voyage across the ocean, are not among their responsibilities; they only become answerable for the black after he has set foot upon their territories. Taken at this point, they maintain that the negro, properly treated as a slave, is a happier man than if he had remained free; and that in most cases, those who are set free, die immediately. But these gentlemen do not reflect why it is that such an one dies. It is either because there is some notion of crime connected with his breaking of his former bonds, so that he wanders into the forest to support himself by hunting and theft, and is driven by want to robbing fazendas, and to drinking; or else, because suddenly presented with his freedom, and without any means of subsistence, he does not know how to provide for himself, and, like a deserted child, falls a prey to idleness and vice. Two principal causes lead to these results; known or unknown persecution on the part of the slave-owners, and also the want of even a very small amount of education and distinctive character. Were these remedied, there might be hope for the future; for the blacks in Liberia are intelligent people. But it is

unhappily true that, under present circumstances (all thinking men, from the emperor downwards, are slave-owners), all negroes who become free are very much to be pitied. An instance that occurred lately will suffice. A slave woman in the province of Minas, found an immense diamond; she brought it honestly to her master, who obtained a fabulous sum of money for it. The value of this stone is so great, that a joint-stock company has been formed, who have hitherto endeavoured in vain to find a purchaser at a high price in the European market; all purchasers have been refused, for no one has sufficient money to buy this costly gem. The owner thought it incumbent on him to give some substantial token of acknowledgment to the finder, and presented the unfortunate being who had thus largely contributed to his wealth with her freedom. The poor woman died a short time ago, a miserable beggar, a victim to her own incapacity, and to the heedlessness of her master.

The slaves form the wealth of the fazenderos; with their numbers his prosperity increases; it is therefore to his interest that these should multiply. St—— takes care that his slaves are married as soon as possible. He performs the ceremony himself; to wait for the clergyman would make too great a delay. A banquet follows the ceremony, and appears to possess greater attractions than the blessing of the church, which, in their ignorance, is a matter of little importance. The increase in their numbers is of the greatest consequence to their owner, and is therefore much encouraged. St—— gives considerable premiums to his negresses for every child after the sixth. Ill-disposed negresses will sometimes kill their children to spite their master. Such crimes incur the most severe punishments. The frequent, and often terrible fights among the negroes and negresses (with these latter generally arising from jealousy), also bring serious punishment, as being injurious to the master. On

such occasions the *chigota* (the ox-hide) acts as the olive-branch of peace. According to St——'s statements, it not unfrequently happens that the slaves hang themselves, on purpose to injure their masters. This has happened to himself. Strict discipline prevails in the *fazenda*—indeed, one may say, an unlimited despotism. The master can punish when and whom he will, the only limit is found in his own conscience; the only restraint, consideration for his own interest. If he should punish too severely, he injures himself in his subjects. A negro who is once ill-treated, becomes weak, or his body is scarred; and then, even with the best food (and such generally precedes a sale), he cannot be brought into good condition. The lightest (and that almost a daily punishment) is blows with the *palmatorio*, on the flattened hand.

More severe punishments are found in chains, labour on Sundays, and blows with the *chigota*. The number of blows amounts to a hundred. On these occasions the negro is bound to a ladder, which is leaned against a wall. Very heavy punishments are divided and administered according to circumstances. A hundred blows generally costs a man his life, which is a great loss to his master. The severest punishments are for mutinous conduct and insubordination. St—— said, 'What could one, two, or even three white men do among hundreds of slaves without moral superiority? I have often been alone at such moments, and have either brought out the ringleader, or ordered the trembling and fearful men around me to bring him out, and to bind him. I have then made an example of him.' The *trone*, also, a block of wood in which, according to circumstances, feet, hands, and head are made fast, and in which the slave is compelled to lie for the whole day, is very painful punishment to the black. If the slaves commit great crimes, their masters are often the sufferers.

A married couple had two slaves, by whose labour they lived. These slaves killed their master, and were hanged for it; but the widow was charged with the law expenses. Thus she had to pay the costs, lost both her husband and her slaves, and was reduced to beggary.

In St——'s fazenda, the slaves are all awoke at five o'clock in the morning, by a shrill call. Herr K——, in his morning *déshabille*, takes down the *chigota* from the peg, puts on his most stern expression, and descends the stairs with the air of a despot; at the foot of the staircase he is respectfully greeted by a tall slave, who accompanies him. He assembles the slaves beneath a shed, and apportions their work; they then go to the door of the kitchen, where they receive their rations. With the exception of their time for rest in the middle of the day, they work as long as they can see; for, according to St——'s practical calculation, one minute of idleness among one hundred and twenty slaves, is equivalent to two hours, and that is at the rate of one day in every twelve. At the end of their day's work, they are again counted, and defile past their master's house, each humbly extending his hand towards his owner, with the words 'A benção;' the despot then stretches forth his right hand with a gesture of benediction, and murmurs, 'Deos te benção.' This custom appears very patriarchal; the slave asks for a blessing, and his gracious master replies, 'God bless you!' Only the *chigota* seemed to me to be out of harmony with the scene. So long as I remained in the *Fazenda da Vittoria*, I was, according to St——'s hospitable notions, the supreme power, and therefore I was invited by him to speak the words of blessing, which I did willingly and with all pathos. This benediction is very convenient, for it stands in the place of our presents, and is an assistance to the traveller in a hundred ways: at last



it became a by-word among us, used in Europe on many occasions, to certain personages.

When this blessing has been pronounced, men, women, and children all go again to the door of the kitchen to receive what is needful for their bodies. Each one has a definite but ample ration of carne secco, farinha, and biscuit. The whole of the black community then retire by divisions to their stable-like cabins, where they cook their food, and have the evening to themselves. Among their home occupations, they make little baskets and spoons, and all sorts of things of cocoa-nut, and these they are allowed to sell. Sunday, the day of rest for man and beast, is their own entirely.

One can scarcely imagine a more unhappy life than that of the negroes; they are treated like convicts. Two things in their melancholy existence are, and must ever be, fearful. First, the principle that the anger of the owner and the punishments he inflicts are only mitigated by the necessity of care not to diminish the value of his slaves; and next, the thought that let the man be ever so talented, he can never rise higher unless by the favour of his master.

A longing for the rest we had so thoroughly earned terminated our interesting conversation, and each one retired to the sleeping apartment prepared for him by the hospitality of St——. To novices in forest-life the modest questions were permissible whether undesired guests, such as vampires, scorpions and snakes, and mosquitoes (not to be forgotten) would disturb our rest, and whether one might venture to sleep with the window open. St—— laughed, and calmed the fears of our European imaginations. He was also so kind as to give me, in his capacity as a doctor, a zinc lotion for my legs, which were very painful. Our couches were hard, adapted to the heat of the climate, but very clean and comfortable. Yet the doctor and I very much missed our high bolsters. Tired

with the labours of the day, and lulled by the fresh coolness of the night air, we soon fell asleep, and the noise of the zealous fereiro became fainter and fainter to our ears.

Im Mato Virgem, Jan. 17, 1860.

Delight at the prospect of pressing more deeply into this forest, the abode of wild life, and St——'s desire that we should be ready to begin our expedition early, roused us with the beginning of dawn. We made a rapid toilet by candlelight. I had scarcely put on my long useful boots of Russian leather, and a light linen dress, when our friendly host appeared, and with a hearty, cheerful 'Good morning,' brought us a cup of coffee, the exhilarating beverage with which the Brazilian day always commences. The travellers assembled by degrees in the verandah at the back of the house, whilst the careful lady of the house was engaged in preparing the breakfast of which we were to partake before beginning our excursion. St—— and his black servants were occupied in driving in the horses on which we were to make the first portion of our journey. I was lost in contemplation of the magnificent scene which presented itself to us from the verandah: the silvery dawn tinted the broad forest that surrounded the fazenda in verdant circles; the stars had vanished; the last night sounds were dying away in the distance; a light white fog hung over the pond and drew its curtain over the slopes; a cool air breathed through the still valley, like the peaceful breathings of the sleeper just ere he awakens; the morning silence was only broken in upon by the rush of the water for the mill, as it poured foaming through the wooden channels, and by the pensive step of the cattle as they sought their food among the aromatic wild flowers. In the east, the golden tints of morning appeared in the sky, and coloured the highest summit of the forest; the twilight brightened by degrees; the mists

cleared away; the buildings gleamed in the opening day; the vast picture was divided into light and shade; the first sunbeam fell on the crowns of the trees in the green Mato; the gladsome day was born, and stillness gave place to joyous life and activity.

I shall never forget the impression made upon me by this sunrise in the fazenda; in its simple grandeur, it reminded me of our Alps. There we also have pastures through which the mill-stream wanders merrily, which are surrounded by walls of forest-trees, thousands of years old, excluding the outer world; there, too, we have our farm-buildings scattered over the meadows, like St——'s fazenda.

When the sun bursts forth with his bright clear light, then indeed we behold the marvel of the tropics, and the green masses form themselves into shapes such as are unknown in our land. But Nature, wheresoever she may display her full splendour, is ever grand and sublime; and she is so wherever she treads the broad girdle of the beautiful earth.

St—— came to summon me to breakfast. I shared my thoughts with him, and when I spoke of the Alps, he smiled with a melancholy pleasure, for his Swiss heart throbbed at the name. The comparison that I made was very welcome to him, it gave some consolation in the yearning for home which ever lingers in the heart of the emigrant.

Our breakfast consisted of fish, meat, and farinha, flavoured with spices; the remains of the excellent pig of yesterday also appeared; and notwithstanding the early hour, draughts of cachaça and lisbon were indulged in, an evil practice of tropical life which probably enervates the system more than does the heat.

Although we had been requested to be ready so early, it was not until nine o'clock that the horses were ready and were brought round; we were obliged to wait for some

of them to come from the distant fazenda of St——'s father-in-law. Taking a cordial leave of Frau St—— and the children, we swung ourselves into the saddle, put our feet into the shoe-stirrups, and started off in high spirits for the Mato: St—— in front as our experienced guide. Our road led us first through some cleared ground, on which were groups of handsome trees; this was the hitherto unused property of our leader.

We heard a melancholy note resounding in the distance at regular intervals; St—— told us that it was the peculiar cry of the *tukan* or pepper-bird, which does much mischief to the planters, especially in the winter months, by its enormous appetite, which appetite did not fail with the two *tukans* that I brought with me to Europe. Next to it, the greatest eater is the green parrot, which, being gregarious, causes great devastation in cultivated spots. Both are birds of passage, and at this season are chiefly to be found in the interior of the country.

We were able closely to examine another wonder of the feathered world, a large humming-bird which flew uneasily from a bush. Of the size of a sparrow, in colour dark-brown, and with a long sharp beak, it had, notwithstanding its size, the shape and rapid restless movements of other humming-birds; but, so far as I could see, it seemed to lack their brilliance.

From some dark-coloured water overgrown with green, close by the path, an *Incaris amazonica* rose in great beauty, with exquisitely formed leaves, a tall stem like a lily, and large white blossoms of delicious fragrance; a really wonderful flower, which among the many beauties of the vegetable world that we have seen here, stands pre-eminent.

Passing an enclosure we came to where the path divided; here, among plantations of coffee and manioka, we saw a little house built of wood. In front of it we were greeted



by a stately figure in a blue shirt, a high cap on his head, white linen trowsers fastened in at the knee, bare feet, a rifle on his shoulder, the never-failing cypo-knife at his side; a genuine type of Brazilian forest-life; he was Antonio do N——, a vassal of St——'s. As in the commencement of our civilisation at the period of the middle ages the powerful possessors of large territories made grants of enfeoffment under certain obligations, so is it now in Brazil. Antonio is, in the fullest sense of the word, St——'s vassal; St—— has granted him a piece of ground upon certain conditions.

Antonio has built a little house for himself, has cleared a portion of the forest, and now plants his own coffee and manioka. Antonio do N—— is the son of a white Brazilian and of a pure Indian woman; he is of an olive colour, with rich black hair and a luxuriant beard; he is married to a mulatto. By this marriage he has one son, who assisted us afterwards on our journey in taking care of our horses; he is seventeen years of age, tall as a pine, with delicate features and bright eyes. In colour, this young boy is neither red, nor black, nor olive, nor bronze, nor fair, nor dark, but all imaginable colours seem to blend in his complexion, which is, nevertheless, a very good one; the Corinthian metal must have been like it—copper, gold, and bronze mixed. There was something of each race in his appearance, perhaps least of our own.

Antonio joined the train of his liege lord, as in duty bound.

We were now approaching the large river, the Cachueiras. The forest became clearer, the path more beaten, large trees stood alone, the sound of the water was audible.

St—— called our attention to a silver-grey parasite which, growing on the crown of an old tree, hung down like a beard, waving in the slightest breeze; it is called by the natives Barba di Macacco, or ape's beard.

In the neighbourhood of Rio it bears the name of 'Barba velha;' its Latin appellation is *Tilandsia usneoides*. On the lofty pines in our Alps there is a similar plant used by the peasants as an ornament. We advanced through plantations to the bank of the river, and for the first time beheld, amid cocoa-fields, the detached houses of a German colony.

The cocoa-plantations are very pretty. Tree after tree rises at a regular distance from the rich black earth to a height of about eight feet. The crown is round, like that of the orange tree, with long, glossy, and rather large leaves; the fruit, in shape like a pear, and the pretty yellow blossoms both grow close to the stem; and, as with the orange, are both to be seen on the tree at the same time. The brown kernels are contained in the pulp of the fruit; they are called cocoa beans: from these chocolate is made, and an oil is also pressed. The plants are compact and well-trained, and the trees, with the shade they afford, look cool and refreshing. These trees, which I now saw for the first time, summoned up visions of my youth. I thought of the cocoa which we used to drink for breakfast every morning when children; and the cocoa cream that was applied to our hands in winter. Trivial as such incidents are, they remain firmly fixed in our memories, and when recalled in after years are pleasant reminiscences.

We arrived at the settlers' houses, little wooden buildings partially plastered, and nearly all provided with verandahs. In front of one or two of the houses stood some large trees left from the forest, but most of the huts were half-buried in the cocoa-plantations. Two pale men, with wasted features, were walking along the road. A few words in German spoken to them by St——, told of their Transatlantic origin. They answered in their native tongue, but its ring had lost its richness and clearness and its tones were those of weariness and melancholy; the

figures had lost their energy and elasticity; these men looked like people who had missed their vocation, who did not feel themselves at home, to whom the French 'dépayser' was most applicable. Most of the German settlers present the same forlorn appearance; the worm is gnawing at the root with all. Still more miserable looked the pallid children, with their flaxen air and clear blue eyes, and over-rapid growth caused by the hot climate and tropical air. They wanted a breath of wind from the bright snow-drifts to tint their cheeks with a rosy hue. I spoke to several of these children who came out from the houses, full of curiosity, to stare at the travellers, but not one of them could answer me; the mother-tongue of their parents was unfamiliar to them, they could only speak Portuguese. Unhappy parents, who in the toils of the new existence they have created for themselves have not even the consolation of being able to talk to their children in their own language!

Most of the men were absent at work; some few came to their doors, and welcomed St—— with a cordial greeting. Many of the houses close to the high banks of the river were prettily situated and well shaded; but most bore marks of the uncertainty and unhappiness of the tenants. The whole colony looked to me like an attempt to plant where there is no root; and without professing to be a prophet, I may say I much fear that no good will come of this Suabian colonisation on the banks of the Cachueras. At the end of the hamlet next the river, surrounded by cocoa-plantations, covered with roses and jasmines, and half-shaded over by fruit-trees, was a little house built of logs, like our Alpine huts, and to this St—— turned. It was the farm of a friend of his, Heinrich B——, a very honest man, and one of the most interesting persons I have seen on this side of the ocean. Heinrich was born in Suabia, and at seven years old, crossed the sea with his

parents; he is one of the few who make themselves as happy as they can in a Brazilian home, and cultivate the land judiciously. He does not try to make Brazil Germany; he perceives with a true instinct that here it is quite necessary to lead a wild, primitive life. He cultivates his cocoa, his small plot of coffee and farinha, and has two slaves, whom he compels to work for him. But his own favourite duties are in the wide Mato; his delight is in hunting, his great pleasure in adventures such as the forest and its dangers afford. He has gained a position for himself, and has made himself a name far and near by his skill in hunting, his cool courage, his perseverance, and his knowledge of the hunting grounds. In him, the colonists respect a true-hearted, straightforward landowner, and the Indians admire the bold man who, following the stars and his little compass, traverses the forest in all directions as the experienced sailor traverses the ocean. A thin, sinewy man, in white trowsers, with bare feet, and a woolly night-cap, he goes out, provided with some farinha, dried meat, cachaça, a little tobacco, and his compass in his pocket, his rifle on his shoulder and accompanied by his dogs (marked with the scars of many a fray) into the forest for the whole day in the gayest spirits: he knows none of the wants, the fancies of luxurious life; but he is well acquainted with every tree, every bush, and with the depth of every piece of water; he understands the noise made by every animal, from the monkey to the terrible jaguar; free and unfettered he follows his own will; and if it be a life of excess of independence, yet it is that which B—— leads.

Not without reason do I give him the name of the Forest-king; for he possesses unbounded influence over man and beast: the first fazenderos in the land follow his advice; negroes and Indians bow to his will. To such a character I accord my fullest esteem, and I soon formed a friendship



with Heinrich. St—— and Heinrich cause the German name to be honoured in these remote lands; from them one may learn how really to live as a free man, relying on one's own strength, and not depending on any other mortal for anything; but one would need naturally to possess the character for such a life. It comes up to the very ideal of vigorous man.

Heinrich welcomed us joyfully: it flattered him that St—— should bring strangers to him, the Forest-king, to ask his advice, and to request him to act as pilot in this sea of verdure. Heinrich invited us to make a short halt, and we gladly refreshed ourselves with some of St——'s cold provisions, on which occasion the indispensable *cahaça* once more made its appearance. The inside of B——'s house was more than simple; it was quite in the style of our summer-houses, with very little room in it, and with benches and tables of bare wood; a pretty clock in a case of a black wood, which he had brought from home, was the only ornament. In this little house lived Heinrich, and with him a female friend—a tall stately woman, of mature age, who had a peculiar expression of melancholy and a peculiar power of sympathy. Wilhelmina (for such was her name) has her history, as indeed have almost all Transatlantic settlers in this strange land. A native of Potsdam, either from folly or (as she says) from love, she ran away from the house of her parents when in her sixteenth year, and went to Hamburg. The love of a captain of a vessel took her from there; he brought the pretty young lady with him to Brazil, but died off the tropical coast from yellow-fever. Wilhelmina, alone and desolate, separated from home by the ocean, became the wife of a German doctor; they were married for some years, and had children; but one morning the doctor disappeared for ever, with everything belonging to Wilhelmina, leaving her and her children destitute, a prey to misery and despair. She then became

acquainted with Heinrich, whose wife had died, leaving him childless, and they now live together as firm friends, helping and encouraging each other.

All these occurrences suffice to account for the melancholy expression of the poor woman, who must be a wonderful person, and who still knows how to win regard by her amiability and pleasing manners. One might write a romance on the history of the various persons one meets in the forest, without indulging in poetical license.

According to the decisions of St—— and B——, we were to leave all needless packages in the house, and only to take that which was absolutely necessary; for to be encumbered even with a little bag in the forest, where one can sometimes hardly force one's way, is not to be thought of. In accordance also with B——'s suggestions, an alteration was made in my dress, and I exchanged my linen coat for a blue woollen blouse from B——'s wardrobe. Even this was but too soon torn by the thorns. Our horses were sent back, and we proceeded to the bank of the river, where we were to get into a little boat. At this point the river is broad, and affords a fine view; the bank near the settlement is rather high; luxuriant shrubs and a profuse growth of creepers dip down into the water; large trees with their companion parasites are outlined against the sky; the undulating ground is ornamented with cocoa-plantations, amid which houses are scattered; here and there a house stands close to the river, and the busy inhabitants form pleasing and cheerful ornaments to the landscape. Taking advantage of any favourable spot close by the water, are chattering groups of black washerwomen. From the bank the eye wanders over a broad expanse of water, divided near a waterfall into two arms by an island, covered with the most exquisite and luxuriant vegetation. The waterfall breaks over a large group of granite rocks, the spray dashing over them like

silver spangles. Numerous little islands of earth are formed among them, on which most beautiful plants grow from a bed of green. Peaks of rock near the waterfall also break the glassy mirror of the water, and form foaming rapids. The opposite bank rises gently to the height of a hill; an extensive pasture-ground, on which are some few small groups of trees, forms the last vestige of the cleared forest. On the table-land on the top of the hill, removed from all vegetation, stands the fazenda of Baron P——, which it was our intention at this time to visit.

The towering walls of the impenetrable Mato form the boundary of the beautiful panorama.

When St—— spoke to me of an Italian settler who had arrived in the forest some three years ago, when he mentioned the familiar name of P——, I felt my heart prick me. Beautiful Milan, the Lake of Como, the yearning for fair Lombardy, thoughts of exile, of parting, all rose before my mind in a moment; the scarce-healed wounds burst open afresh, sadness overspread my heart, and with keen emotion I crossed the river to the small plain, accompanied by St——, and guided by some negroes.

On the opposite bank, on the boundary of his lands, dressed in a summer dress of the newest fashion, and with his panama in his right hand, stood a tall aristocratic figure, bowing low; it was Baron P——. It was not without embarrassment that I approached the emaciated man with long grey beard and haggard features. Whom, then, was I visiting? A native of Lombardy—an Italian—a republican—an exile? Was he a friend or a foe?—a contented or a dissatisfied man? All was a mystery to me, and remained so for some time; but he formed another character in my gallery of strange personages. I addressed him in Italian; he answered me in the purest and best German, greeted me ceremoniously, but very courteously, and invited me to his fazenda. Beneath scorching heat we walked up to his house. In

the verandah we were received by the Baroness, dressed simply, but also in the newest style, like her husband; between forty and fifty years of age, with fair hair and marked features. She was a Frenchwoman; therefore, in addition to a cordial greeting, she made as many pretty speeches as though we were in the heart of the modern Babylon. The primeval forest had evidently not become a home to her; she had arrived too recently, and would have liked still to play her part in Europe, and indeed in France. The interior of the fazenda resembled the lady. Her drawing-room was filled with ancestral portraits in antique handsome frames, with various other beautiful pictures and miniatures, and with a multitude of useless nicknacks. Choice furniture stood in all parts of the room—a mass of relics of past days of luxury; but, with all this, there was no ceiling, and no boarded floor—nothing but the battened earth—all uncomfortable—all unpractical. Similar to the drawing-room was the apartment which served the Baroness for a sleeping-chamber and boudoir: an ornamental bed, a writing-table covered with useless trifles, an aristocratic toilette-table—and all this in the Mato! The whole thing was mysterious; but at length, thanks to the loquacity of the lady of the house, the mists cleared off. I was told that they were not Italians, but a family of the old Swiss nobility; on the other hand, they had a portrait hanging against the wall of an ancestor in a handsome uniform, who was said to have been Governor of Genoa. They came here, with all their effects, from Europe three years ago, the Baron<sup>s</sup> said, from disgust and anxiety, in consequence of the increase of democratic principles. They had purchased the fazenda, with its extensive domains, and with about 100 slaves, for 60,000 florins, and wished to play at aristocracy in the forest. But the lady is already pining for home, for ‘La Belle France,’ and is wasting her life in



painful reflections and in deep-seated melancholy. She told me that she would struggle on bravely for another year; but that if in that time she cannot overcome her depression, her husband has promised to take her back to Europe. They have two fair boys, of thirteen and ten years of age, full of life and spirits. From another source I heard the darker portion of the mystery. The Baron had already been in Brazil some years before, and had, with a companion, made a large clearing, and carried on trade in timber, but suddenly parted from his companion, winding up affairs with him. He then became a trader in cattle, on a large scale, in St. Paulo; there he is said to have had a family. This occupation was also given up, and suddenly this knight of adventure appeared at the German baths, remained there for some time, lived very expensively, took a house for a while, and next reappeared in the Brazilian forest with a French wife and two hopeful heirs.

No one can fathom the mystery, and he is avoided in the neighbourhood, although he gives himself out to be St——'s cousin. He has the name of being a harsh man. Madame is said to have been formerly in a convent—hence it would appear that she herself is part of the mystery.

My sentimental emotions, at the first mention of the name, were then all wasted; curiosity would have been the more appropriate feeling. The poor lady overpowered us with kindness, and would have given us abundance of refreshments; some choice Rhine wine we could not refuse. The joy of the unfortunate lady, at being once more in a company composed entirely of Europeans, was very evident. I talked to her of the surroundings among which she now found herself. She praised the beauty of the forest, the brilliance of the vegetation. With French courage she often mounts her horse, and goes alone to all accessible places to inspect the workmen, or to fetch her

husband ; but all the while her heart is breaking—she cannot forget civilised life. For the education of her sons, whom this wild life suits very well, she has a sort of tutor, a good-looking young man, but one who does not understand French. Two white servant-maids—a cook and a parlourmaid—both natives of Germany, render her existence supportable. The house is prettily situated, with an extensive view over the river, the edge of the forest, and the pasture-land on which the cattle graze ; but the entire want of shade, and of all vegetation near the house, is very uncomfortable : a dread of insects and reptiles causes these ornaments to be banished. In the lattice of the wooden verandah we saw a nest of wild canary-birds, which build here with the same familiarity as our martins. The Baroness told us that a humming-bird flew into the room a few days ago, as little alarmed as a butterfly would be. The Baron was at this time very much occupied in cutting down a portion of his forest, for which purpose he had, like other landowners, sent for some Indians, who perform this labour with great skill. His plantation is quite in its infancy, but he has grand ideas in his mind, and hopes with time and diligence to make it very profitable. I only fear that the projects and notions which he entertains are not suited to the circumstances in which he is ; and I imagine that St——, with his happy method and calm energy, and with his power of self-adaptation to the state of the country, may augur a brighter future for himself.

It cannot be denied that the country possesses an abundant fund of wealth—this one may see from the raw material ; but two difficulties lie in the way of its cultivation—the want of hands, and the want of an established currency. So long as she lacks these, Brazil will profit but little by her treasures ; the empire is therefore dependent in every way upon Europe. Thus, as we had opportunity to observe at every step in the Mato, one sees the

most magnificent trees for shipbuilding purposes—trees of a size such as the world cannot produce elsewhere, of a hardness and toughness that defies every sort of worm; yet all along the coast there are no dockyards, and even the men-of-war are all built in England. Means of transport are also wanting in the country. Brazil has splendid iron-mines in the province of St. Paulo; magnetic ironstone with 90 per cent. of iron, so that it needs not to be molten, but only to be hammered into the requisite form. Notwithstanding this, nails can be procured more cheaply from Europe. The paving-stones of Rio, which is surrounded by masses of granite, were all brought ready-cut from Portland. Coal has been found, but remains unworked for want of labourers. Up to the present time, the Government has taken no pains to promote colonisation, or any means of communication; and the whole empire, so far as one can see, consists of coffee, sugar, and cocoa plantations. He who owns an abundance of these natural products (for the cultivation of which he requires a large number of slaves), and who finds himself in the vicinity of a river, rendering transport by canoe possible — may become a rich man. As I have already made mention of rare woods, I will here observe that P——, when praising the beauty of the different sorts of wood, presented me with a specimen, of the colour of the finest rosewood; it is unknown in Europe, and is the wood of a tree here named acariba.

I had opportunities in my travels of seeing trunks of trees that were beautiful in colour, even on the exterior; I saw one that was quite yellow, and one of a hue like porphyry. The smoothness, thickness, and hardness of the wood also surprised me; but only of the broad-foliaged trees, be it remembered, for the palms are always soft. There are certain woods in Brazil that will not burn; these are generally used by the negroes for the flooring of their

huts, and on these floors they daily make their fires ; even after the lapse of years, the place where the fires have been can only be distinguished by a slight mark.

Whilst we were still deep in an interesting conversation about the country, and whilst various preparations were going forward for our advance into the forest, a negro from St——'s fazenda appeared in great haste, bringing to his master the sad intelligence that his favourite child, little Gerubino, had been suddenly taken very ill. The father was much alarmed, and we compelled him to return immediately ; he spoke a few hurried words to our doctor concerning the best remedies to be applied, and then hastened to the riverside, followed by the sympathy of our whole party.

Madame P—— explained to us, with friendly solicitude, that our panamas would be very inconvenient in walking in the forest, for that it would be impossible to make way for them ; she therefore provided us, from among her inexhaustible stores, with some white woollen nightcaps. We made a most comical appearance, and even the amiable Parisienne could not avoid laughing loudly. Imagine my tall figure in a blue blouse, in white inexpressibles (already the worse for their adventures), in long red leather boots, with a flowing beard, and high on my head, like the vane on a church-tower, a nightcap, like those of the German peasants, in my right hand a knotted stick—a disreputable-looking individual—such I looked to perfection. Fortunately, there are no gendarmes in the Mato ; otherwise I and my companions would certainly have been arrested, for greater vagabonds in appearance one could not see. I felt very comfortable in this dress ; it aroused a feeling of self-confidence, a certain honest pride, and I felt as excited as though going into battle.

We started : the lord of the neighbourhood, Baron P——, was so kind as to accompany us to the portals of



the vast forest. We had to cross a considerable piece of 'roça' that had only just been burnt, and on which the trunks of trees were still lying in confusion. The noon-day sun was intensely hot. We took leave of our mysterious host on the borders of the forest, and pressed forward, Heinrich B——, the Forest-king, in front. The vegetation closed over us like the waves of the sea; far behind us lay the world of man's life and strife; the blue vault of heaven vanished. The enchanter B—— led us into a new world, a very dreamland—into a paradise in which man could only enter as a guest, with timid and hesitating steps. Every link with the outer world is broken here—there exist not so much as the smallest path by which to communicate with it. The spot on which the foot of man rests is unmarked, for the vegetation closes her network over it again immediately; no imperial road affords a clue here to the swift-running messenger—no hut sends forth its column of smoke towards heaven; and if the bold traveller meet the eye of man, it is that of an Indian hunter, wriggling his rude body through the bush like a snake, for we are now in the regions of Kamakans and Pantachos. The thick bush compelled us to walk one behind the other like geese; B—— (as has been said) foremost, his rifle on his shoulder, and his hound by his side. I walked immediately behind him, tormenting him with continual questions. After me came the rest of our numerous party, most of them with guns, and looking eagerly for opportunities of enriching our museum. Notwithstanding the oppressive heat, we moved at a quick pace, for Heinrich B—— wished to press forward to a considerable distance before nightfall. To him this accustomed road was an easy one, and he proceeded with elastic steps, notwithstanding his bare legs, and the obstacles in his way. We Europeans were put severely to the test, and only our enthusiasm and excite-

ment carried us through it : for in the forest one not only has to force one's way between trees, to break through bush, to allow oneself to be torn by thorns, and to make one's way by force through the lianas ; but one must also climb over fallen trees that block up the path, clamber with hands and feet over them, or creep under them on all-fours—must swing oneself over the large roots, or grope a way through the branches of the fallen crowns—to say nothing of the water that one has to wade through, which is, however, rather refreshing. The forest may be divided into three portions—the Mato proper with its giant trees, its undergrowth, and its luxuriant vegetation below—according to my description of yesterday, and such as we have wandered through from the first ; the deep and damp forest, where one constantly meets with streams, pools, and swamps, and in which the vegetation is the richest, the most profuse, and the most fantastic—the grass the most brilliant in colour, and the hues of the flowers the gayest ; where the immense trees grow with redoubled strength and beauty, wound around by the richest lianas, and where there is less of the underwood which bounds the view so effectually ; and, thirdly, the dry hill-forests, growing on the declivities where the luxuriant vegetation is almost absent, but where the underwood grows so thickly as almost to form a bare palisade, so that the traveller not only finds it most difficult and laborious to pass through it, but, when he has done so, is less rewarded than elsewhere for his toil. The damp forest affords the richest field for the botanist, as also for the collector of insects and humming-birds ; but one must also take the poisonous animals into account. In the more open forest the hunter and the ornithologist are most at home ; the hill-forest is only adapted to the rare class of wood-fanciers, who seek for hard and coloured woods.

Every step presented new wonders to our view : we

pressed on through a host of scitaminea, musaceæ, aroidea, through a thousand species of graminea, among countless trees unknown and unnamed, around which were twined philodendrons with their strangely-formed leaves, which were connected by rattans, and linked by wreaths of liana; whilst beautiful bromeliaceæ and tilandsia rested on them, looking like birds' nests. There were also some palms of different species, which drew our attention, sometimes from the beauty of their form, sometimes from their unpleasant prickles. Golden-coloured orchid-blossoms strewn on the ground, showed us that in the crowns of the lofty trees there were some rare specimens of this plant. We were wandering through a sea of verdure; the golden sunlight was subdued to a mysterious twilight.

Transported into unknown regions, and severed from all living beings except my fellow-travellers, I revelled among the visions of Nature's Eden of enchantment. Some few objects rose to connect the present with the past, and to remind me of what I had already seen; such were those plants which are brought to our European hothouses, but which here appeared in their fully-developed beauty. But there were also many that I had never seen before, and these among the richest that surrounded us, on which we gazed with astonishment but could not describe. We become silent with rapture in such scenes; the impression is too strange and too overpowering for us to be able give an account of individual objects. There, where nature dwells in the plenitude of her beauty and in all her vigour, man can but gaze in astonishment. Even our botanist could do nothing else; he did not know where to begin, or how to arrange his ideas. Science with him had become dumb; that which he had reared with careful pride in his hothouse here grew in vast masses; but, being a practical man, he soon recovered himself; he hung his Latin vocabulary on the peg, and threw himself into bodily exertion. Being

a pachydermata, he tore the plants, seized the green stems, and said to himself, 'I can think over everything when we rest at home.' This was the wisest plan he could pursue; he collected courageously everything that he could, knowing well that here there were no weeds. The result was brilliant, and Baron Hügel's advice, 'Put everything into your pocket,' most excellent.

The zeal of this man of flowers detained us several times; for he must needs search every corner, and like a weasel or a squirrel, creep up every trunk of a tree; the poor negro who attended us was heavily laden, and could not understand what was the use of this plunder of the pale-faces. The botanist himself looked swelled to the size of a balloon, for his pockets were filled with fruits and seeds, and he had some specimens even in his shapeless cap. Among the most beautiful of these that I remember, was the *Xantosoma nigrum*, the large leaves of which spread out like an umbrella, and beneath their shade we found the lovely marante. There was also the proud cystus, with its blossoms of purest white; monstera and anthuria, with their strange leaves; beautiful orchids, of various forms of leaf and flower; the gay dichorisana, with its striped leaves; the Aroidea (*zomicarpa*), also with variegated leaves; gesneriaceæ sometimes creeping along the ground, sometimes twining like parasites, often mixed with papeonia, and winding themselves round the ferns.

In spots where the sun penetrates, the traveller is struck by the strong sweet perfume of the *Clerodendron fragrans*; the perfume of the blossom is so powerful that it destroys the unpleasant odour of the leaves. On the high pyramidal anthills, which are chiefly found in the dry portions of the Mato, we found an interesting aroidea (*spathi-carpa*) with small pointed leaves and peculiar green blossoms; we were fortunate enough to be the first to bring these plants, and many others also, to Europe.



Among the undergrowth, I would especially notice the *Erythrociton brasiliense* and the theophrastes, half-trees, half-shrubs, their crowns formed of strong glossy leaves. The palm is, and ever must be, the king of the vegetable world; it is here less common than other trees, and one generally finds it standing alone, and rarely among under-wood; the stem is never thick. The most useful and, at the same time, the most graceful palm is the *Euterpe oleracea*, with light-green feathery leaves and tall slender stems; it is a precious treasure in the primeval forest; it affords the palm-cabbage, that most delicate of vegetables; the stems and leaves are used in the construction of huts. Next in usefulness stands the species of palm called *Cyclanthus*, the leaves of which, while young and not yet divided, are washed and boiled by the settler, and serve as a substitute for farinha; and are also even used, like the papyrus of old, for purposes of writing; the inhabitants of the Mato call them 'patijoba.'

The least serviceable palm is the beautiful and graceful *Astrocaryum*, with its feathered leaves, which are dark-green above, and silver-white underneath; its bare, dark-brown, fibrous stem is armed with fine prickles, as every visitor to the Mato discovers in the course of events. This palm never grows to any great height; it is called 'Espinhero.' As we have mentioned the plants by their Brazilian names, it may be well also to mention the names used in the forest for some of the most interesting plants, such as one hears every moment from the lips of the inhabitants.

The cecropia, met with everywhere, is called, in the language of the country, Embahuba; the bamboo, Tacurosù; the lovely *Caladium brogniarti*, Tinheraõ; the fern, which the people think a sign of the dry soil, Sanbambaja; a curious arum, not yet known or named in Europe, which we brought home with us as an offering to the scientific world, is called Tajoba braba; whilst the arum that is good

to eat, is called *Tajoba mansa*. The beautiful *Chorisandra*, that curious flower with blue blossoms, and dark-green leaves shaped like those of a lily, which we only found in the depths of the forest, is called *Piaçabeira*. The splendid *Melastomea*, that I have spoken of by the name of *Lisandra*, which sheds a violet gleam around it, is called *Flor de quaresima*; whilst a sort of creeper, the choice blossoms of which are like a bean both in form and colour, is named *Jasmin de Viuva* (Widow's Jasmine), a play upon its sombre hues.

The tree already mentioned by me at Bahia, from the wood of which carriage-wheels are made, is also found in this forest and is called, by the Brazilians, *Tondaiba*. A very peculiar, rare, and (as I believe) generally unknown tree, of which I only found one single specimen in the forest, the immense trunk of which is smooth and hard, and which bulges out like a flask a little above the roots, St—— called *Barigud*; it was in form the strangest tree that I ever beheld; and, as a curiosity, would rival the dragon-tree of *Orotara*.

The ground became more and more heavy; it began to rise and fall, and quick walking in the hot, humid atmosphere became very fatiguing. But our love of travel made us follow Heinrich through all. We now came to water, and were obliged to jump across or wade through streams, the still waters of which were overgrown with vegetation. Often large trees with their wealth of parasites lay across the water like bridges, and afforded beautiful studies for the painter. New pictures ever rose before us, which we were never weary of admiring.

At a point in the forest where the sunbeams broke through the crowns of leaves, and played over verdant aroidea, purple scitaminea, and twining lianas, on an immense fallen tree lay a large gecko, at least two feet in length, and green as malachite, sunning himself dreamily.

The gecko is a sort of lizard, with a body of brilliant green; its head is like that of the chameleon. One of our sailors, who had earnestly entreated to be allowed to join the expedition, courageously seized the apparently lifeless animal at the back of the head, and put it into his pouch. Another surprise awaited us, at a dark part of the forest, in the sudden flying forth of a large nocturnal moth of a grey colour; it was so large that at first we took it for a bird, and then, on account of its silent flight, for a bat. Unfortunately, it did not come within reach of our nets.

As we advanced towards a little eminence where the forest became lighter, we heard deep, wild tones resounding at intervals through the forest. Heinrich immediately recognised the cry of the roaring ape, an unmistakeable sound peculiar to the forest. The sound is half mournful, half roaring, and at night very wild; it is caused by a peculiar formation in the throat; its power is extraordinary, for one can hear the cry at an almost incredible distance. I was struck with one characteristic of the animals in the Mato—that their tones are not at all in accordance with the size of their bodies. Who would ever expect to find a shrill whistle proceeding from the delicate cicada; or a ringing hammer-like sound from the throat of a frog; or the clear echoing note that fills the air from the breast of the araponga, a sort of thrush?

Scarcely had the apes begun their chorus before a shot was heard; whence it came was the question which suggested itself to us all in a moment, and which was not without importance. Here in the vast forest, where the reign of man is unknown—where, like the keel of the vessel through the waters of the ocean, he treads, but leaves no track behind—here, any token of the presence of man excites even more curiosity than does a sail on the horizon, after a long voyage, in the breast of the sailor. Our question was destined soon to meet with a reply. We

heard voices, the thicket opened, the leaves parted, and there stood before us a group of wild figures; at their head, to the by no means agreeable surprise of the Forest-king, the negro murderer—a proud, savage, stalwart figure, with piercing eyes, dressed in a fanciful sailor-like style, a blue shirt, striped white-and-red trowsers, a scarlet girdle in which was stuck the sharp cipo-knife, a gun on his shoulder, and his woolly head bare, according to the custom of the people of the forest. He was accompanied by another escaped negro (dressed like himself), and by two Redskins (not at all calculated to inspire confidence by their appearance), whose little sharp eyes stared at us with an expression of half-frightened amazement: the whole group was one quite in keeping with the primeval forest, and one that it was more agreeable to meet in good company than alone.

The murderer affected great cordiality; but in his demeanour one could read surprise at the unexpected intrusion of the pale-faced strangers into his forest-haunts, into the protecting wilds which he shares with the Redskins.

Heinrich, the legitimate Forest-king, and this black usurper exchanged greetings with cold and jealous embarrassment. The black had in his arms the animal he had shot, a handsome ape, which was lying in its last agonies, and raised its dying eyes to us with such human-like expression as to excite our sympathy. The dying look of this poor animal would have afforded Darwin a subject for one of his instructive lectures.

The ape before us, *Myctes fuscus* (in Brazilian Barbado) measured two feet, was lean and attenuated in form, its coat of a colour between red and brown, with a dark beard, long arms, and a very long and sinewy tail, which these animals use skilfully to aid them in their long leaps from bough to bough. We purchased it from the dusky hunter



who then vanished quickly with his companions into the thicket.

Heinrich B——, the celebrated hunter, acknowledged the skill of the black, and said that his shots rarely miss. We now halted at a rather more open space on an eminence, to rest ourselves, and a slave whom we had brought was desired to bring the basket of provisions. Some moments of rest were necessary, for the damp, hot air and the unwonted exertion had exhausted us. My legs also were very painful, especially my right shin, which I had bruised very much in climbing over the trunk of a tree covered with lianas. Our numerous party were now grouped on the grass; and, consisting principally of young and inexperienced travellers, they devoured the provisions with keen hunger and insatiable thirst; not reflecting that in these arduous undertakings, in which a man has to rely upon himself, he ought to use moderation in all things. Notwithstanding all my expostulations and representations, the provisions vanished, even to the last morsel, with alarming rapidity. What was now to be done during the coming days, far from any settlement, dependent on our own rifles? In this recklessness, in this uncontrollable greed, I foresaw a speedy and disappointing termination to our interesting expedition; not so the light-hearted, sanguine young men, who dreamed grand results from our hunting labours, and who, probably, also hoped to meet at every ten steps with pine-apples and streams of water. The needed discipline came surely enough; and it was with true prophetic alarm that I witnessed the emptying of the basket. Painful and unpleasant as it was, I therefore proposed (on the true forest principle ‘all for self,’ or rather with a very lawful feeling of justifiable egotism) that the company, who were blessed with such appetites that to feed and satisfy them without the Mosaic power of working miracles would be impossible, should be broken

up into small parties. This apparently uncourteous but really necessary proposal was accepted. To the wise and energetic guidance of our friend T—— we made over the difficult task of conducting the younger and most hungry members of our party, leaving them two slaves and all the remaining provisions, except a flask of lisbon and a handful of farinha. I, the doctor and painter, the sportsman and botanist, formed another party, with the Forest-king for our leader; with us went Marco, St——'s personal attendant and factotum (now transformed into valet, cook, and hunter), a negro boy belonging to Heinrich, and the bold hound. Our friend L—— (who had already tasted quite enough of the pleasures of the forest) thought it more prudent to return with the sailors mentioned before, and with a slave as guide, to St——'s fazenda, where, as we afterwards learned, he arrived at a late hour of the night, half dead, and almost torn to pieces. Much as I disliked this separation, much as I wished to retain the merry companionship of the others, yet this step was necessary: we therefore parted and took different directions. The object that each had in view was the same; to explore the forest, to see its wonders, and to make the greatest possible number of additions to our collections: it was simply that our tastes led us to different spots. Mine was all for the vegetable world, to admire the luxuriance of nature, and to collect specimens of still life: the other party thought more of adventure and of hunting, and promised to shoot food sufficient for themselves.

Our little company followed Heinrich in silence, but well-pleased, down the slope to a stream with which he was acquainted; while the merry, happy youngsters ascended the hill. Before parting we engaged to meet at St——'s fazenda after a certain number of days.

When we reached the stream, B——, shaking his head thoughtfully (for he knew by experience the great paucity

of food in the forest) advised us to select a place in which to rest. We gladly acceded to the proposal: first, because we wished to yield to the authority of our leader, and to show our acknowledgment of him as our chief; and secondly, because we were thoroughly wearied with the exertions of the day, and this spot looked exceedingly inviting. On the border of the forest, which here covered a gentle slope, the underwood was thinner, and a cool brook of crystal water flowed winding down the hill, from its source in the dark wood; it was arched over by beautiful plants, and making a bend it formed a small, cool, lovely little peninsula, our place of rest. This peninsula was covered by a copse, not too thick, in which were some graceful palms, and here and there was a large tree overgrown with lianas and parasites, beneath the deep shades of which the glimmer of daylight was visible; there was also a profusion of flowers of every form and hue. It was a little spot redolent of peace and calm, such as I would willingly have brought with me back across the ocean, that I might show my friends a fragment of Paradise. The sparkle of the brook could be seen here and there through the bushes; in other places it was completely hidden among the trees. It had the most picturesque appearance at one point, where it flowed under a large tree, which bent over it like a bridge, and was covered with parasites: among them a magnificent bromeliacea with scarlet blossoms; a beautiful scitaminea, also with red flowers; there were besides young, tall palms, with graceful crowns, and the slender trunks of various other trees, around which were twined exquisite specimens of philodendrons. On the opposite side of the stream all was impenetrable forest. One might have studied natural history to advantage by the side of this brook.

Whilst we rested on the grass, the Forest-king ordered preparations to be made for the night; a place was cleared

for a 'rancho;' beautiful specimens of the 'euterpe edulis' were destroyed by the cipo-knife; each time that a palm fell a rushing sound echoed through the forest, for an immense quantity of vegetation always fell with it; but in the primeval forest these plants are no rarities. B——'s negro boy made a fire of moss at the foot of the tree beside the stream; the palms were dragged to the spot selected for the 'rancho;' their stems made side and cross beams; their rich crowns a protecting roof, whilst lianas afforded the necessary means of uniting them; thus in a short time the 'rancho,' was skilfully completed. Even now, as St—— has told me, my halting-place in the forest is remembered, and is called 'Rancho de Principe.'

The work interested and delighted me; it bore the impress of forest-life, of that unceasing self-reliance which is so needed in these wild regions. Our house was built, and it was dearer to me than many a gorgeous palace in which I have staid during my travels in Europe. A Turkish rug which I had brought from my Africo-Asiatic wanderings, was now spread on American ground; and a very light hammock which the amiable Baroness P—— had lent me was slung between two trees, and served me for a bed.

When we had arranged our quarters and had made them so far habitable *à la sauvage*, we quitted them in order to enjoy the beauties of Nature in the balmy evening air. The botanist with unwearied industry was again eager to make his collections; he dashed among the bushes, crept up the trees for parasites, and tore and hacked with all his might; the painter, with his exquisite talent (almost rivaling the photographer in his power of rapid delineation), made pretty sketches of some of the lovely scenes, and, with a few masterly strokes, gave to the creations of his pencil the peculiar characteristics by which anyone familiar with the forest may at once recognise the fantastic forms and peculiarities of the various families of plants in this coun-



try. The sportsman, excited by the continual re-appearance of a black bird with a yellow beak, a species of thrush or of sparrow, strolled about with his gun. But all his efforts were in vain; and who could wish to shoot any living creature in such a forest, the peculiar territory of Nature, the rightful home of the lower animals, in which man is an invader? The inhabitants of the Mato are protected on all sides; neither eye nor shot can pierce the confused mass of green. To man it is but permitted to claim a spot of a few feet in extent; and it is only when accident favours him that he can attain even this wished-for spot: to discover it, to make it his, requires great favour with Fortune.

I sauntered about the grass and rejoiced in the peaceful luxuriance of Nature. A 'Kef' in the forest belongs to the pleasures of the *dolce far niente*, and imparts a feeling of genuine happiness, the memory of which can never fade.

But I was not quite idle. I made an addition to my museum, of a beautiful specimen of *mantis religiosa*, four inches in length; it is a long, thin insect, of a pale-green colour, very difficult to distinguish from the plants. Its name has its origin in the peculiar movement of the front legs, and of the rocking body, supposed to be like that of a nurse.

B—— went with his dog into the thicket, in the hope, during the evening hours, of finding some animal fit for food. The negroes, with triumphant looks, brought a hideous, red, long snake. Marco held it, with his fingers firmly pressed on the back of its head. The reptile, which was of a poisonous kind, was still alive, and beat his tail about violently. The blacks, accustomed to these monsters, tied it up to a bough near the fire.

We perceived the sun setting over the distant forests of the west; the twilight crept slowly on, the twinkling stars gleamed through the crowns of the trees, the

shadows deepened and lengthened, the various hues of colouring were lighted up for the last time, the lingering light rested on the leaves of the gently waving crowns of the palms; a rosy tint was fading on the grass; the cicada sent forth her melancholy cry, and the cool twilight air played in the forest. In the words of Scripture we could say, 'It was evening.' Evening in the primeval forest!

If sunset be everywhere sublime, here its influence is overpowering; one feels something of what that period must have been when everything bloomed, flourished, lived, undisturbed by the presence of man. Far from one's fellow-men, in a wild forest region that extends over a whole continent, the heart of the wanderer becomes, at sunset, filled with a nameless feeling of oppression; there is something of desolation and pain mingling with the sense of unfettered liberty.

Night followed quickly on the footsteps of the twilight. Our fire, diligently fed by the slaves, burned brightly; and by the side of the stream, beneath the leafy vaults, fire-flies shed their phosphoric rays in the darkness of night. We caught some of them, and discovered that there are two points in the body from which they emit light.

The small remnants that remained of our provisions, including some lisbon, afforded us but a scanty meal; and a most unpleasant sense of hunger, which we all felt, justified my prophetic warnings. Heinrich B—— came back with a rueful countenance: he had found nothing; there was therefore no very bright prospect for the future. Fortunately, instinct had suggested to me to bring some chocolate, which at least mitigated our griefs.

B—— now took precautions for the night: the fires were fed, and a watch set over them, in order that we might have some light in the darkness, and also to frighten away wild beasts. A large store of wood was collected; and

Heinrich's faithful dog stretched himself close to the fire : arms were inspected and watches were told off. The duties of the watch consisted in feeding the fire, and in giving the alarm quickly in case of approaching danger. We had two special enemies to guard against—wild beasts, and a raid of wild Indians.

There was something romantic in our position ; and my thirst for adventure was fully satisfied. I lighted my little travelling lantern that I might inspect the situation of the 'rancho' once more, hung my long boots on a palm branch, drew the woollen night-cap closely over my ears, rolled myself in my plaid in the comfortable hammock, and laid my head on a pretty little embroidered pillow belonging to the *Bároness*, a grand luxury in a Brazilian household, often covered with the finest *battiste* with a blue or rose-coloured covering underneath, and trimmed either with embroidery or lace. Below me, and protected by me, lay the representatives of medical science and of the fine arts ; the rest of the party lay in groups, some within the 'rancho,' some round the fire.

The night air was cool and pleasant, lulling the wanderers into sweet repose.

I gave myself up to pleasant dreams ; sometimes joying in the great achievements of the day, sometimes congratulating myself in thought on my first night spent in the forest, sometimes recalling the past, and delighting in recollections of similar nights, also passed in a hammock, on the shores of the Adriatic, in wild, distant Albania. Past and Present mingled in sweet visions, the outlines became more and more faint, and at last were on the point of being lost in the mists of sleep, when the exquisite concert of the forest began. The hammer of the unwearied 'fereiro' began its Cyclopean work ; the melancholy note of the wild-fowl was heard ; the Uh-uh-uh of the immense toad, called in Brazilian 'Bufo agua,' resounded

like a death-knell; the deep tones of the apes had a weird effect; and all these sounds united, amid the darkness of night, to form one grand chorus of threats and of lamentations, one ghost-like strain, in which each voice seemed to endeavour to overpower the rest. The whole forest was, as it were, in a state of mutiny; and seemed, for miles and miles round, to be doing battle with the night. How mournfully must such a chorus ring in the ears of a lonely and solitary wanderer! To us, in our secure 'rancho,' lighted by the flickering fire, this concert of sounds was replete with interest and pleasure. I looked upon it as a serenade, welcoming the wanderers to the New World. It was not until midnight, when the mutun poured forth his mournful notes, that the noise suddenly ceased, and a death-like stillness ensued, which gave place again to re-awakened sounds at the repeated cry of the mutun an hour before sunrise.

For a few hours we were refreshed by a delicious sleep.

In the Mato Virgem, January 18, 1860.

A light rain dropping through the leaves, and the freshness of the air, announced that morning had come; and the cicada manifeira gave the signal for active life. When I awoke from the sweetest of slumbers, the morning twilight was gleaming on the crowns, boughs, and trunks of the trees with a silvery light, such as I had never before seen. At first I thought it was moonlight, and it was only by the ever-increasing brightness that I perceived it to be the dawn of day.

The sleepers awakened by degrees, and recounted their several impressions of the noisy night. Heinrich gave us some interesting information on the subject. He said that the various sounds of the Mato are heard at such regular hours that they serve to note the exact time of night to the backwoodsman. The notes of the birds are especially sig-



nificant to these sons of the forest: thus the peculiar call of the partridge towards sunset is a sign of rain, and warns the traveller to erect his 'rancho' with speed. The flight of the parrots at regularly returning periods, is also an omen to be watched. We had an example of this; for just before sunrise we heard a rustling in the crowns, and three large green parrots of the common kind (*psittacus guianensis*), the first and only specimen of the species that we saw during our excursion, flew over our heads; a pleasurable proof of the distance that we had travelled from the scenes of ordinary life.

Heinrich was very much annoyed, and indeed very anxious, at our entire want of provisions, and railed at our absent travelling companions for their outrageous appetites yesterday. He learned from a slave that another party had erected a 'rancho' on an eminence not far from us; he therefore proceeded thither, to try, if it were possible to get some provisions from them; and he actually brought us some farinha, and a part of the poor ape that we had yesterday seen dying, and which was now roasted. All the rest of the food was completely gone; indeed, the reckless boys had even, in their kindness of heart, abundantly provided for the slaves with the remains of meat, fruit, and wine, which made the disciplinarian B—— exceedingly angry. Marco and B——'s little negro boy gathered some not yet divided leaves of a young palm, tied them together with blades of grass, in the form of a kettle; filled these vegetable pans with clear water from the brook, and hung them on boughs over the fire: in a time the water and the farinha were both boiling.

On the leaves of the same palm, which were to serve us for plates, Heinrich presented to us the sticky pap-like farinha, which, without either salt or spice, was very unpalatable, hungry as we were; it had an insipid taste, and could only be deemed just better than nothing. Some

palm-cabbages, cut down in haste, afforded rolls of pith, something like stalks of asparagus. We in vain tried our teeth in attempts to eat some *carne secca* from Buenos Ayres, a preparation of the Pampas. Equally tough, and almost nauseous was the black, dried flesh of the ape (our cousin, according to Darwin's theory), to eat which seemed almost wicked; but to what crimes will not hunger drive one?

B——'s friend Giacchini, a handsome mulatto and excellent forester, who paid our party a visit, brought us the result of his search, a heath-cock, which we also ate with some difficulty, having no salt; the whole meal was shorter than short, and was far from satisfying our good appetites.

The doctor and the painter consoled themselves with a refreshing bath in the clear, cool stream. We were now to begin our further explorations. B—— consulted his faithful friend the compass, in order to determine which direction we should take.

As I felt myself responsible for my countrymen, and as the reflection that the reckless party of young men, without provisions, without any knowledge of hunting, and, above all, without any skilled guide, might seriously suffer from hardship, and perhaps meet with even greater calamities, began to be very painful to me, I begged to have a messenger sent to bring them. Once more, all together again, we began our goose-like march, crossed the brook, and entered the thicket towards the west. The ground rose, and we reached the region of the dry forest; the profuse vegetation, with its interesting forms and colours, disappeared, and the middle growth, with its rope-like lianas gained the ascendancy. On the borders of the damp and the dry forest, our sportsman shot a lovely humming-bird; one of the most beautiful kinds, glowing in colours of topaz and ruby. We found the ascent of the hilly portion of the forest particularly tiring; creeping up steep places

in this damp hot air, frequent sliding along the ground, strenuous efforts to force a way between the hard stems of the copse that grew closely together, climbing over the harsh lianas,—all this was very hard work, and there was little to repay one for the labour.

The forest was less interesting here ; there was little to be seen but brown stems twined around with parasites ; the earth was the colour of common mould ; the vegetable world offered only one object of interest ; a sort of palm (which we found here for the first time), the fan of which grows immediately from the ground, without any stem, and is thickly covered with sharp prickles. The whole of this portion of the forest only afforded some ten kinds of large trees, which we met with again and again, in large groups. However, the botanist found his account in them, for they were almost unknown, and had not yet received scientific names. But it was impossible for him to study them during our hasty excursion ; as, to make any proper classification of them, he would have required to examine leaf, blossom, and fruit. It was necessary, for this, that he should either have time to have the trees felled, or else, like his cousins of the forest, first acquire the art of climbing ; and even then, the seasons for blossom and fruit are not the same.

An expedition for, exclusively botanical purposes, having for its main object a study of the Brazilian trees, would be very interesting, and would repay the labour expended. Many of these trees have magnificent blossoms, others, choice and delicious fruits, with which the apes are well acquainted. A considerable number of these trees, as well as of Brazilian plants with their nutritious fruits, might with advantage be brought to Europe ; some might live in hothouses, some, in the southern parts of Europe, might live in the open air. From this suggestion it may be perceived, that in the more loftily situated parts of

Brazil, as in New Freiberg and Petropolis, the air is, at seasons, very cool; indeed, almost every year there is in the early morning a slight coat of ice on the water, and yet in Petropolis one sees Nature in the plenitude of her luxuriant beauty.

In the animal kingdom the only subjects of interest were the immense nests of the termites, with their brown pyramids, and the countless holes of the armadillo. The former are so numerous and so strong, that it is said that they are used as baking-places by the people of the country. The fat armadillo (*dasyus*, Brazilian *tatu*) can only be drawn from his hole with great difficulty, as he is possessed of immense strength; he either ensconces himself in his hole, or holds firmly on to the earth and roots with his paws. The armadillo, which is very common in Brazil, is found even in the forests in the vicinity of Rio Janeiro; its appearance is repulsive, it is about two feet in length, half a foot in height, and its sharp head and upright ears remind one of a rat, its little crooked legs of a mole, or even of a tortoise, in common with which it has a sharp pointed tail; its fat body is covered with rings, which lie close together, and sparkle like scales; in colour it is something between 'café au lait' and flesh colour, and reminds one of an immense bug. The Brazilians think the meat, which has a flavour like that of pork, a great delicacy.

We found a curiosity on the dark earth—some specimens of *bulimus ovatus*, from three to four inches in length, of a spiral form, and of a pretty white and pink colour. How they came so far from water, on this dry hill, and on what they can feed, is a mystery.

We were so exhausted from the labours of the ascent, from want of food, and from the great heat, and, even more, were so tormented by thirst, that we expressed to the Forest-king a most earnest desire to rest ourselves. Our



spirits began to flag, and for the first time, we were seized with a loss of physical energy. In this hot forest we longed for something to drink. B—— consoled us by telling us of the vicinity of a large river, and compelled us to mount one more hill. Here he at length yielded to our importunities, and granted us a short rest. We unrolled our rugs and plaids on an open space, and stretched our wearied limbs. Heinrich would have sent two slaves down the hill to the river, to obtain a draught of water to quench our thirst; but we had neither cups nor bottles; suddenly the happy thought suggested itself of making science subservient to our wishes. The botanist was obliged to part with his curiosity-box; the whole of the choice contents, the germs of future vegetation were thrown remorselessly together in his knitted cap, and the blacks brought us the longed-for refreshment.

During this time of rest, another terrible event in our Transatlantic history took place; a strange pricking caused the horrible discovery that I was covered with the notorious Brazilian insect (called by the Brazilians carapatos, by scientific people ixodes), an acquisition made in forcing a way through the bush. This was more than I had bargained for; but I must say it was the only really insuperable horror of the forest. I had become accustomed to the snakes; I had borne up against heat and fatigue; I had never felt any fear of the poisoned arrows of the Indian: nothing of danger or exertion would have made an impression on me; but the dreadful idea of being covered with insects, and with foreign insects, did fill me with horror and disgust.

My cup was full. All the terrors of hunger suddenly stood before me; I felt real alarm at the scarcity of provisions; visions of discord among our travelling party came before my mind; I longed for the companionship of St——. In a word, my good spirits were gone; a little

insect had worked a revolution, and had excited in me a keen desire to return. In vain did Heinrich try to calm and to console me; in vain suggested remedies, assured me that the enemy should be completely banished. All was useless. Thoroughly out of temper, I declared that I would, at any rate for the present, quit the Mato, an announcement which, to my surprise, was received with universal approbation by all of our party. As in my case the carapatos, so with the others some annoyance or another, had called forth a feeling of dissatisfaction. Harmony was gone; and therefore it was better to change our position, that we might unite again under other circumstances, in new exertions. However, before we started to return, I submitted to one of the remedies prescribed by the Forest-king for getting rid of the carapatos. One must either wash oneself in tobacco water, or call the services of a negro to one's aid. Some slaves possess wonderful skill in extracting this insect from the skin. I submitted to this tedious and unpleasant operation. The great Marco was more skilful than anyone in this art. The carapatos are really dangerous; for they bite deeply into the flesh, and should they chance to lay eggs there, very poisonous wounds result, which are exceedingly difficult to cure. The Indians, who are very much afraid of these insects, say that the wounds are mortal: they may be so to cattle, which have no means of helping themselves; to horses also these insects are very prejudicial: strangely enough, the blood of the ass appears to be too ignoble for them. They are most troublesome during the damp spring season. Marco was tolerably successful in his operation; but some few insects were still left for a few days, and caused me a great deal of annoyance. The other members of our company also suffered from these insects afterwards. But it was remarkable that, during the whole time of our travels in Brazil, neither in the Mato nor on the rivers, neither by day nor night, did we ever suffer

from mosquitoes. From the accounts given by many travellers, we might have dreaded to have been compelled to live beneath a perpetual cloud of mosquitoes. In Europe I have often been driven to despair by mosquitoes, especially in Italy, and in the south of Spain; and also frequently in Schönbrunn and Luxemburg; but in the tropics these insects have never stung me.

I afterwards became acquainted with another annoying insect, the sandfly (*pulex penetrans*), a little black animal, scarcely visible, which works its way through one's shoes, and has an especial fancy for hiding itself under the nail of the great toe. If it be not quickly expelled, it swells itself to a considerable size, and lays numberless eggs. The wound then begins to fester, and instances have been known, especially among careless and dirty negroes, in which amputation of the foot has been necessary, lest the patient should die from the spread of the poison through his blood. As they are the negro men who are the most expert in removing the carapatos, so they are the negro women who are considered the most skilful in the fazendas in removing the bichos. But although these insects may produce real injury to those who are careless and uncleanly in their habits, still, with a little attention, one finds nothing productive of more annoyance in this way than one does in European climates. If we remember the bugs and other insects that are found in our inns (and I must here remark, that bugs were first brought to Brazil by the European conquerors), we must allow that civilised Europe may well hang down her head.

One must regard the annoyance caused by the carapatos as the toll which the traveller of inquisitive mind must pay if he will penetrate into the mysteries of the primeval forest.

Heinrich also appeared to be glad at heart that we had resolved to return. Our party evidently appeared to him

to be too large, and the idea of exploring the forest, simply for the sake of exploring it, he, the hunter *par excellence*, could not understand; besides, the Mato, his second home, had now no novelties for him.

After we had rested and had refreshed ourselves from the botanist's case, we returned back in the same manner and direction in which we had come. We had then made a march of about a day and a half in the true, vast, virgin forest; a grand undertaking. Had I started with B —, and at most only one or perhaps two friends, nothing would have deterred me from penetrating farther; we should have husbanded St —'s store of excellent provisions, and should have had sufficient farinha, bananas, and lisbon for several more days. My desire to share the enjoyment with my friends was well-meant, but obviously not judicious. For an expedition into the forest, the members should be few, they should be under good guidance and good discipline, possess strong bodily powers, ardent minds, an enthusiasm for travelling, moderation and self-control. They who have not these qualities, or who will not strive to obtain them, had better remain quietly at home, and enjoy themselves in polished boots and kid gloves.

When we reached our little Paradise, the 'Rancho de Principe' by the lovely stream, our party again separated and some went to their 'rancho' on the hill. Heinrich made improvements in our 'rancho'; palms again came rustling to the ground beneath the cipo-knife, and with their leaves the roof was made more perfect; also three side walls were erected, and that side which was next the fire was the only one left open. On witnessing the fall of these palms, this rifling of the treasures of nature, I thought of our palms at home; of the delight of our gardeners, if they could but possess one of these fallen trees in the fullness of its beauty: whilst here these gems of nature are



cut and hewn, merely to serve the purposes of the moment. I put our botanist into a state of mixed amusement and horror, when, on seeing these proceedings, I told him that, on my return to Schönbrunn, I would (in order to give my brother some real idea of forest-life) propose that the cipo-knife should be used among our palms, and a 'rancho' be built, and that beneath the palm-leaves we should enjoy a real forest-dinner of palm-cabbage. The botanist with secret horror pictured to himself the righteous indignation that would burn in the breast of the Director of Gardens, his chief, at such a proposal; and, although separated from his master by the wide ocean, our collector of plants grew pale at the very thought. Thus far can the influence of a sagacious and energetic mind extend!

To the real salvation of our exhausted frames, a slave brought some few provisions from the Fazenda P——, which were hailed with delight: there was some roasted carne secca, some of the indispensable farinha, and, to our special joy, some bananas; also some pimento, very reviving to our wasted energies. The fire was made up the palm-leaves again put in requisition, the carne secca softened, the farinha mixed with pimento, the bananas partially roasted on little sticks, and scattered over with farinha; and, stretched on our rugs and plaids, we partook of a genuine forest-meal with renewed spirits, this being the first opportunity we had had, for a long time, of satisfying our hunger: a flask of cachaça was emptied on the occasion, with feelings of real gratitude.

True cheerfulness now reigned again in our little circle, as we lay peacefully among the beauties of Nature, enjoying the luxury of food, and a sweet sense of satisfaction, which we seasoned with merry conversation, sometimes of the forest and forest-life; sometimes vaulting across the ocean, we conjured up bright visions of home, doubly delightful in these solitudes, and at this distance; and the hardships

so lately endured now appeared almost in a comical point of view. When evening set in with her splendid hues, her balmy air, her peaceful repose, I took my note-book, wandered amid the luxuriant verdure on the banks of the stream, and gazed with silent rapture at the individual beauties of Nature, and the grandeur of the total they formed. My grateful heart beat high with a delightful sensation of calm content produced by Nature, as she surrounded me with her vigour, her most wondrous charms, her all-victorious magnificence.

My feelings of peaceful happiness strove to clothe themselves in words; to break forth into poetry, though that were but feebly to echo the grand rhythm of Nature's encircling voice. If a man have any poetic feeling in him, the fount of song must well forth in the grand world of the Mato; as it will in the Alps, in the exquisite scenery of golden Italy, in the blue atmosphere of the Greek mountains, on the vast expanse of the boundless ocean: in all such scenes Nature compels poetic feeling to burst forth into life.

The primeval forest is worthy of a great poet, such as Lenau, alas! too early lost; for only the majesty of poetry can give an idea of those beauties which the brush of the most skilful artist, checked on all sides by the very richness of the scene, must ever fail to paint.

During my quiet wanderings through this wood of grasses and wild flowers, I had an opportunity of watching at my ease the gay movements of the beautiful beetles, and of the flies that sparkled with the brilliance of emeralds. The beetles bear so peculiar a resemblance to jewels that they form an article of trade at the seaports: whole bottles of them, green, blue, and red, are offered for sale to the ladies; ear-rings, necklaces, and brooches are made of them, and they are strewn over artificial flowers. I took some of these bottles back to Europe with me: its contents were

destined to give to a ball-dress of white tulle the appearance of being covered with stars or with sparks of fire. To complete the rare costume, I purchased a wreath and bouquet of humming-birds' feathers, which have the peculiar effect of appearing, when viewed from one side, like *feuilles mortes*, whilst, rapidly turned, they gleam with the splendour of jewels.

The botanist made diligent use of his time in adding to his collections, and after great labour brought two giant specimens of fern (all covered with prickles) back to the 'rancho.' He had long wished to find some of the old tree-ferns which are not very common even in the virgin forest, and, if possible, to plant them in our hothouses in Schönbrunn: this idea pursued him as hotly as the finding of the aninga; he wished to achieve these triumphs for himself, and for science, and to surprise his master with these wonderful relics of primeval times. He was now actually in possession of two large specimens, with stems of from eight to ten feet in height, quite perfect and regular in form. Throughout the whole of the rest of the journey, they were treated like little children, with a care that was almost touching; but alas! they died on our return voyage across the equator: all that warmth and moisture could do to revive them was tried in Schönbrunn, but in vain. Yet, to prove that zeal in the cause of science is not thrown away, I may here observe, that an immense quantity of vegetation and some quite new plants grew from the stems themselves, among the dark wool that covered them. All that one can collect in this country repays one for the trouble, so that I would recommend travellers to bring home with them pieces even of decaying stems and branches, as in the warmth of the hothouses they will produce most beautiful parasites. Sacks filled of earth are also invaluable, for the chance of various plants being raised from it; our botanist obtained many in this way.



The ferns are among the most interesting plants characteristic of the vegetable kingdom of Brazil. They spread their graceful, feathery, green crowns, like large sunshades over a brown taper stem of twelve feet in height, and covered with wool and prickles. They are indisputably among the most picturesque and loveliest of plants for a winter garden.

The painter again worked assiduously. With immense labour he transferred studies of all the creepers, lianas and other parasites, to his paper. He was afterwards very successful in sketching portraits of us in our forest costumes. The picture of the little botanist was inimitable, in his reflective, philosophic mood ; his knitted cap (that shapeless article, which had, in the course of our expedition, served for every imaginable purpose), on his Socratic head ; his linen blouse, in which every colour of the rainbow was united, hanging loosely around him, his turned-up trowsers and high boots,—he was indeed a veritable antediluvian figure such as Ham, even in his most hilarious moods, could not have dreamed of.

When we again assembled in the ‘rancho’ with advancing twilight, the humming-birds were dancing near us, and one of these lovely little creatures played round about the scarlet bromeliacea mentioned in my yesterday’s description of the scene of our ‘rancho.’

When evening was beginning to draw her shades around us, we suddenly heard a noise of rustling and breaking of branches, and of men’s voices descending the hill. The sounds proceeded from some negroes from St——’s fazenda, who were bringing baskets filled with provisions, a joyful surprise prepared for us, owing to the representations of L——, by the hospitable and attentive care of St——. We divided the eatables into two portions, and sent one half up to the hungry youngsters in the ‘rancho’ above. As for ourselves, we soon retired into our palace, to seek,



some on the ground, some raised in the air, the rest we all so much needed.

The fire blazed merrily, the watches were told off in the same manner as they had been yesterday, and the palm-shadowed dwelling seemed quite home-like: now that we no longer felt the pangs of hunger, our little resting-place afforded us a feeling of satisfaction, of contentment with our position, which is perhaps best expressed in the words of Scripture, 'Here let us build our tabernacles.'

At the prescribed moment the sounds of the grand concert again filled the halls of Nature; but as one becomes accustomed to anything and everything, I fell asleep peaceably, amid all. We were, however, disturbed in the night by the rain which rattled on the withered leaves that covered the 'rancho;' and the air became so perceptibly cooler that our plaids were very acceptable: the fire was extinguished more than once. In giving an account of a night in the 'rancho,' it may be as well to remark, for the benefit of those who have a desire to explore the Mato, that a hammock of fine netting (such as are made to perfection in Brazil) is a positive necessity. When folded up tightly, the traveller can easily carry it, the weight is scarcely felt; and on arriving at a resting-place, if even in the middle of the day, he can unroll his hammock, and sling it for himself between two trees. By these means he obtains a cool and elastic couch, in which he is safe from all vermin; and if he like to rest in the daytime, he can rock himself gently, enjoying his cigar, and revelling in comfort of body, and in sweet reverie.

The hammock also serves as a sofa, if he turn on his side; his weight presses down the elastic net on one side, whilst the opposite side rises in proportion, and affords a support to his back.

In the German settlement on the Cachueras, January 19, 1860.

I slept well, so that I was refreshed both in mind and body. I awoke in good spirits, just as the twilight again shed a silver gleam like that of moonlight into the 'rancho;' the rain had ceased, and the drops that were scattered here and there over the leaves sparkled like diamonds in the morning light. Day quickly chased the shades of night from the beautiful, leafy masses below, and the beams of the sun gleamed through the giant vaults of foliage above. The provisions sent by our good friend St—— afforded us a delicious breakfast, in which some excellent cold bacon played a conspicuous part. Even black coffee was acceptable; what could one desire more in the forest? Whilst we were thus according his rights to our inner man, the little humming-bird of yesterday came again to visit us, and fluttering gracefully around the blossoms of the bromeliacea presented to us an attractive spectacle of beauty. The large parrots also made their accustomed flight, chattering and rustling in the air.

B——, whose whole thoughts were absorbed in hunting, whose every talent was concentrated in it, suddenly called our attention to a noise quite close to our 'rancho.' We heard a heavy mass breaking through the undergrowth, and perceived that the aroidea were crackling and snapping beneath the tread of broad, heavy feet. B——, who is acquainted with every sound made by his prey, commanded silence; and whispered, in an excited tone, 'They are tapirs,' and he instantly followed on the track with his rifle and dog. But unfortunately in vain: the tapirs were quicker than our Nimrod; they had a good protection in the damp forest with the thick vegetation. But Heinrich showed us the real and true track of the tapir, and the broad marks of his feet quite close to our hut. We could distin-

guish the footmarks of two tapirs, both going towards the river.

The tapir (*tapirus suillus*; in Brazilian, *anta*) is very common in these forests; it is favourite game with the hunter, and is much sought for on account of its excellent meat. Belonging to the same family as the elephant and rhinoceros, the tapir is the largest animal of the new continent, and is peculiar to it: like its kindred, it has an antediluvian character. In form it reminds one of the pig, only it is much larger and stronger; about three feet and a half in height, its length is from four to five feet: it is heavy and fat; and its thick, dark-brown hide is covered with short, close hair; its head, which terminates in a sharp, flexible snout, springs almost immediately from the trunk; its eyes are small, like those of a pig, and have a good-tempered expression; its sharp ears, like those of a mouse, as well as its short, smooth tail, are in continual motion, which has a very droll effect, as every other part of its body evinces the immovable, phlegmatic temperament of the pachydermata. Its short feet are like those of a pig.

Heinrich was very much disconcerted at the escape of these animals. On this occasion he told us, in his broken German, rendered peculiar by the introduction of the Portuguese idiom, that only a short time ago he had killed a strong tapir quite close to our halting-place. Pressed by the dog and driven to defend itself, it had wounded the poor dog frightfully with its teeth, an accident that seldom happens, and indeed never, unless the tapir is so pressed against some dense portion of the vegetation as to be unable to find any outlet. In general, the animal is very good-tempered; and when caught, is easily tamed.

Though less interested in the success of Heinrich's shot, yet I was exceedingly sorry to have lost the opportunity of seeing this animal in its wild state. My eagerness and

excitement, when B—— told me the cause of the noise in the wood, were indescribable. What could the European sportsman imagine to be more interesting than to see a genuine member of the family pachydermata breaking a path through the deep thickets of the primeval forest?

THE END.



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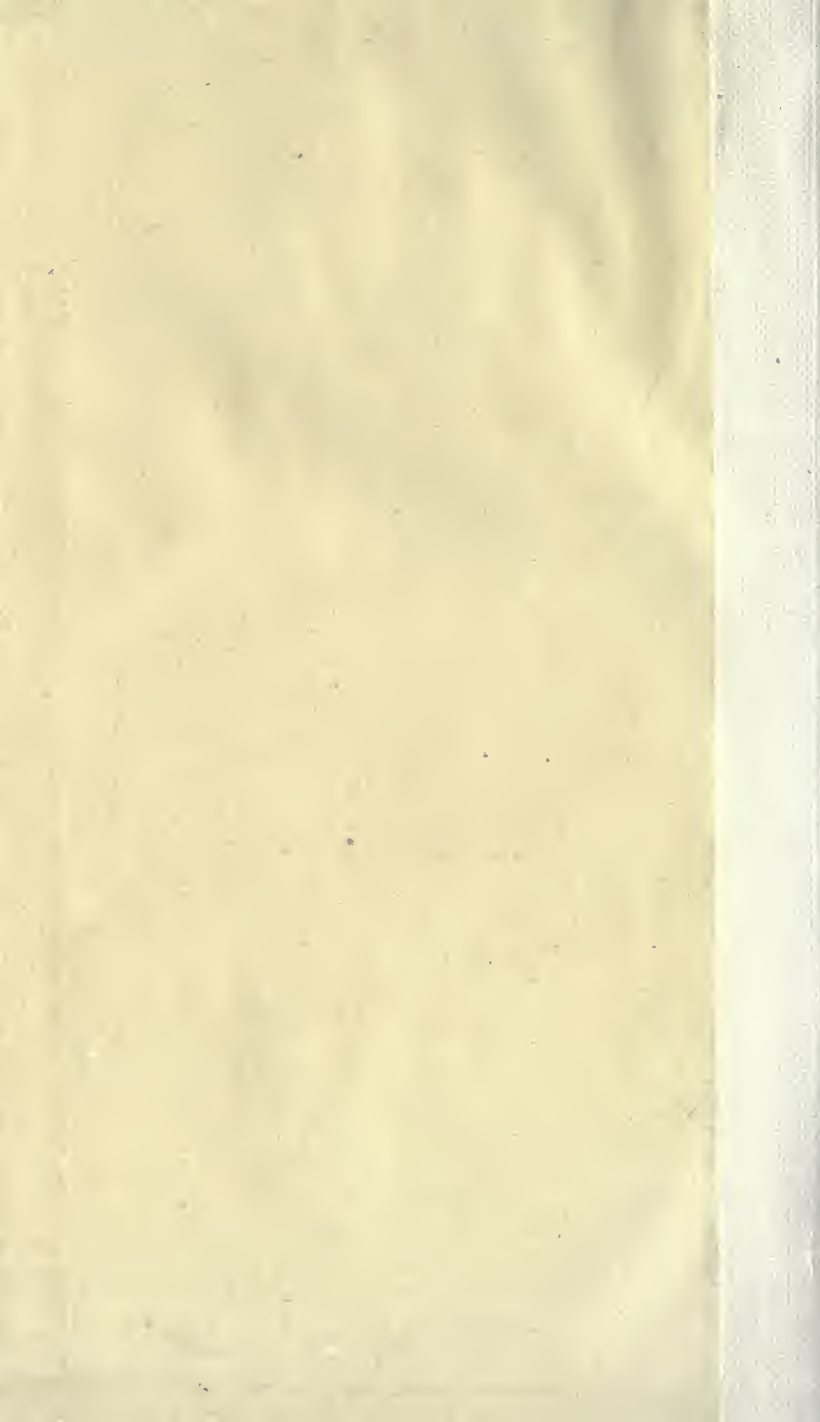
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